















Chas. J. Butler

# A Yankee Bachelor Abroad

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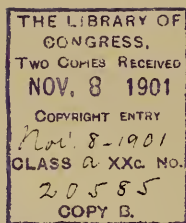
A "Wee Bit" of Wit and Fun and Some Sober  
Facts Gathered During My Fourteen  
Months' Sojourn in the British  
Isles and Some Parts  
of the Continent

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CHAS. J. BUTLER

1901



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## PREFACE

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**F**REQUENTLY I have heard the remark made that those returning home from their first visit to Europe have a keen edge on their desire to again visit those lands across the sea.

I found it so in my case and embraced the first opportunity that presented itself.

After a sojourn of fourteen months in the British Isles and some parts of the continent, I bring to the reader a few bundles of facts, through which I have spun some humorous threads, and others that to some may seem rather sober.

These bundles may not be tied as neatly as some would have tied them, but the reader I trust will kindly take the contents without criticising the wrappings.

C. J. BUTLER.

Sept. 4, 1901.



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## A YANKEE BACHELOR ABROAD

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### CHAPTER I.

#### VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

SIT yeese down on the wishin' chair, and give three wishes before yeese get up, and they'll all come thrue," said a typical old Irish woman to me at the Giant's Causway, while on a visit to Old Ireland in the summer of 1894.

"Well, aunty," I replied, "just to please you, I will." As I seated myself on this stone, encircled by three others which nature had so formed as to strikingly resemble a chair, I said to her:

"My first wish is to get up, for it is wet down here." That wish is soon coming true.

"Oh, don't yeese be gettin' up until yeese have made three," she said. With a small grain of faith in the old lady's prophecy of wishes coming true by sitting on this stone, I hurriedly made two others. One of them was that Old Ocean would treat me kindly on my homeward trip and pass me safely over to my friends in Old America. But I had scarcely committed myself to her care when she lost her temper and for three days wreaked out vengeance on me. I began to think that this wish would be a complete fail-

ure, but she finally calmed down and treated me fairly well the rest of the voyage. The other was that I might again have the pleasure of visiting historic old England, Bonnie Scotland and the beautiful Emerald Isle.

That wish was a long time coming to pass. Not until the early part of the summer of 1889 did the opportunity come for me to embark for that land beyond the broad Atlantic. When I stepped on the wharf in New York with my luggage, the little Scotch official gathering up his paste pot and lables, walked up to me and said, "Have your luggage marked 'wanted' or 'not wanted?' "

"Wanted!" I replied. If he had known they were the belongings of a Bachelor he would not have questioned me as to whether I would have them put in the hold of the ship or taken to my stateroom. For what member of the worthy order of Bachelors in packing his bundle would think of placing any article in it but that which he deems necessary for present use?

The accommodations of the steamer had been painted in very glowing colors by the agent from whom I purchased my ticket. When I stepped on board and presented my ticket to the steward, he said to one of the assistants, "Take this gentleman to No. 7 in the 'Whale Back.' " I had only followed him a short distance when my visions of grandeur began to fade away, and before reaching No. 7 they had entirely vanished. The 'Whale Back' was a large room spanning the stern of the ship just over the immense propellers. There were two tiers of berths encircling this unattractive looking place. The iron girders were so exposed on the sides of the vessel that if one

was thrown from his berth by the motion of the craft and came in contact with them he would find himself in sections.

"What do you call this?" I inquired of the assistant.

"It's the whale back, sir," he replied.

"Well," I remarked, "when Jonah took his sea voyage to Tarshish he had more comfortable quarters in the other part of the anatomy of the whale. He had a private room at least."

"Well, sir," he said, "you are only one of the many that has made complaint, but the steamer is very much crowded and this is the best we can do for you."

I hurried off to the wharf and inquired of one of the officials what I would forfeit by not sailing, and he said very briefly: "Your whole ticket, sir." So I concluded to return to the whale back and make the best of it. As I surveyed my quarters and thought of the eight days, at least, which I would have to spend there and be subject to the rough treatment that old ocean was likely to give me and would have not only my own account to look over when Neptune came around, but that of my eight or ten roommates, I confess I was not in a very cheerful frame of mind.

One of my roommates had laid in a large supply of "old rye." He had not only his bottles filled, but was well stocked himself. His berth was below mine and I concluded if I inhaled the fumes of the article he had so freely imbibed I might find myself in the same tangled condition.

"All ashore that's goin'," shouted one of the ship's crew. There was a general shaking of hands and a brushing away of tears by those bidding farewell to friends. Soon the huge whistle blew, the shore lines

were cast off and two tugs bore our ship from her moorings. We hurried down past the great docks filled with crafts from all parts of the world. Soon the tall buildings and spires of the greater New York began to fade away. We bade adieu to the Statue of Liberty and soon the shores of New Jersey and Long Island were lost to sight. When the shades of night settled down upon us we were far out on the bosom of the great deep.

"I understand you are not pleased with your room," said the little Scotch steward to me as I met him on deck.

"No, sir, I am not," I replied; "there is too much of it."

"Well, I have a berth in a room in another part of the steamer if you wish to make a change."

"Any place would be preferable to the 'whale back,'" I replied. I soon had my luggage packed away in my new quarters which I found more comfortable.

My roommates were two Irishmen who were going back home on a visit. They, like my former roommates, had anticipated a "dry spell" and had provided bountifully for it. One of them was a man on the shady side of sixty and, although "Father Time" had left his marks on him, he had not robbed of his youthful spirit. The other was on the sunny side of forty and was the real essence of wit and fun. The old man brought out a large bottle of whisky and proposed opening it in honor of the new arrival, and pouring out a heavy draught in a glass he urged me to take a "wee drap of the crater."

I immediately ran up my temperance flag and said to



them, "I have seen too many crafts wrecked along the coast of intemperance to ever think of sailing in that direction."

"Well, yees air better laven it alone than takin' it," they said. They thought, however, they were better taking it, and that quite often. Aside from their weakness for the bottle, they were very agreeable companions.

Shortly after my removal I heard voices pitched in a very high key near my stateroom, one voice so much so that I thought it was near the fighting point. On opening my door I found it was a big, burly Irishman and the wee Scotch steward. I concluded if the Irishman laid violent hands on the wee Scotchman there would not be enough left of the latter to perform his duties. Bnt the wee man, however, seemed to think that the huge fellow would simply use his tongue and not his fists, and kept insisting on him going to the purser's office to have a matter attended to which he deemed necessary. The difficulty, I thought, might be settled by arbitration, so I set about to fix it up that way. But the Irishman gave me a look that led me to think my services were not required, and that if I continued to offer them I might get a discolored eye. Nevertheless, I was undaunted and finally reasoned him into complying with the steward's request. We thought we would find him a very troublesome character for he was so generous with his tongue. But he proved, however, to be quite an agreeable fellow and entertained with his amusing stories the little company gathered about him on deck.

"I have lived in America for ten years," he said, "but I have never been able to get me old woman and

the children to leave Ireland, so I manage to go over once a year to see them," and added: "The first time I went to America we encountered a dreadful storm and we all thought we were about to be lost and every one began to pray except myself, and I didn't believe in death-bed repentances. I thought I would die as I wrought, but made up my mind if I ever got ashore not to leave my prayin' till a time like that, and I've been a prayin' man ever since."

He and another man were conversing on the subject of religion one day. The man said: "Well, I am not afraid of the devil ever harming me."

"Well, my friend," he replied, "just take my advice and keep your distance from his Satanic Majesty."

When we saw the little dining room I think we all had a suspicion it would not accommodate the entire company at one time. The most of us were on the alert for the summons to the first table and when it came there was a general looking out for number one. On the faces of those who failed to make the objective point there was an expression akin to that which takes possession of a boy's face when bidden to wait until the invited guests have taken the edge off their appetite. If the company gathered around the table gave thanks for the food set before them, they were soon in a different frame of mind. For many of them began weaving threads of complaint through their conversation about the accommodations and the service.

"We have no water or linen in our room," said a young man sitting near me.

"How do you keep your face so clean?" inquired a woman sitting opposite.

"Oh," he replied, "we have a sponge attached to a string and drop it overboard and we each take turns mopping off our faces."

This remark caused a roar of laughter.

The complaint of an Irishman sitting near me was a national one. "Your government," he said, "put its hand down in my pocket and lifted a five dollar bill for your war tax. I had nothing to do with your war. I protested, but your government was too strong for me."

"Well," I answered, "we had to pay for a leave of absence to visit your side of the Atlantic and I am sure we did not turn our cash into the United States treasury with any better grace than you did."

"I have been over to your country," resumed the Irishman, "to try and get into some business, but failed, and now I'm going back to Ireland to take my chances of slowly getting rich there."

One day I was absent from the table and met him coming from the dining-room. "Ye missed it to-day," he said. "We had chicken and it was very antiquated. I'm blest if it wasn't the same old rooster that gave St. Peter all the bother."

"It was a great saving, then, to my teeth," I replied.

I was greatly amused at the different conversations I listened to on deck. A young Irishman told a story of two Englishmen who visited Ireland, and thinking to have a little fun at the expense of an old man whom they met, said to him:

"Paddy, did you know the devil was dead?"

"Why, no," said Paddy, "is he dead? Well, if he is, here's a couple of pennies for each of yees; it is

customary to help the orphans in our country." The Englishman took their change and passed on.

We had a number of Irish and Scotch lads and lassies on board who were returning to their native land. Some of them were very interesting characters. One young man said to me:

"I have been living in America for a number of years and am going back home for the first time. I can scarcely wait for the days to pass, I am so anxious to look into the face of my dear old mother living in the north of Ireland."

Among these young people I found a strong love for the old home. There were two lads and lassies who formed the acquaintance of each other on coming on ship board who interested as well as amused us. Their friendship seemed to ripen so quickly and they demonstrated it in such a striking manner as to lead us to think that instead of looking up their friends when they landed they would seek the services of a clergyman to tie the nuptial knot. Judging from the appearances of the quartette they were ancient enough to have had several similar attacks. True love with the Scotch lad and lassie did not seem to run very smoothly. One day we saw him sitting alone and she with the Irish couple. In passing I said to her:

"He looks rather disconsolate." She replied in broad Scotch:

"He does na speak noo. He's a wee bit huffy. But it does na matter." But a little later on we saw them patching up the difficulty and they were soon again basking in the warm sunshine of love.

There was a young man with an imaginary large head and had it filled with borrowed ideas, and sat



on deck and aired them quite freely. One day as he was denouncing Christianity, an Irishman said to him:

"Now, yees don't mean to say ye do not believe in God, do yees?"

Spreading himself out and looking very wise, he said: "I will not say."

"Oh, he would not want to be classed among those men that the Psalmist speaks of as saying there is no God," said another man standing near. He evidently had read that part of the Scripture referred to, for his face flushed with anger and lifting his hat, said sarcastically:

"Oh, I did not know I was in the presence of such a wise man."

"Just wise enough to believe in the existence of a God," the man replied. This man and the Irishman turned such an avalanche of truth on this "wise" young man that completely silenced him and we heard no more of his notions of which Tom Paine and other noted infidels had furnished him.

On Sabbath morning we had divine service in the saloon, several different denominations being represented. A celebrated clergyman from Brooklyn, N. Y., preached a plain, practical sermon from the text, "What is that in thine hand?"—Exodus 4:2. The most of us, I think, carried away thoughts that will be helpful all through life. There were several fine voices in the audience and as they joined in with those less talented along that line and sang "Nearer, my God, to Thee" and "Jesus, lover of my soul" and other familiar hymns, many of us were conscious of the presence of Him who in the days of his flesh calmed the stormy sea, and we trusted would, by His unseen

hand, guide our craft across the treacherous Atlantic, safe into Firth of Clyde.

The weather had been very fine until reaching the banks of Newfoundland, and there we encountered a dense fog which is so common in that locality. The doleful sound of the fog horn made one feel like being on terra firma, and especially so when we were informed that icebergs were frequently seen at this point. Just after running through a great fog bank we saw one of those formidable mountains of ice bearing down upon us, causing great excitement on the steamer. Some of us viewed it through field-glasses. It was a beautiful sight, especially so when the sun broke through the clouds and glistened on its brow. It was estimated to be about fifty feet high. In the presence of this huge lump of ice we found the thermometer running down, causing overcoats and wraps to be in demand. As darkness settled down upon us, another dense fog came with it and most of the night the fog horn broke the awful silence out on that great waste of water, reminding us we were still in the mist. Most of us felt rather uncomfortable lest our ship might come in contact with one of those great fields of ice. The report was current the next morning that we ran dangerously near two immense ones. A sailor informed us that they were about two hundred feet high, but we thought to knock off a few feet would be more accurate.

Just after crossing the Banks we encountered what the sailors called a ground swell, and our ship rolled heavily. Up to this time old Neptune had treated us very kindly but now began to make it rather uncomfortable. He made heavy demands on very many. I

heard them loudly protesting, but it availed nothing; the demand had to be met. Knowing something of my liberality on my former trip across, he came around for my contribution, and in order to keep up my reputation as a generous giver laid my entire stock at his feet, and keenly felt my impoverished condition the remainder of the voyage.

About the fourth day from New York brought us out into mid ocean, 1500 miles from either shore. Looking out over that dreary waste of water I concluded if our ship failed us, our chances for reaching shore were not very hopeful. Taking this extreme northerly course, we seldom sighted a vessel. About the only sign of life we saw outside of our craft were schools of whales sporting about who frequently turned on their hose and tossed great sheets of water towards the clouds. But we hardly thought any of them were as friendly as the one who took Jonah in and sheltered him for three days and finally landed him safely on shore.

"I did not think it so great an undertaking to cross the Atlantic," said a young man to me one day as our ship was tossing to and fro. I am enroute for South Africa, to be absent from home for two years, and I wish I was homeward bound. I have been ill since the first day out and if I continue in this condition until I reach South Africa, am afraid there will not be much left of me to bring back to America."

"Well," I replied, "I do not envy you your voyage of 10,000 miles. Keeping the same mind I have now, if I land my tall form back in Yankee land will be content to keep it there." But I am now in a different

frame of mind and would roll up my bundle and embark again if the opportunity offered.

Among the children that played on deck was a fine looking little boy about eight years old. The children styled him "English." No one seemed to know to whom he belonged until we were about three days out from New York. Then a tall, handsome man and a neat, trim-looking little woman made their appearance on deck and they were pointed out as the parents of the boy. Well, we thought if they were, their honeymoon was holding out well, for they were as attentive to each other as a young couple who had just contracted the fever. But it was quite understood when one of the ship's crew informed us they were under arrest and had been locked up in their rooms since leaving port. She had lifted some of her husband's hard earned cash and had gone off with a "handsome man," taking her boy with her. But there was a cablegram preceded them to America, and they were met by an officer of the law who informed them there was some objection to their settling in U. S. A. The trio were therefore shipped back to the town in England from whence they came. On our arrival at Greenock a huge fellow dressed in uniform came on board and introduced himself as a committee of one to welcome them back to their native land, and they were hurried away to taste a wee bit of English justice. I met a man shortly afterward of the same town from which they came, who informed me that they were both snugly quartered in the old prison where, I presume, they had time to reflect on their failure to settle in America.

One evening while pacing the deck, anxious to hear

the welcome shout, "Land ahead!" I said to one of the sailors, "When will we sight land?"

"To-morrow morning, sir, quite early," was his reply.

We were on deck early casting our eyes out over the stretch of water, trying to catch a glimpse of old Ireland. And what a thrill of joy came to the ship's company as some one discovered the faint outlines of the mountains and sea cliffs of the County Donegal. There were some very ominous looking clouds skirting the horizon, and as we ran along that wild, rocky coast, they seemed to be touching the brow of those huge mountains and cliffs. The first sign of life we saw outside of our ship were three Irish lasses standing at the base of one of the great cliffs, waving a welcome to us. Many of our passengers were to land at Moville and be taken by the tender up the beautiful river Foyle to Londonderry. Just as we ran into the quiet little harbor the clouds grew very dark, and as the passengers were filing aboard of this odd looking craft with scarcely any shelter, we had an exhibition of good old Irish weather. The rain fell in great sheets. While many of these people might have believed in sprinkling, yet immersion seemed to be the order of the day. As we saw them steam away we did not envy them their uncomfortable ride. The prow of our craft was soon turned toward Bonnie Scotland.

## CHAPTER II.

## BONNIE SCOTLAND

WHO has not desired to see Bonnie Scotland? Especially one who has read the history of this grand old country; or read the description of it given by the different poets?

Sir Walter Scott in his poetical works describes Scotland in a beautiful and graphic manner. Who, after reading his poem, entitled "The Lady of the Lake," would not wish to visit that section of the country in which he gathered his inspiration for that excellent production? One day, while standing at the foot of Ben Ledi, a huge mountain lifting its head 3000 feet above the level of the sea, at whose base is Loch Lubnaig, a magnificent sheet of water, I said to my friend, Jackson: "I am not surprised that Scott caught an inspiration amid the grandeur of this spot."

As I rode from Callander to the Trossachs, a distance of eight miles, passing the Brig of Turk on the way and beheld the grandeur of that mountain scenery and then took the little steamer and rode to the head of Loch Katrine, a beautiful sheet of water, sandwiched between the mountains lifting their heads up nearly 3000 feet, I did not wonder that a man with the poetical nature of Scott could amid that magnificent scenery clothe his thoughts in fine language and pass them out to be read and admired by all lovers of poetry. And with the picture in my mind of the troasceh and the beautiful city of Edinburgh and vi-



cinity and other parts of Scoland which I visited, I am not surprised that the Scotch are proud of their country, and I join with them in calling it Bonnie Scotland. I found the Scotch people as a rule very cautious and rather slow about taking you into their confidence until they learned something of your history, but when once they become your friend, you can usually depend on them.

A few hours' ride brought us into the Firth of Clyde. The great hills which peeped out through the mist that gathered all about them gave us some idea of the grandeur of the scenery that stretches all along on either side of this river. At the base, and terraced on the sides of many of these hills, were beautiful little towns, some of them summer resorts. We were several hours steaming up the Clyde and at 9.30 P. M. we dropped the huge anchor just opposite the old town of Greenock, built on the side of a hill lifting its head far above the Clyde. We remained on board over night and early next morning every one donned their best suit and were in readiness for the little tender which conveyed us to the landing, a short distance away. Just before we left the steamer, a fellow with whom I had occasionally conversed during the voyage, came to me and said:

"I have more cigars with me than the law will allow. Will you take some ashore with you, and I will get them from you after we pass the custom house."

"Excuse me," I said, "I am not smuggling anything for myself, and am not in the business for any one else." We left him planning how he would get the best of the English government.

On landing we were met and questioned by the offi-

cials as to whether we had any spirits or tobacco. "We have not," was our reply. "Do you wish to examine my luggage?" I said to the officer who eyed me sharply. And I presume not seeing any guilt stamped on my face, he said: "Oh, no," and gave me the dismissal mark, and we hurried from the custom house to the train in waiting nearby. I was greatly amused at the remarks made by some of my fellow travellers who were paying their first visit to the Old country. Especially so, when they saw the little locomotive and compartment cars with the doors on the sides and seats facing each other for the accommodation of ten persons. Two gentlemen from Lancaster, Pa., with whom I became very well acquainted on ship-board, were with me, and as they surveyed the odd-looking cars, said:

"Well, I guess in America we are far ahead of anything over here."

As the staid Scotchmen listened to the Yankee expressions a faint smile played over their faces as they looked at us askance.

Greenock is a very historic old town. James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine, was born there, and the grave of Burns' Highland Mary is here also. It was once a great shipping point, but since the deepening of the Clyde, most of the shipping is centred at Glasgow. This river above Greenock was once a narrow, shallow stream, but has been so improved that now all along its miles of quays can be seen vessels from all parts of the world. Stretching along on either side of its shores are immense ship-yards where some of the largest crafts afloat were built. One would wonder how they managed to launch such large

vessels, but we learned they did so sidewise. They say that "God made all the rivers but the Clyde, but the Scotch made it."

We were soon hurrying away through towns and villages through a pretty stretch of fine country to Glasgow, the great Metropolis of Scotland.

#### GLASGOW.

This was once a Roman colony, and St. Mongo established a church here in 560 A. D. At the time of the Reformation, the city had a population of 4,000. In 1708 it had 12,000, and now it has about 800,000 inhabitants. Although it is sixty miles from the sea, it is said to rival Liverpool in shipping, Manchester in cotton-spinning, the Thames and Tyne in iron ship-building, and Wolverhampton in iron furnaces. As one walks along its busy streets, lined on either side with splendid stores, he is struck with the push and business snap of its people. Buchanan street is the finest business street of the city, and contains many large and attractive stores.

Argyle street is a business thoroughfare three miles long and as one sees the vast number of stores on this street he wonders how they all gather in shillings enough to stay. I went into one of these stores to purchase a "Hold All" and, not recalling the proper name of the article, asked the saleslady for a "Catch all." With a broad smile playing over her face, she said:

"I do not know what you mean."

Pointing to the article, I said, "That is what I want."

"Oh, you mean a 'hold all.'"

"Well," I replied, "I want something to 'hold all' my belongings."

Her smile broadened into a laugh as she wrapped the article up, and gave me a look that led me to think she regarded me as a very odd piece of humanity.

"Have you rubber collars?" I asked of a salesman in another one of the shops.

"We have, sir. What size do you wish?"

When I informed him, he gave me one rather smaller than I required. "I think that will answer," he said.

"If I attempted to wear that I would have an expression on my face similar to a man suspended by a hemp necktie," I remarked.

He either wanted to see a demonstration of it or was very anxious to make a sale, for he was loath to let me go.

The municipal building is a massive structure. The interior is finished with the finest kind of marble from various parts of the world. This city is said to be one of the best governed in the world. The city government is composed of men who consider it a great honor to fill the offices to which they are elected, and study the interests of the city. The university is a very imposing edifice with a frontage of 600 feet. It was founded in 1450 by Bishop Turnbull. The Botanical gardens are nearby. I spent some time there in looking at the many choice plants and flowers. The Cathedral stands as a monument of the long ago. It is 319 feet long and sixty-three feet wide. It is surrounded by a church yard containing many very old tombs. I was very much interested in reading

the epitaph on an old stone erected in the memory of a noted physician who died in 1612. It read as follows :

“Ah me! I gravel am and dust,  
And to the grave descend I must.  
Oh, painted piece of living clay,  
Man, be not proud of thy short day.  
Stay, passenger, and view this stone,  
For under it is lying such a one  
Who cured men while he lived;  
So gracious was, he no man grieved;  
Yea, when his physic forces failed,  
His pleasant purpose did prevail;  
For of his God he got the grace  
To live in mirth and die in peace.  
Heaven has his soul, his corpse, this stone;  
Sigh, passenger, and so begone.”

Glasgow Green is a park extending a mile along the Clyde. It was well patronized by many of the poor people in that locality. It is said that while James Watt was strolling through this park he conceived his central idea of steam engines.

On leaving my fellow-passengers, I seated myself on the top of a Tram car and rode through a busy portion of the city to the business house of a brother of a friend of mine in Philadelphia to whom I had a letter of introduction. On my arrival, I inquired of the saleslady if the proprietor was in. She said in broad Scotch :

“He’s na in noo, but will be aboot noon. Will ye bide a wee?”

I seated myself and awaited his arrival. On entering the store he scanned me closely and even more so when I arose to give him my letter. When he found I was a fresh arrival from Philadelphia and had

a message from his brother he gave me a welcome that only a Scotchman can when he finds yourself and ancestors leaned toward respectability.

"I should be pleased to have you go home with me and spend a few days," he said.

"Thank you, sir," I replied, "but have arranged to go to Stirling this evening."

"Will you visit me on your return to Glasgow?" he asked.

"I will," I said. And did so, and my visit to that home is among the pleasant memories of my trip. I was very kindly entertained by him and his good wife and daughter. I said to his wife:

"You have an excellent daughter; she is quite efficient at the piano or in any department of the home."

She replied in a way that made me laugh. "Oh, she is neither lame nor lazy, an' she's braw an' supple with her tongue as well as with her hands."

There was a young man that called in the evening who had an exalted opinion of this lass. He has since led her to Hymeneal altar. While we were conversing, an old woman came into the store walking with a cane and dressed in the fashion of long ago. Her bonnet had the appearance of having been made in her girlhood days.

"Here is a very interesting woman. I want you to meet her," he remarked.

"Auntie," he said, "here is a gentleman from America."

"Well, God bless you. I am glad to hail you, coming from that great country. I have always had a desire to see it, but will never get there now, for I am old and poor," and with a smile playing over her

wrinkled face, said: "But I'm not forsaken, for the God I sought more than forty years ago is still looking after me, and I have nothing to fear. When the lads see me comin' they say, 'Here comes old aunty, and she's still preachin'.' But I'm undaunted; I tell them I will preach while my breath lasts. I am eighty-seven years old and will not have much longer to stay. But when I go from my little home I shall find a better one." She said with a great deal of pride, "I'm Scotch." But her brogue betrayed her as coming from the old sod. As I was leaving, she said:

"I shall never look into your face again, but hope to see it in the better land."

On my way to the station, I went through one of the slum districts of this great city and saw the most wretched looking women that I have seen in any city. Most of them had an old shawl over their heads, and their eyes blackened and faces battered and scarred. They wore very short skirts which were as badly in need of water as were their bare feet, but they evidently did not believe in an outward application of water, or an inward one either when they could use anything stronger, and many of them had a heavy cargo of the article that had been the means of their downfall.

Near the station I met a colored man, and unbleached humanity was so rarely seen in the British Isles that I could not pass him without stopping and having a conversation with him.

"Are you from he States?" I inquired.

"I am, sir," he said, as a smile played over his ebony face.

"What part do you hail from?"



"Well, sir, I am from North Carolina. I came over here with some railroad men several years ago, and I don't suppose will ever get back again," he replied.

"Colored people are very scarce in this country," I remarked.

"Indeed, sir, they are. My family is the only colored family I know of in Glasgow, and we are kind o' lonely, for the folks here gives us the cold shoulder. Here's my address," he added. "Come and see me, will you?"

"I will not have the time," I said, as I bade him good-bye and hurried away to the train. He was the only colored person I saw until reaching London, and there only saw very few. While waiting for my train, I engaged in conversation with a man from far up in the Highlands. He expressed himself as being greatly surprised to learn I was a full-fledged American.

"You don't have that nasal twang that most Yankees use," he said, "and you don't use those expressions, 'I guess' and 'calculate.' When our people go to America," he added, and remain only a short time, they come back guessing and calculating like a Yankee."

He became very much interested as I gave him some account of our great railway system, and said:

"Eh! but you come from a wonderful country."





Sterling Castle, Scotland.



May Pole Party.

## CHAPTER III.

## ENROUTE FOR STIRLING.

**I**S this train for Stirling?" I inquired of one of the guards.

"No, yon train is the Stirlin' train," he replied.

Shortly after seating myself in "yon train," was speeding away toward my destination.

"This is a beautiful section of the country," I remarked to a man sitting near me.

"This is a bonnie part of Scotland," he replied. "Most of these towns we have passed through have a very interesting history connected with them. You are a stranger about here," he further remarked.

"Yes," I replied. "Although I was here about five years ago, it seems quite new to me."

"What part of the world do you come from, sir?"

"From America; I just landed in Greenock this morning."

"You have a great many of our people in your country," he remarked.

"Yes, and they have done a great deal toward making our great Republic."

"I should like to visit America, but fancy I will never have the privilege," he said. Then pointing to a flag-staff off in the distance, said, "There is an interesting spot to every Scotchman. That is the old Bannockburn battlefield."

In travelling through the country I heard the people speak with a great deal of pride of Bruce and Wal-

lace and old Bannockburn. A short ride from this point brought us into Stirling just as the sun was hiding behind the great hills that surround this historic old place. Stirling is a very ancient town. Five centuries before Arthur's time it was a Roman station, and four centuries after, a Northumbrian Fortress. It has a population of 16,000. The buildings are stone, ranging from two to five stories. The business portion of the town contains some fair sized stores and, judging from the fine homes in the residential portion, many of the merchants have been very successful. In the old part of the town, there are a number of long, narrow, winding streets on either side of which are many quaint houses having the appearance of being built when Stirling was in its infancy. From some of the streets run little closes (or courts), most of them wretched looking places, and the occupants seemed to be in keeping with their surroundings.

One day in passing one of these closes I heard the sound of angry voices, and soon found it to be two auburn-haired sisters who were badly shaken up by the "fall." They passed out the Scotch expressions in a way that brought forth a roar of laughter from the motley crowd of spectators who seemed anxious to see a hair-pulling exhibition by these two old lassies, but they simply fought it out with their tongues.

A little farther down the street there were two of the worst looking women I had seen in all my travels. They were well charged with Scotch whisky. They had their "wee bairns" wrapped in shawls and carried them in queer style. One of them had her's strapped on her back in pappoose fashion and held it by the two ends of the shawl. The other had her bairn tied in a

part of her shawl and carried it at her side, the way that I saw many of the mothers carrying their children. Both of the women were rolling like a ship in a storm. In passing, one of them ran against me, and in doing so struck the child's head on the sharp edge of my autoharp, causing the little one to cry out lustily.

"I am very sorry; it was purely accidental," I said to the woman.

"Oh, it does na matter, it was na your fault," she replied.

"What's the trouble?" said the other woman, as she staggered over towards us.

"Oh, the wee bairn struck its head against the mon's fuddle," she replied.

Two desperate looking men came out of a low groggery and joined the women, and the quartette got into a dispute and the last we saw of them they were in the middle of the street, having a free fight, while some of the same stripe of humanity were trying to rescue the bairns.

Stirling, like every other place, has its slum district, and the men and women living in that locality evidently have found, as have similar characters the world over, that failing to keep a firm hold on the reins of passion means wreck and ruin

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE OLD CASTLE.

THE old castle is one of the most interesting places in Stirling. It stands on a ledge of rocks on a very high hill overlooking the town. It was a royal residence as far back as 990. Alexander I died in this castle in 1124. It was besieged by Edward I who brought with him all the besieging implements from London, and not until one of those terrible engines called the "Wolf" was brought to bear on the castle, was it surrendered. It was afterward captured by King David. It was a royal residence under the Stewarts. James the II and James V were born here. In one of the rooms are a number of relics which belonged to James III, and others belonging to James V. In the Douglass room is a magnificent stained glass window, a gift of Queen Victoria in memory of William, Earl of Douglass, who was murdered by James II who stabbed him in the throat.

From the battlements one gets a splendid view of the town and the surrounding country. Off in one direction is a beautiful valley dotted with farms and little villages with the links of the Forth winding in serpentine style through the valley, while off in the distance can be seen Ben Lomond, Ben Venue, Ben A'an, Ben Ledi, huge mountains lifting their heads from two to three thousand feet above the sea. Then can be seen old Abbey Craig, with its wooded brow



only a short distance from the town, and other smaller hills making a picture of which any lover of nature would not tire.

One day I took what is called the "back walk," leading up to the castle. It is a broad gravel walk, winding around the hill. The rocks on the sides form a complete wall. I came across a little nook in the side of a huge rock in which were seats arranged in semi-circle form, and above the seats was a tablet with these words: "To accommodate the aged and infirm who had long resorted to this spot on the account of the warmth and shelter from every wind, these seats were erected 1817." Also a stone erected "In honor of Wm. Edmonson, contriver of this walk, 1724."

Along the walk, back of the castle, the rocks seemed to be piled up in various forms. One of them had fallen over a small chasm, one end of which rested on a rock on the opposite side, forming a bridge. It attracted the attention of many of the passers-by. Seating myself under a ledge of rocks near by, I feasted my eyes on the grandeur of the scenery all about me. It was a July day, but the cool breezes made me feel like donning a light overcoat. It hardly seemed possible that in far-away America they were tusselling with a hot wave which I learned through the Glasgow papers had pushed the thermometer up to a hundred in the shade.

"It is very hot," my friends would frequently say to me.

I smiled and said, "You would think it quite pleasant here to what it is in 'Yankee Land.'"

While seated in this cleft of the rock, a fine looking old gentleman came over to me and began a conversa-

tion. On learning I was an American, he said to me, as his face brightened up:

"I have a son in your country, and it does not seem to be such a far-off country as it did before he went over there. He is living in San Francisco," and added, "He wrote me a short time ago, and said he was just as far from New York as I was."

"Well," I said, "that is true. It is 3,000 miles from New York to San Francisco."

"Why, I can scarcely realize that you have such an immense country," he remarked. "We think a journey of 500 miles is a long one, but to take one of 3,000 miles is more than I can grasp." He gave me his card and wished me to call and see him when I came to Edinburgh. He was interested in the Seamen's Mission in that city.

The old Castle is used as an infantry barracks. There were several hundred soldiers quartered there. We became acquainted with some of the lads. They took great pleasure in showing us through their quarters, which seemed to be quite comfortable. Among them were a number of the Scottish Highlanders. Their kelts, sashes, gay plaid stockings and rimless caps to me seemed rather an odd uniform. One of the boys informed me there were seven yards of material in one of the kelts and he found them rather weighty. Most of these brave lads went to the seat of war in South Africa, which broke out a few months after my visit to the castle, and many of them fell while storming the strongly fortified hills of that far-off country. Homes are now desolate all over the British Isles because these noble fellows are no more.

While conversing with some of the lads, an excu-

sion party came into the castle gate. Among them were two Scotch lassies.

"I'm wanderin' where they're from?" said one of the soldiers, which remark was overheard by the lassies.

One of them quickly turned and said in broad Scotch: "Ye'll be wanderin' a lang time before ye'll ken."

The boys laughed heartily and the lad took his change very quietly. One of the boys said: "You'll no be sayin' any mair to that lass."

On coming from the castle to the cemetery, which is on the slope of the hill where sleep many of Scotland's honored dead, we met an old blind man begging.

"It's a foin day," he said as he felt about with his cane and came over to us. At once we knew what his salutation meant. He was talking for a copper.

In a conversation with him we learned he had been at this point for eight years soliciting alms.

"I've no seen the licht of day for five and twenty years," he said. "I was a sailor and one day at sea was accidentally struck across the eyes with a chain and was blinded." And then added in a very pathetic tone of voice, "Me folk are all in the old cemetery save one, and he was drooned at sea."

The old man had a huge blessing for those who dropped a coin in his hand.

This cemetery contains many fine monuments of various kinds. There was one in particular which attracted my attention when visiting the cemetery several years ago. I was again interested in reading the many inscriptions it contained. It is a beautiful mar-

ble monument in the alcove of which were two finely sculptured figures which represented two excellent Christian girls who, rather than renounce their faith and trust in Christ, consented to be tied to a stake on the Solway tide and let the angry waves sweep over them.

We came to the plot where Professor Henry Drummond's remains had been recently interred. Standing by the grave of that excellent Christian man, I thought of the words uttered by the Apostle Paul: "He being dead, yet speaketh." It occurred to me it would be a very appropriate inscription to place on his monument. While this good man has been called from his life of usefulness to his reward above, his books, the product of his fertile brain and heart, warmed by the spirit of Christ his Master, will be read with interest and great profit by coming generations. He was the Sunday school teacher of one of my friends in Stirling and he was very loud in his praise of Mr. Drummond as a Christian gentleman. He was a bachelor on the sunny side of fifty. He left a widowed mother, who still lives in their fine old mansion, surrounded by splendidly laid out grounds on the suburbs of Stirling. She is a woman that commands the love and respect of the entire community.

While in the cemetery we met a typical old Irishman. He was dressed as they did in the long ago. He wore knee breeches with bright metal buckles and a long pair of yarn stockings, low shoes and a very ancient looking coat and hat. In conversation with him he said: "I'm from ould Ireland, and I'm proud of it. I left it many years ago and would like to go back again, but don't think I ever shall."

"Well, there is no place so dear as one's native land, I replied.

"That's true, sir," he said. "I should like to see my old home once more." Then pointing to the plot where he informed us lay the remains of several of his children, said: "But I suppose my old Scotch lass will be hiding me away here in a short time." Then straightening up and looking me in the eye, said: "I'm 78 years old and as good a mon as I iver was. When I was young, I feared the face of no mon," and then striking a fighting attitude, added, "and I don't mind them yet."

He convinced me by his scientific movements that he well understood the art of discoloring a man's eye.

In speaking of the government, he said: "The Bible says, 'Go ye into all the world and preach my gospel to every creature,' but the English government says, 'Take ye a gun and go ye out and kill and plunder, and bring the spoils to London and thou shalt be blest.'"

There was a tall, slender, old woman who came over and seated herself on one of the graves. She had a bag of new mown grass which she had just gathered.

"That's my old Scotch lass," he said as he pointed to the old woman. "She was pretty nice when I married her, but she's gettin' 'crookeder' all the time." She leaned her elbow on the bag of grass and gave him a look that led us to think that the old lady was well able to look after her own interest.

One of the care-takers came over and said: "That old man has reared some great lads. Why, but for them the Stirling courts would have had little to do."

"Well," the old man replied, "I built one jail and do what I can to keep it filled, but that old lass sittin'

there always has the shillins to get the lads out." He began to whistle an Irish jig and to dance the same. "You ought to be getting ready to take your place beside those sleeping here," I remarked, pointing to graves, and added, "moving day is coming."

He quieted his feet and with a merry twinkle in his eye, said: "Sure, I'll be ready for moving day when it comes, sir."

I bade him and his old lass good-bye, thinking it would be a long time before I would forget the jolly old Irishman that caused me to laugh so heartily, even though my surroundings were of such a character as to make one rather pensive. At the entrance of the cemetery are two old churches. One of them is called the church of the "Grey Friars." It was erected in 1494 by King James IV. In this church James VI was crowned in 1567. John Knox preached the coronation sermon. The pulpit from which the sermon was preached and a number of old relics were on exhibition in the old Guildery near by. On the tower of one of these churches once fortified against the castle by General Monk in 1651 and by the Jacobites in 1746, and which still bears the marks of bullets, is a very quaint notice. It reads as follows:

"Charges in the old church yard: For a person 12 years old and upward, in two-horse hearse, 12 shillings; or shoulders high, one-horse hearse, 8 shillings; 12 years old and upward, if on spokes, 6 shillings; graves for child 2 years old, if in hearse or carried in the yard, 2-6 note. The sum of 6-8 and 12 shillings include a bag for bones. In case in digging the grave they found the bones of any one previously buried they were put in the bag and re-interred.

One of my friends was telling me that it was customary in Scotland a few years ago, and is yet in some places, to collect for the digging of the grave before the friends left the church yard. There was an old close-fisted man that lost his wife and after the remains had been lowered in the grave, the sexton stepped up to collect his bill. The old man gave him the amount, minus one shilling. The sexton called his attention to it.

The old man said: "I'll gie ye na maire."

"Doon with the other shillin'," said the sexton, "or up she cooms."

The old man concluded to let the old lady rest, and came doon with the "other shillin'."

There is an epitaph in this old cemetery to which the guides are very particular to show the visitors. It reads as follows:

"Our life is like a winter's day;  
Some only breakfast and away,  
And others to dinner stay and are full fed.  
The oldest man but sups and goes to bed,  
Large is his debt who lingers out the day;  
He who goes soonest has the least to pay."

Stirling has a number of large and substantial looking banks and also a number of fine schools which are well patronized, judging from the great number of children that one sees.

There are a large number of churches scattered over the town, and one would think from the multitude of people seen on the streets on Sunday wending their way to the various places of worship that most of the people of this old town had a religious turn of mind. The Presbyterians are the leading denomination, hav-



ing several large churches. The Baptists seemed to be the second strongest in numbers, the next being the Episcopal Church. The Methodists only have one church, with a very small congregation. The pastor of this church was a very excellent man and I spent several pleasant evenings with him and his family in their home, in company with some of the members of his church. A few days after rendering some service in their Sabbath School by singing, accompanied with the autoharp, I was going over Gowan Hill to the castle, and as I drew near a group of little girls, one of them shouted:

"Here comes the man that played the fiddle in our Sunday School."

Thinking to draw them out in conversation, I stopped and began talking with them, but found them rather shy, like most of the Scotch children.

One day I received an invitation to attend a wedding at the Episcopal Church. I was not acquainted with the contracting parties, but received it through my friend, who was intimate with the groom. He insisted on me going, even though I did have to do so alone, as it was impossible for him to attend. I made my way to the church through a drenching rain, not that I had never seen a couple launch out on the sea of matrimony, but had some curiosity to see how they did it in Bonnie Scotland. On presenting my card to one of the ushers, was shown to a seat near the front. Two young men sat in the front pew who seemed very much interested in watching the guests as they came in. When the bride came up the aisle, leaning on the arm of a large, fine looking fellow whom I supposed was the groom, one of these young men left his

seat and took his position near the chancel and she, on reaching there, loosened her hold on the supposed groom and grasped the arm of the young man in waiting, and I soon learned that he was the lad of her choice. It was quite understood why he watched the door so closely. I had never known the groom to be so far in the advance of the bride, but bachelors are not supposed to be very well versed in matrimonial customs. The rector was a long time in tying the nuptial knot. I thought if they desired a little later on to have it untied (as some do), they would have some difficulty in having it done, even though they came over to one of our western states where they so easily sever the matrimonial knot.

One evening in company with a friend I went down along the banks of the winding Firth, which is navigable for small crafts as far as Stirling. Then we crossed the meadows to Abbey Craig and climbed to its summit. It was a long, tiresome journey, and more than once said to my friend, "I shall not be able to scale the mount." But he urged me on by telling me of the grand view I would get from its peak. On reaching the top I was amply repaid. The scenery from this point was sublime. Far below was the old town, and a short distance away was the Bridge of Allen, a health resort, and across the valley nestled the quaint little village of Cambusbaron. It was nearly 10 o'clock when we came down from that huge pile of mother earth and rocks, and darkness had just begun to settle down on the old world. In the summer evenings quite often they have the twilight nearly all night. But in the winter season it grows dark much earlier than in America.

A drove of Highland cattle interested me very much, which two men had brought from far up in the highlands. Two fine shepherd dogs were rendering them great assistance in keeping the cattle in line. These cattle are quite small and have long, shaggy hair, their forelocks being of great length—most of them touching their nose. They have large horns extending out some distance, then slightly bowed.

In company with some friends, I spent an evening with a blind couple. They were very talented. He was a fine musician and she had a literary turn of mind. They had both been blind from childhood, but notwithstanding their blindness, they had not escaped the darts of cupid. They had a "wee bairn" and it was interesting as well as touching to see that mother bending over the cradle soothing the little one when it became restless. When it lifted up its voice and struck notes which are usually discordant to a bachelor, she tenderly gathered it up and sang a lullaby that she wrote on the "Bairn." Her husband rendered some very classical music. The evening spent with the blind couple was a very enjoyable one.

I met several of the friends of my former visit and added many others to the list during my fortnight in Stirling and vicinity.

## CHAPTER V.

## BANNOCKBURN.

ONE afternoon I rode from Stirling on a "Break" to the old Bannockburn battlefield. The ride was a very pleasant one. We passed through the old Saint Inians district. Many of the houses were very old. The terminus of the line was at another very ancient looking village which was some distance beyond the point where I should have gotten off, but concluded to continue the journey to the old town. On leaving the "Break," I saw a crowd gathered around some small tents. My curiosity led me to go over and learn the cause of this gathering. On doing so I found it was a gypsy encampment. One of the old sisters had a spirit akin to that of the witch of Endor, and she was doing a thriving business, but my faith in her ability to foretell future events was not sufficient for me to give her my patronage. When a lad, in company with a friend, I visited one of these professedly wise old bodies and left a hard-earned piece of silver with her for a little bundle of startling events that were to come my way, but as yet have failed to become facts. After remaining a short time at this point I inquired my way of a man to the battlefield.

"Take yon street," he said, "and it will lead you to a mill and just beyond the race you will find stepping stones across the brook. Follow the path on yon side and it will lead you to within a short distance of the battle ground.

I went as he directed to the mill and then through an old farm yard to the stepping stones, and crossed the brook and walked along a beautiful road on one side of which this little stream came tumbling down over the rocks. Missing my way, I came out into a field where some boys were playing foot ball.

"Will you direct me to Bannockburn?" I asked a very odd looking boy. He made no reply but simply gazed at me in a dazed condition.

"What do you want?" said another boy as he came up to me. When I informed him, he said:

"Oh, just go to yon stone steps and that will lead you to yon field and it is straight across." When I left the boys, I overheard the odd looking lad shout: "Eh, he's gaen to yon flag staff."

I climbed the stone stairway leading up to the wheat field and took the well-beaten path beside the hedge. In the adjoining field were a number of men and women hoeing. When they saw my huge form towering far above the hedge rows they rested on their hoes and cast some very inquiring looks over toward me. A short walk brought me out to the little village and I soon found my way to this historic old battlefield. On the top of a hill is the Borestone which once held the old flag beside which Bruce stood and directed the battle that made him famous and which won the independence of Scotland, until the Scotch voluntarily put themselves under the flag of Old England. As I stood beside the flag staff, from the top of which was flying the Union Jack, and loodek out over that beautiful valley with those great hills rolling off in the distance, I fancied I could see those warriors of centuries ago engaged in that terri-

ble conflict, and imagined I could hear the groans of the wounded and dying that broke the silence that seemed to pervade that spot. Seating myself on a bench, I quite enjoyed the fine scenery stretching out in all directions. Near me sat a man and two women who were using the broad Scotch quite freely. His vision was dimmed by an overdose of Scotch whisky, but it had loosened his tongue so that it was running at a rapid rate. Presently he turned to me and said:

"Are ye Scotch?"

"No," I replied, "I am a Yankee."

"Gie me yer hand," he said, as he extended his brawny hand toward me. I did so and Scotland and America shook warmly. Then he said something in Scotch to the women that convulsed them with laughter. Not feeling quite sure about my nationality, he said to me:

"Are ye English?"

"No, I guess not," I replied.

He gave me a sharp look and said, 'Ye had better no be 'guessin' aboot here.'

"Well, are you Scotch?" I inquired. He gave a vacant laugh and said: "I think so, but I'm no sure." The trio began spinning some very dark threads through their conversation which I concluded would not be very edifying, so I beat a hasty retreat.

After spending some time in looking around the old battlefield, turned my steps back to Stirling. On my way back I passed several little thatched and tile-roofed cottages. Some of them were quite attractive being newly white-washed and rose bushes in full bloom climbing up the sides and fronts of the cottages. In going through the St. Inian's district, I

came to an old church in which stands a very ancient looking tower. Curious to know something of its history, I stopped and made some inquiry about it. It was once the tower of an old church used by the Jacobites in 1746 as a magazine. On learning of the approach of the Duke of Cumberland, they blew the church up and left the tower. There were a number of tombs in the church-yard dating as far back as 1632. I visited so many old graveyards in England, Ireland and Scotland that I finally concluded it could be said of me like one in the Scriptures: "He dwelt among the tombs." While in the church-yard, two young men came near and they engaged in conversation with me about the old tower and finally said to me:

"We have just come from Glasgow on an excursion. This is the week of the Glasgow Fair and it is a general holiday time, so we thought we would visit this old town."

"Yes," I replied, I have noticed great crowds of people in Stirling all during the week?"

"What part of the world do you hail from?" they inquired.

"From America."

"We are very much interested in that country," they replied, "for our sister is living there. Her home is in Providence, R. I. Father and mother died some time ago." They added, "And we moved from the old home and rented a flat, and sister kept house for us a little while, but she grieved so about the death of our parents that her health began to fail, so she concluded to go to America and make her home with a cousin, thinking the change might benefit her,"



"Rather a sad thing," I said, "to have the home circle broken up."

"Oh, indeed it is, sir," one of them replied. "We find it especially so now, since we have to keep bachelor's hall," he further remarked. "We had a good father and mother," said the younger one. "Father was an elder in one of the Presbyterian churches in Glasgow for many years, and mother was also a fine Christian. I fancy now I can feel the touch of her hand on my head, as I did when I was a wee boy and knelt at her knee in prayer."

Feeling assured I was in the company of two of Scotland's choice lads, I became very much interested in them. When the clock in the old tower struck one, I was reminded that we had been standing beside the old moss-covered tombstone engaged in conversation just one hour. On leaving them, they said:

"Will you call and see us when you come to Glasgow?"

"If I find the time, would be pleased to do so," I replied. One evening on my return to Glasgow I said to my friend, Mr. Hood:

"I am going to call at No. 37 C—— Street and see two gentlemen I met at Stirling. Being a pretty good reader of human nature, I think I am correct in the opinion I formed of these lads. However, if I don't return, you will know where to start the clew to the missing Yankee."

He smiled and said, "I shall not be very much concerned about your safety."

A comparatively short ride on the top of the tram car brought me to their home, which was in a favorable part of the city. On reaching the second floor of

this large tenement house I saw their name on one of the doors and shortly after pulling the bell it was answered by "James," the elder of the two.

"Come in, sir; you are welcome to our home," he said, with a good, honest ring to his invitation. "Bob" arose and gave me just as cordial a welcome as did his brother. Casting my eyes about the room, I soon concluded that Butler and his belongings would be perfectly safe in that home. On the wall of the parlor hung a large portrait of their father, whose face indicated the truth of his son's statement that "he was a good man." There were also a number of Scripture texts hanging on the walls of the two rooms they occupied. They took great pride in showing me the library that belonged to their father. Seeing among the collection a copy of Bobby Burn's poems, I requested one of them to read me "The Cotter's Saturday Night," which he did and explained the meaning of many of the Scotch phrases. Then we had a few Scotch airs on the piano, after which I gave them a number of Yankee pieces on the autoharp. The evening was spent very pleasantly and the time passed so quickly I found it later than I was aware.

"You must remain with us over night," they said.

"No, I could not think of that," I replied.

"We shall insist on it," they said. I finally consented to do so, and we were all three soon tucked away in the large "set in" bed.

"Boys," I said, "when we want to change positions we shall have to give notice and all do so at once." The little room rang with laughter when the signal was given to "shift." We finally got quieted and drifted away to dreamland.

On awakening the next morning, I saw "Jim" carefully preparing the morning meal which consisted of oat meal porridge (chief of Scotia's food) and a few other substantials. It greatly amused me as these two fellows who had all the symptoms of an old bachelor, and I the full-fledged one, gathered around the table.

"Well, boys," I said, "the last stage of bachelorhood is manipulating the cooking utensils, but I am thankful I have not yet reached that point."

"Well," they replied, "as soon as our lease expires we expect to abandon the pots and pans." This motto I thought I could suggest: "What is home without a woman?"

They gave a very pressing invitation to pay them another visit before leaving for home and the night of the confirmation of the report of the fall of Pretoria, South Africa, I sailed from Belfast for Glasgow, and on the arrival of the train from Addrossan was met at the station by "Jim and "Bob" and taken to their home at Tolcross where they had recently removed. Before going out to their home we went out in the city to see the great demonstration. The streets were filled with very enthusiastic people. There was a military and also a civic parade, accompanied with brass bands, and fife and drum corps. There was an illuminated street car which was a beautiful sight. On the top of it were some of the city officials who were being cheered along the route. If all the Queen's subjects were as loyal as the Scotch seemed to be, and their patriotism led them to take up arms and go to the front, her troubles would soon be at an end in South Africa. We rode on the under-ground

railroad to various points in the city and found great rejoicing on the part of the people. Glasgow is completely honey-combed with the under-ground railway. They have also tunneled the Clyde.

Among some of the odd names of the towns on the board at the railway stations was Motherwell and Bothwell. There is a historic pun my friends said about these two places. The platform porter shouted, "Motherwell!" A sympathetic traveler inquired, "Is Father well?" "A bit west," responded the porter, "and ye'll find Bothwell."

Tolcross is a suburb, a short distance from the city. The lady with whom Jim and Bob boarded, used the broadest kind of Scotch, as did the children. One of her boys had a pugilistic turn of mind, and one day got into difficulty with another boy. She leaned out of the window and shouted to the boy to come home and when he did so she reproved him for his conduct.

"Di ye think I'm gaun tae staun like a stookey an let him hit me?" said the young lad.

After a brief stay with Jim and Bob, bade them good-bye and concluded that Bonnie Scotland could well be proud of such lads as they.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE QUAIN OLD TOWN OF C—.

I SPENT several days in the quaint little village of C— in the Highlands. On either side of the two long, narrow, winding streets of the village were many little thatched and tile-roofed cottages. Some of them, I was informed, were several hundred years old, and I concluded they were from their appearance. On calling at a home I had formerly visited, was met at the door by a motherly old lady who gave me a very cordial reception. She said:

“I did na ken you was comin. I’m no tidied up. Come awa-ben an mak’ yoursel at hame.”

I followed her into the little, neatly furnished room, and after she made some inquiry about some of my friends in America, she said:

“There’s been mony changes since you were here last.” Then pointing to the photo of her husband which hung on the wall, added: “He’s no here noo; he’s gaun awa hame,” and gathering up one corner of her apron to brush away her tears, said: “He’s greatly missed in this hame.”

When I called at this home on my former visit to Scotland this good man was an invalid and had lain in one of those “set-in beds” (a bed built in the alcove of the wall) for seven years. When I bade him farewell, he said:

“I’ll no see you here ony mair, but I’ll meet you in yon city.” And shortly after my return home to

America I received a letter from his son, saying: "Father has gone to live 'in that city' of which you sang to him."

"My bairns have all left the old hame," resumed the old lady, "save my youngest lad, who is still beside me. Jeanie is the only single lass I have and she's awa." The wife of one of her sons came in and also one of her daughters, and the Scotch phrases were passed out quite freely. I interrupted them several times to learn the meaning of some of them. The old lady gave us a brief history of her early life.

"Mother took me to live wie a farmer's wife near the old hame when I was a 'wee lass,' " she remarked, "and when she saw me, she said, 'She's far too wee to rin after the kye.' 'I've na fear if she does na go to sleep; she's a braw and supple, though she's wee,' " her mother replied.

"Will ye go to Mrs. Smith, and see if she has the claiaths mangled?" she said to her daughter. I was amused at the answer she gave her mother when she returned:

"She did na hae them dune; she's jist gaen to gie em the roun of the wrist," she said.

"Where is your brother?" inquired the old lady of one of her grandsons as he came into the house. "I dena ken noo; I telt him to come ham but he would na come."

"That boy has a fine open face," I remarked.

"Yes," she replied, "he's a bonnie lad, but ye dena ken the mind of the other bairn. He's more quiet."

In speaking of a family living nearby whom I had previously met, she said: "Mrs. Millen is na in the auld hoose noo. She's awa in the hame where there's

na a bit of sorrow. The youngest lad is married and is living in the auld hoose. Will you gae to see him?"

"Yes," I replied, for I remembered with pleasure my visit to that home. While we were waiting an answer to our knock at the door she said, pointing to the rose bush in full bloom, climbing up the front of the house:

"Mrs. Millen is no here noo. She's gaun awa where the flowers bloom forever."

She had a way of weaving threads of poetry through her conversation which I greatly appreciated. One of her sons in speaking of the death of his sister, said:

"Sister died at the beginning of the year and left three small children. Mother had them under her care for awhile—good, big-hearted mother that she is. Her wrinkles are increasing, and so is her love." In speaking of the death of his child, he said:

"The wee bairn you saw in its mother's arms we carried down to the river of death and passed it over to the good Shepherd. He is caring for it now." And since my return home in a letter I received from another one of her sons, he said:

"Our wee lass took ill about Christmas and it proved to be fatal. We tried to make her short journey through life a pleasant one. We would liked to have kept her, but she slipped away from us in a little fit."

Our knock was answered by a staid looking Scotch lass who had just recently changed her name to Millen and taken possession of the "auld hoose," and seemed to be doing her best to brighten the life of this lad whose life, I remember, was bound up in that of the mother. One day while in conversation with



this young man about the many old houses in the village, he said :

"Yon house is the one that Bruce slept in the night before the battle of Bannockburn."

"Well," I replied, "it must be very old, for that was in the early part of the thirteenth century."

"We will go over and see the old relic," I said to a gentleman in company with me from Glasgow. And while doing so an old woman came down the long, narrow, winding street and, seeing we were interested in the house, stopped and said to us :

"That is the auld hoose that Robert Bruce slept in before the great battle of Bannockburn, and yon hoose back is where he kept his powney."

It was ancient looking enough to have stood many centuries. The tiles on the roof were in a fair state of preservation, as well as the house. The windows were very old fashioned. While the old lady was giving us some interesting history connected with the village, an old man sitting in a cart on some produce with his wooden leg resting on the dash and driving a little sorrel pony came down the street, shouting : "Tatties and herrin'."

"This old man and his team are in keeping with the quaint street," I remarked.

"Oh," she said, "he's a puir lookin' body but he's got money, but he's wantin' a leg."

I smiled at the queer way of speaking of the loss of the old man's leg. "And that," I said, "is a very old house, too," pointing to a little cottage with spears of wheat and grass growing on the thatched roof.

"Eh," the old woman replied, "it's a ga auld hoose ; there's some one lived in it since I mind."

In passing along this old street I came to a house in the window of which were some apples and a few jars of candies.

"I am going to purchase some of those apples," I said to the gentleman, "just to get an opportunity of seeing the interior of that old house and having a talk with the old lady." Lowering my head, I stepped into this little home and inquired of the woman the price of the apples. she replied in very broad Scotch:

"Eh, ther'er a threepence a poun; ther'er na gae braw. Wait till I gie ye the etheryins."

She went into an adjoining room and brought out some that she said were "gae braw," but which I considered were about on a par with the ones in the window. While she was weighing the apples I engaged in conversation with another old lady who was sitting by the open grate.

"I fancy," she said, "that you are from England."

"No," I replied, "I am from America."

"I did na ken you were from that far away land. I had some friends that went over there mony years ago, but I have na heerd of them in a lang time. I dena ken anything aboot them noo," she said.

To what part of America did they go?"

"Eh, but I think it was a place called Cincinnati, but I fancy they're all dead noo." The old woman came over to me with the apples and joined in the conversation.

"I had a cousin that left the auld village for that country when I was a lass," she said.

"Well, it is quite an undertaking to cross that great body of water to reach that country."

"Eh, it must be," she replied.

But then," I said, "God can take care of you out on old ocean as well as on land." The old woman sitting by the grate looked up into my face and said:

"Eh, but He's a great God. Neglected by mony, but has some to worship Him."

The old man with a wooden leg came to the door and said something to the old woman that sold me the apples, and I soon learned that she was his wife.

"You see your lassies have a lad," I remarked.

He smiled and in reply said, "That's richt."

In passing the old house shortly afterward, saw him loading his cart with produce. Stepping up to his pony and patting it on the neck, I said, "You have a fine little animal."

"Eh," he replied, "but she's as wise as a body and staun's as still as a brick while I'm gettin in an oot."

Just then his wife came out with her large burlap apron filled with vegetables and placed them in the cart.

"It is a fine thing to have a good wife," I remarked. He looked at the old lady and with a merry twinkle in his eyes, said:

"Eh, it is that, but it took gai muckle thought before I got her."

"I have not been as fortunate as you, and have not yet gotten a wife."

"Eh, bide a wee and you may get one," he replied, with a vein of humor in his remark.

He may have thought me very hopeful to even be giving it a thought after tarrying so long on the Island of Single ———.

"The fleas and migees are so bad," he said, "I could na get my pouny to staun yesterday when I was out

with my tatties and herrin. A woman wanted some tatties and I said to her, 'come haud her heed while I gei em to ye.' He said to the old lady where I was stopping:

"Tell the Yankee to come and spend an evening with us in the auld hoose." One evening in company with her and a friend from Glasgow, I went to the home of this quaint couple. The flag stone floor looked as clean as water could make it. The two "set-in beds" that occupied considerable space in the little room looked neat and comfortable. The few pieces of furniture were quaint enough to have served several generations. There was a barrel cut half way down on one side and covered with coarse bagging which they were using for a chair. It seemed to have been made expressly for the old lady for she seemed quite comfortable as she sat in it. The old man sat close beside her with his wooden leg resting on a low stool. Having read the book, entitled the "Bonnie Briar Bush," it struck me I was in the company of two characters similar to those mentioned by the author. While playing my harp in rather quick time, the old man said:

"I ken I can dance it."

His foot was moving quite briskly and even his wooden leg was keeping time with the music. We concluded if the old man gave us a demonstration of his ability along that line that most of the company would have to "shift" our quarters. A smile played over the face of his wife as she turned to him and said:

"Ah, Dauvit, ye could na dance that with your wooden leg."

"I ken I could," he replied.

It occurred to me I had better change my time and play and sing something that would touch his head and heart instead of his foot. The music awakened memories of his youthful days and with a smile playing over his broad face, partially covered with a gray beard, he said:

"When I was a lad I had a very lassie kind of a face and my mistress said to me one day, 'Dauvit will ye dress in lassie's claihs this evening and gae to the dance and fool the laddies?' 'Yes, I'll gai,' I said. Ye ken the lassies sat on one side the room and the lads on the other. When I took my seat wie the lassies a great, muckle (large) lad came over to me and asked me if I would dance wie him. And after I did so and took my seat he said to the lads, 'Eh, but she's ga and strong and a Billy on the swing,' " meaning she was very strong and swung about like a man. "Eh, my," said the old man, "but I had to gae oot for if they had kent me would have taken the claihs off me." Then in a sad tone of voice, he said: "But there's mony changes since that day."

Then he spoke of their son, who was their only child who had died a few years previous. He spoke such broad Scotch I could scarcely understand some parts of his conversation, but was greatly interested in listening to him, even though I had to get the meaning of some of his expressions from my friends.

"We had a bonnie lad," he said, "but he went awa to another village to work and took a cauld and came hame ill. We watched his breath gettin shorter till he slipped awa frae us and the auld hoose has no been the same since."

The old woman gathered up one corner of her

apron and wiped the tears away that stole down her wrinkled face. The evening I spent in that "auld hoose" with David and his good wife in that Highland village was one of the most pleasant of my trip. On going back to the village the following summer I inquired for the old couple. My friend said :

"Dauvit's gaen awa frae the auld hoose, an he'll no come back ony mair."

"When did he die?" I inquired.

"They took him to the auld kirkyard last Merch," she said. The last Sabbath I spent in the village I remember seeing David sitting in the gallery of the old church, and fancy now I can see him adjusting his glasses, then take up his Bible and turn to the chapter given by the minister as the morning lesson and with the congregation silently follow in the reading of the same. In all the churches I attended in my travels through the British Isles I noticed that most of the congregation had Bibles and when the Scripture lesson was announced each one turned to the chapter and seemed to be greatly interested as it was being read. The last time I saw the old man was the afternoon of that Sabbath day as he sat beside the old house reading his old worn Bible, the only chart and compass by which he and every other person that has preceded him have safely crossed life's sea to the port of eternal day. When I called to see the sorrow-stricken widow she said amid her tears :

"This hame is no the same as when you were here last. Dauvit has gaen awa and I'll soon be gaen mysel."

I attended a religious meeting in one of the little homes in this village and will not soon forget that in-

teresting and helpful service. I listened with pleasure to those plain country folk singing the songs of praise, especially that beautiful Scotch hymn, entitled "My Ain Country." My visit to that old Highland village will be among the very pleasant remembrances of my trip to "Bonnie Scotland."

In this village I met the champion bicycle rider of Scotland. He showed me a great number of valuable medals he had received.







Bobby Burns' Cottage.



Aberdeen, Scotland.

## CHAPTER VII.

## TRIP TO ABERDEEN.

ONE can take a cheap trip to any part of Scotland during the summer months, especially so during the week of the Glasgow Fair, which seems to be observed as a general holiday season. One morning I took a train from Stirling for Aberdeen by the Caledonia Road, which runs through a beautiful section of Scotland. In passing through a valley dotted with towns and villages and fine old farms, I saw many of the farmers gathering in their hay and were being assisted by the sisters of the household, who seemed to be tossing the hay as dexterously as the men. Traveling through the country I noticed very many women at work in the fields. We passed through Dunblane and Perth. The latter place is in the locality in which the author of "The Bonnie Briar Bush" is said to have gathered most of his material for that popular book. Stonchaven is a fair-sized town nestled down at the base of a great hill on the shore of the North Sea. From this point the train runs very close to the great cliffs that stand like a wall all along the coast. There are a number of little villages along the sea front principally occupied by fishermen. The white sails could be seen far out at sea, and also steamers of various kinds going and coming from Aberdeen which is quite a seaport town.

In the compartment with me was a man and his wife and three children. She was Scotch and he was

from old Ireland. She was a care-worn looking woman and seemed to have more fear than love for her husband. The child she held on her lap had its face broken up with a cry most of the journey, but he seemed to be oblivious to its cries. His lunch basket was on the rack above me and he finally took it down and dealt out some lunch to his wife and the bairns. But he seemed to be more thirsty than hungry and reached down in one corner of the basket and brought up a bottle of whisky. As he removed the cork, he said to me:

"Will yees have some spirits?"

"No, thank you," I replied; "I never indulge."

"Och, sure and yees are a tetotaller," he said.

"Yes, I am, sir," I replied.

"Well, sure I am, too," he said, "except on holidays and pay Saturday nights."

"Well, don't you think it would be to your advantage to be a tetotaller on those occasions?" I said. She gave me an approving nod.

"Och, well," he replied, "and a wee bit of spirits hurts no mon."

"The trouble is," I said, "there is usually a bad spirit that accompanies spirits of that kind," and added, "You would not want to see these little boys become slaves to strong drink."

"Well, I think not," was his quick reply.

"Then be careful how you handle spirits before them. The force of example is very great," I remarked. My temperance lecture had very little effect on him, for every few minutes he tipped the bottle until the spirits had entirely left it and had possession of the man, and we all knew the difference

between the spirits being in the man and in the bottle. On reaching Aberdeen the poor woman not only had her bairns to attend too, but also her husband and his "spirits."

We ran into the city on the elevated road and stopped just outside the station while the conductor collected the tickets. While the train was in waiting, a crowd of children gathered on the street below and shouted to the passengers, "Gei mer a nicht?"

"What are they asking for?" I inquired of a man near me.

"Oh, they are begging for 'hea pennies,' " (half pennies) he replied. When they were thrown to them the Scotch bairns shouted and struggled for the coin in a way that reminded me of men whom I have seen in our American stock exchanges shouting and rushing about like mad men for the "dollar."

Aberdeen is beautifully situated on a cluster of hills at the mouth of the River Dee. It has a magnificent harbor; the docks cover thirty-four acres in which were lying some immense steamers. Aberdeen is known as the Granite City and is properly called so, for all the buildings, both public and private, are built of light gray granite. It has a population of 105,000. Its business streets contain many very attractive stores. I rode on the top of a tram through the business and also the residential portions of the city, and as I did so, concluded that I had never visited a finer city. The city all through had an air of neatness, the streets were in a condition that reflected great credit on the officials. I rode out to the new bridge of Don, near which was an enclosed field where, from the top of the tram, I could see immense crowds of

people, some engaged in field sports and various games, and near the entrance were a number of lads and lassies hoping about, keeping time with a lively air played by the brass band perched up in the pavilion. It seemed to be a general holiday, and every one was bent on having a good time. Many of the people used such broad Scotch I could scarcely understand them.

On coming back to the city proper, I visited a very old cathedral. At the entrance I noticed a tablet with this strange heading:

"Mortifications left to this church by the following persons."

The first to head the list was that of an old physician who died in 1616. While I was reading down the long list of names, a very poorly dressed woman came near me and looked over the list of names. The amounts given were marked in such a way that I could not quite make them out, and I turned to her and asked the meaning of the marks.

"Eh, I denna ken. I'm a stranger aboot here," she replied.

"I am, too," I said, "and think I am a bit farther from home than you."

"You're takin a good look aboot," she replied, and added, "It's an idle day wi me, and nothin doin. An' I'm just token a look aboot, too. I denna ken mony aboot Aberdeen noo. I lived here before me husband deed." Then she gave a sigh, and said: "I've had a hard time since he went awa. I hav na put me teeth in meat (food), for three days an its no a braw day when you canna do that." I soon discovered a huge begging thread running through her story and

thought if I responded to every tale of woe that was poured in my ear I would soon have to be holding out my hand on some street corner begging for cash to get me back to Yankee land.

Shortly after I came out of the cathedral I encountered something more than a Scotch mist. The rain fell in great sheets and I took refuge in a doorway opposite the cathedral. At the base of the church-yard fence a man was lying on his back very much under the weather, in more than one way. He finally rolled off on the pavement and after a great effort he gained his footing. He started across the street. On reaching the center he lost his balance and fell on the broad of his back and lay in that position helpless, but it was a blessing in disguise for he received a fine bath which, from his appearance, he was badly in need. No one seemed willing to leave their place of shelter to lend him a helping hand until the storm abated.

"What do you think of that way of celebrating a holiday?" I said to two young men standing near, who were watching the weather-beaten man.

"Eh, but that's gaun too far wi' it. Tokin a drink noo an then is a' recht."

"Take my advice and give old 'John Barley Corn' a wide berth, for he is the champion wrestler." They smiled and said:

"We'll na promise you that."

A young man and woman sat beside me in the restaurant who were rather communicative. Learning that I was from America, he said: "I was born over there, but father moved back to Scotland when I was



a bairn. I should like very much to go over and see the country."

"Are you a Mormon?" the young woman asked.

"Oh, no; I am far from that. I haven't one wife, much less a dozen," I replied.

"Do you live near Salt Lake City?" she further inquired.

"No," I said, "I am 2,000 miles from there."

I soon learned why they were so much interested in that sect. A Mormon elder from America had been in their village preaching the Gospel according to Brigham Young, and several of the villagers had embraced the faith and I judged they were among the number.

There were very many places of interest in Aberdeen that I should like to have visited, but found the day had passed all too quickly, and I was obliged to take the train back to Stirling. It was a long journey, but the time was passed very pleasantly as there were several very jolly and entertaining men in the compartment.

#### A VISIT TO BOBBY BURNS'S HOME.

On my return to Glasgow I made the journey to the old town of Ayr. It was a very pleasant ride through a part of the country which was entirely new to me. Ayr is on the seacoast at the mouth of the Ayr river, which divides the town.

"What is the population of this place?" I inquired of several with whom I conversed. Their figures varied so I failed to get very much light, but I judged it was a town of about 25,000 inhabitants. Some of the buildings were quite modern, but the most of them bore the marks of age. On one of the streets there

was a very ancient looking inn which was said to have been the favorite resort of "Bobby Burns" and "Tam O'Shanter." "Bobby" had his faults, as has every member of the human family. One of his was a fondness for strong drink. However, he wrote some very excellent poems which have been and are still being read and appreciated by many lovers of poetry.

A short walk from this old inn brought me to a bridge spanning the river, which I crossed and walked down along the piers to the harbor. It seemed to be quite a shipping point for there were a number of large and also small crafts taking in and discharging their cargoes.

"Ayr is a much larger town than I expected to see," I said to an old man in uniform who seemed to have some official position on the immense stone docks.

"Yes, this is quite a town, sir. There is a deal of business done here."

"I presume you are an old resident of the place?" I remarked.

"Well, it is the home of my childhood, but I followed a sea-faring life for many years. I am an old sea-captain and just recently gave it up," he replied.

"Then I presume you have crossed the Atlantic?"

"Oh, yes," he said; "several times. Once I was wrecked off the coast of Florida and, after drifting about at sea for several hours on a spar, was finally picked up and carried to a point in North Carolina."

"How were you impressed with the States?"

"Oh, very favorably. It is a wonderful country," he replied. The old man had a large fund of interesting and valuable information and I remained some time at the dock conversing with him.

From one of the business streets I took a "wagonette" to Alloway, the birthplace of Burns. It was a delightful ride of about two miles. We passed a number of splendid homes on the suburbs of Ayr. On one of the streets the large trees on either side formed a complete arch. There were two ladies sitting in front of me and I soon found they were mother and daughter. By a question I asked in reference to a point we were passing they learned I was a stranger, and the old lady at once began a conversation with me about the part of the country where Burns lived during his married life.

"All this section of the country is very familiar to me," she remarked. "I lived a short distance from Ayr when I was a lass," which, judging from her appearance, had been a long time ago. The daughter also had bidden farewell to her girlhood days.

"You should visit Burns' old farm," she added, "where he married Jean Armour. It is only a few miles from Alloway. And you should also go to Mauchline where Poosie Nansie's cottage is, the celebrated meeting place of the 'Jolly Beggars,' and to Montgomerie where stands the mansion in which Highland Mary once lived as a dairy maid."

"Well," I replied, "those places are all interesting to me, but I will only have time to visit Alloway."

"Yonder is the cottage in which Burns was born," she said, pointing to a long one-storied, thatched-roofed cottage on the outskirts of the scattered village. We passed it in going to the Burns' memorial, which was a short distance beyond. We also passed the auld Alloway haunted kirk where Tam O'Shanter had visions of the witches dancing in the kirk-yard. His

strange visions were caused by tarrying too long at the old inn which I saw in Ayr. The memorial is a small stone building in the centre of a beautiful little park, filled with flowers and shrubbery. The building contains old relics that once belonged to Burns. Among them was a Bible which he presented to Highland Mary. There was also a statue of Tam O'Shanter and one of Souter Johnny. Near the building was a statue of Poosie Nansie sitting in a chair. She kept the inn at Mauchline where Bobby frequently visited. It is said when she was questioned as to whether Bobby was at the inn, she would hold up her money purse and say: "He's na here the nicht." For her purse was always the heavier for his visits.

On the wall of the building hung the following original letter to Capt. Miller Dalswinton, accompanied by the ode, entitled "Wha hai wi Wallace bled:"

Dear Sir:—The following ode is a subject which I know you by no means regard with indifference:

"Oh, liberty, thou markest the face of nature gay,  
Gives beauty to the sun and pleasure to the day."

It does me so much good to meet a man whose honest bosom glows with the generous enthusiasm of the heroic daring of liberty that I could not forbear sending you a composition of my own on the subject which I really think is in my very best manner. I have the honor to be, dear sir, your very humble servant,

Robert Burns.

While I was copying this letter, the old lady and her daughter came over. The former put on her spectacles and began reading the ode. She grew very enthusiastic and waxed warmer as she read it.

"Mother, come away; don't get so excited," said her daughter. But she heeded not her request, but read in even a higher key. When she had finished, she turned to me and said:

"That ode makes every Scotch heart sweel with pride."

"There is a wee bit of Scotch blood in you," I remarked. With a flush on her wrinkled cheeks and her piercing black eyes sparkling like diamonds, she said:

"Eh, there's na a bit else in me and I'm proud of it."

From here I went to the "Bridge of Bonnie Doon." It is a little arched bridge spanning this narrow stream winding through a beautiful valley on either side of which the great hills roll off in the distance. An old man stood on the bridge reciting one of Burns' poems. After he had finished, he showed us the spot where he said the witches pulled out the tail of Tam O'Shanter's old gray mare, "Meg." But they say "Old Meg" lost her tail by the boys pulling it out for their fishing lines while her master was tippling in the old inn at Ayr. The old man concluded his story by extending his hand for some of the tourists' loose change. He was an old weather-beaten looking character and had the appearance of being ancient enough to have lived in the days of Burns.

From the bridge I went to the "auld kirk." It is now in ruins, although the walls are in a fair state of preservation and the bell in the tower is still remaining. There were some very old tomb stones. One of them dated back to 1691. The following epitaph I copied from one of them:

“Oh ye whose cheeks the tears of pity staines,  
Draw near with pious reverence and attend.  
Here lies the husband's dear remains,  
The tender father and generous friend;  
The pitying heart that felt for human woe,  
The dauntless heart that feared no human pride,  
The friend of man to vice alone a foe,  
For e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side.”

A short walk brought me to the Burns cottage. On the old thatch were spears of wheat and grass growing and around the low eaves was an abundance of moss. On paying the small admittance fee I entered the “gae auld hoose.” The flag stone floor was laid with stones of various sizes, with an occasional brick filling a crevice. Hanging on a hook in the old fire-place were some cooking utensils. Beside the fire-place was an oven in which Bobbie's mother in the long ago prepared the good things for him. On one side of the room was a dresser containing some very ancient chinaware. Near it was the “set-in bed” in which the poet was born on the 25th of January, 1759. Beside the bed stood an eight-day clock that told the time to the occupants of that old house a century and a half ago. In one of the rooms were souvenirs and various little articles for sale. Another room which seemed to be a more modern part of the cottage was used as a restaurant and museum. There were a number of Burns' original letters and other relics belonging to him. There were two old chairs. One of them belonged to Souter Johnny and the other to Tam O'Shanter. There were brass plates on each of the chairs with verses inscribed, which were written by Burns.

The following verse was written by Burns and inscribed on the brass plate of the chair of Tam O'Shanter:

Nai man can tether time or tide,  
The hour approaches maun must side.  
Will mounted on his grey mare Meg,  
A better never lifted leg.  
The wind blew a t-wad blaw its last,  
The rattling shower rose on the blast,  
And sic a nicht he takes the road in  
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

Burns died July 21, 1796, aged 37 1-2 years.

On my way back to Ayr I saw a great many women coming from the harvest fields. They were attired in very queer style. Their dresses were exceedingly short and they wore black footless stockings, their bare feet being only a few shades lighter.

"That is an odd looking rig those women are wearing," I said to the driver.

"Eh, it is that," he replied. "Those black footless stockings are called 'huggars.'"

I returned to Glasgow well pleased with the day spent at Ayr and vicinity.

A comparatively short ride from Glasgow brought me to Addrossan, where I took the steamer for Belfast. We had only gotten a short distance from the pier before we found the old Irish Sea was at war with the elements and we were soon in the midst of the row, being rather roughly treated. The huge waves dashed over the deck of the steamer, forcing us to the saloon below. The steamer was very much crowded, having on board a large excursion party from Edinburgh. I remained below deck until the fumes of



Scotch whisky (which possibly many were taking for their "stomach's sake"), and the dense clouds of tobacco smoke coming from some very ancient pipes, and the motion of the craft made me feel a "wee bit" uncertain as to whether I would be able to retain that which I had so carefully laid in that morning at the hospitable board of my friend Hood. I grasped the rail of the stairway and with considerable effort made my way on deck, wishing the difficulty between the Irish Sea and the elements were settled. On reaching the deck, found I could take my choice between a salt water bath or beating a hasty retreat to the saloon. I chose the latter. Upon entering I found the Irish Sea had shaken up the Scotch excursionists until the saloon had the appearance of having had a volcanic eruption. I fought with this belligerent old body of water for my rights all the way to Belfast Lough and finally came off conqueror.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## IRELAND.

**I**N conversation with several American tourists whom I met in England, and others on the steamer whom I met on my homeward trip, I found they had made the same mistake that so many have, by leaving Ireland off their programme. This lovely Island, lifting its head far above the great waste of water sweeping all about it, contains some of the finest scenery found in any country.

Ireland covers 32,393 square miles, a little less than Maine, South Carolina and Indiana. It has about 5,000,000 inhabitants, three-quarters of whom are Roman Catholic.

My first sight of the Emerald Isle was from the Queenstown harbor in the summer of 1894, after a voyage of ten days across the Atlantic. Those fields fringed with hedge rows of various shades of green, stretching from those bold white sea cliffs out as far as the eye could reach, was a picture that will not soon fade from my memory. On coming into the North of Ireland in the summer of 1899 and beholding those great hills and rugged sea cliffs of the County Donegal, I found the scenery quite as fine in the North as in the South. In sailing up Belfast Lough, a distance of twelve miles from its mouth to the city, I was convinced that any lover of nature would be charmed with the magnificent scenery stretching along on either side. On the County Antrim side can be seen





OFFICE -  
MAKING PULL

Views of Irish Homes.

Cave Hill, Dives and Black mountains lifting their heads over 1,000 feet above the sea, while on the County Down side the Castlereagh Hills keep almost a parallel course. After having traveled from County Derry and Donegal in the North to Kerry and Cork in the South and feasting my eyes on the beauty of the scenery of that stretch of country, then standing on the highest peak of one of the mountains in Killarney and gazing on those great mountains rising up in all direction, at whose base are magnificent sheets of water the grandeur of which cannot be described, I was not surprised that the Irish people boast of the beauties of their country. Frequently I have heard them say that the fields of Old Ireland were greener than those of America, but considered it simply a fancied notion, but since my visits to that Green Isle, I join with every Irishman in saying it is true. Vegetation of all kinds has a deeper hue than one sees in our own great country. The reason of this is the great moisture of the atmosphere.

The Irish have the reputation of being very hospitable people and I also found this to be true. Upon entering the homes of some of those who had gathered considerable of this world's goods, and of those less favored, I found that word "welcome" more than a mere sentiment. The kindness shown me in those Irish homes will always be cherished by the "Tall Yankee."

The question is often asked, "What kind of homes have they in Ireland? Are most of them little, one-storied, thatched cabins?"

My answer is, "No." There are hundreds of magnificent mansions, many of them surrounded by acres

of fine grounds, usually enclosed by stone walls with the name of the home on the post of the lodge gate. The occupants of these dwellings are far removed from the pinchings of want. Then there are also thousands of splendid homes, many of which are owned and occupied by professional and business men, homes that compare favorably with those of any country. In visiting very many of the homes of the laboring classes I found them neatly and comfortably furnished, and the vast majority of those that were not was because the head of the house dropped his hard earnings in the till of the "Publican" instead of that of the merchant. In my travels I did see many little cabins, especially in the South of Ireland, and wondered how the occupants managed to live in such a small place. I also heard them speak of the mud cabin found in some parts of Ireland, where the pigs and the chickens, and sometimes the donkey, shared the home with the family. The houses are either built of brick or stone. In all my travels through Ireland and Scotland I never saw a frame house and only a very few in England, and they were very old. All the houses have open gates; most of them have one in each room, and the kitchen floors are flag stone.

Soon after my arrival in Dublin, I met one of my old friends who formerly lived in Cork. He greeted me in his usual witty and humorous manner. Grasping my hand and shaking it warmly, then casting his eyes down at my feet, he said:

"Well, sure, Butler, I knew your feet. Why the two of them would flag a kitchen."

Soft coal is the only kind used in the British Isles, and the housekeepers, I judge, find it more difficult to

keep their cooking utensils as tidy as do our American women.

Another question so often asked is, "Do they use the Celtic language?"

In some parts of the country it is spoken by comparatively few people and the most of them, I understood, being aged persons. In all of my journeys through that country I did not hear it spoken but once. An old man sitting beside me in the train going from Belfast to Dublin used it in conversing with a Priest at one of the stations. None of the passengers in the compartment understood it, and all save one were full-fledged Irishmen. As the train moved from the station, the old man said:

"It is such a treat to find any one who can speak the Celtic language, for I seldom come across a person that understands it."

"Do you think it will ever be generally spoken again?" a gentleman asked him.

"Well, I can't say, sir. They are trying to revive it; but I hardly think it will ever be used to any extent," was his reply.

The Dublinites have the reputation of speaking the finest English spoken in the world. They have a soft musical accent and fit their sentences very neatly. Even those whose education was quite limited, used choice language. The dialect in the North differs a little from that of the South. The people of the North have a "wee bit" of the Scotch accent, and use a great many of the Scotch expression. In listening to the conversation of a man in a store in one of the northern towns I concluded he was a Scotchman and was greatly surprised when the proprietor informed



me he was a native of Ireland. He said quite a number of the people of that town used many Scotch phrases. In the North of Ireland there are very many large manufacturing places of various kinds, while in the South there are comparatively few. In visiting some of the towns and cities in the South, I wondered how the bulk of the people obtained a livelihood, and especially so in Cork, for the smoke was finding its way from very few industries in that beautiful city, with a population of nearly 100,000. From the appearances of some I met on the streets, they earned a very scant living. The merchants, I fancied, depended largely on the country folk. All through the County Cork there are very many fine farms, and the majority of the tillers of the soil seemed fairly prosperous.

While in Cork on a market day I was very much amused in seeing some of the odd looking teams coming into town. It was a common sight to see an old man or a woman dressed in quaint style sitting in a cart, driving a donkey with rope lines. Some of the old characters were puffing away on very ancient looking pipes. The old women in the market place wore short dresses and old fashioned black bonnets, under which was a white cap bordered with three heavy frills that encircled their typical Irish faces. There was a "deal" of wit under those old bonnets, which they passed out quite freely. Cork has several fine buildings and some of its "shops" are fitted up very attractively. On my former visit I stopped at one of these "shops" to make a purchase. As the clerk passed me the article, I said: "I don't want that, sir; it is soiled."

"I see you are a Yankee," he remarked, as he exchanged it.

"I am," I replied.

"Well, I thought you were an Irishman until I detected your slight American accent," he said.

"The same compliment has been passed on me before," I replied. "Some of my friends remarked to me before leaving America, 'If you step ashore in Ireland with a clay pipe in your mouth they will ask you 'how long it has been since you left the Old Sod.''"

I did not even have to resort to the pipe, for when in Londonderry in 1894 a lady at the hotel where I was stopping said to me, when she learned I was from America:

"How long has it been since you left Ireland?"

"I have never left yet," I replied.

"Why the gentleman told me your home was in America."

"So it is, but I have never left Ireland for the reason I never was here before."

She gave me a look of surprise and said:

"Oh, I thought you were a native of Ireland."

Having also been taken for an Englishman, I scarcely know of what nationality I am. My face must be a strange combination, for some have taken me for a clergyman and others for just the opposite. One day while walking along a turnpike in the upper part of New Jersey, I said to a gentleman in company with me, who was complaining of being weary:

"There is a toll gate just beyond. We will call in and rest," Walking up to the door with a great deal

of assurance I said to the matter-of-fact old woman that kept it:

"Aunty, can we come in and rest?"

"No, you can't," she replied very decidedly. "I'm here alone and I'm in and out, and can't have you in here."

"We know the commandments very well, especially that one, 'Thou shalt not steal.' " She stepped out of the door and, adjusting her glasses, looked at us sharply and said:

"Yes, but there's another side to it; did you know it? There is lead us not into temptation." We laughed heartily at the old lady's remark.

"Aunty, you surely don't think we would break that commandment, do you?" I asked.

Leaning her elbow on the toll gate, she said: "I'm a pretty plain spoken old woman. I think you would."

Her remark brought forth another roar of laughter. We left the toll gate not feeling very highly complimented. My friend was a clergyman, and wore a white clerical tie, but the old lady did not seem to reckon very much on his garb. This amusing circumstance I related to a lady who was connected with the same church of which the toll keeper was a member, and when she informed her who her supposed thief was she laughed heartily and said:

"Tell him the Lord was numbered among thieves and he's no better than He was." And added, "There was a man stopped in to rest one day and quoted Scripture all the while he was here, and when he left he stole my cash box, and just as soon as that tall man

with his friend began to pass out Scripture I fully made up my mind he couldn't come in."

A short time after, a man said to me as I was about leaving a restaurant: "Why, I thought that was you sitting there when I first came in."

"You have the advantage of me," I replied.

"Oh," he said, "I have met you several times around at the hotel. You are the bartender there, are you not?"

"Well, no, sir," I replied; "that is not my occupation."

I was helping pull in on the "Gospel net" at a church nearby, even though my face did indicate I was engaged in doing something just the opposite.

At another time I was greatly amused as I listened at two boys who were passing their opinion on me while going along one of the streets in Asbury Park, N. J. They finally decided I was a pugilist and shouted, "Hello, there, John Sullivan." However, none of these who have passed their various opinions on me have given proof of being very apt in judging of one's nationality or calling in life.

Returning to Cork, it has very many beautiful residences. One part in particular I considered very pretty, where the houses were terraced on the side of a great hill. There are also several large churches, most of them being Roman Catholic. On seeing the great number of people going into these different churches and the great devotion of the large concourse of people assembled in the one I visited, I thought the Corkonians should be a model people. The Young Men's Christian Association have a large

and finely equipped building and a fairly strong membership.

On St. Patrick Street is a statue of Father Mathew, who founded the church of the Holy Trinity and who began his career in Cork as the great apostle of temperance. If all the people I saw patronizing the public house in Cork would adopt the principles laid down by him, there would be far less of poverty and distress in that city. William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, was converted to Quakerism in Cork by listening to a very eloquent sermon preached by Thomas Loe.

## CHAPTER IX.

## BLARNEY CASTLE.

A SHORT ride on the electric tram brings one out to the Blarney Castle. It was built by Comack McCarthey in the middle of the fifteenth century. It has a massive tower 120 feet high. I climbed the stone stairway leading to the tower round the top of which is a battlement about five feet high.

"Where is the famous Blarney stone?" I inquired of a young man standing near me.

"Here it is," he said, as he leaned over the wall and pointed to the stone clasped by two iron bars on a projecting buttress a few feet below the level of the wall. Seeing the difficult position it was in for kissing, I said to him:

"How will I put my lips on that stone?"

"Och, sure," he replied, "I'll have to take yees by the heels and hang yees over the wall."

"Not a foot of my tall form goes over there," I said. I had no thought of taking the risk of dropping down 120 feet and being so "bruised and mangled by the fall" as to be beyond the possibility of repair. An Englishman gave me an account of his trip to Blarney Castle and of his experience of kissing the stone. He said it was a very exciting one. "As I hung over the wall," he remarked, "I shouted to the men that held me, 'Boys, don't trust me boots, but hold fast to my feet.'"

"The Blarney stone," says 'Blake's Picturesque Tourist of Ireland,' "had long been a by-word amongst the Irish. It is difficult to conjecture why, unless the glib tongues of the natives of this locality were supposed to be not the ordinary gift of nature. A curious tradition attributes to the stone the power of endowing whoever kisses it with the sweet persuasive eloquence so perceptible in the language of the Cork people, and which is usually termed 'Blarney.' There is an odd story about Blarney Lake which is a short distance from the castle. It is said that the Earl of Clancarty, who forfeited the property at the revolution, sank all his family plate in a certain part of this lake; that three of the McCarthy's inherit the secret of the place where the treasure is sunk and any one of them dying communicates it to another of the family, and thus perpetuates the secret which is never to be made public until a McCarthy is again Lord of Blarney."

There is a beautiful little grove that surrounds the old castle in which a number of people were having a good social time, picnicking.

The ride from Cork to Dublin is a very delightful one. I broke my journey and ran over to the ancient city of Limerick. It is situated on the Shannon, "the noblest of the Irish rivers." In walking about the old city, which has a population of about 40,000, I was interested in its fine residences and its quaint business streets. The merchants seemed to be doing business very leisurely, evidently avoiding the great rush that sweep so many men to a premature grave. In my wanderings through this old city I formed the acquaintance of Rev. J. Armstrong, and spent a very



pleasant hour with him and his excellent wife in the old manse. He was one of those broad-minded men and was very much interested in the progress of the church of God, irrespective of creed. It was a source of regret to me to learn, on returning to Ireland in 1899, that this fine Christian man had quit the shores of time. But Ireland is all the better for the godly life and bright Christian example of this man.

My trip to Tipperary in 1894 is still fresh in my memory. This town is the county seat of the large county of Tipperary. If the town and county can boast of nothing else, it can of its extraordinarily large men, many of whom are fine specimens. I remained over night at the home of a gentleman who was the father of a friend of mine in Londonderry. He was the only Methodist in the town, and all his employees were members of the Roman Catholic Church. He was a man who was respected by all the community, irrespective of creed. The people of Tipperary were very kind and hospitable, and I remember my visit there with pleasure.

## CHAPTER X.

## DUBLIN.

**D**UBLIN is a beautiful old city with a population of about 400,000. It is divided by the river Liffey. It is rather a narrow stream walled up on either side, the entire length of the city proper. Along many of its quays and the canals running in from them can be seen vessels of various kinds taking in or discharging their cargoes. There are several lines of steamers plying between Dublin and points in Ireland, Scotland and England.

One day, while at the north wall, I saw a number of men from one of the country districts embarking for England to engage in harvesting. Many of them were dressed in queer style, and had their belongings tied up in red handkerchiefs suspended from rude-looking sticks and thrown over their shoulders. One man in particular amused me very much. He wore a little flat-topped hat and a coat that looked as though it had been worn by his ancestors, a very brief pair of trousers, and yarn stockings that disappeared under the scant trousers, and boots with no scarcity of leather. He carried his extra clothing in an old carpet bag having the appearance of being the first that was made.

The Liffey is spanned by a number of bridges. The O'Connel bridge is the principal one. It connects Westmorland with Sackvill street. The latter is an unusually wide street on which stands Nelson's

monument. I climbed the spiral stairway to the top of this monument which is 120 feet high and had an extended view. The Dublinites have demonstrated the fact that they desire to keep the memory of their illustrious dead fresh and green. On many of the streets are monuments in honor of some eminent divine, statesman, poet or hero. The Duke of Wellington was born in Dublin and also Tom Moore, Ireland's great poet. Many of his poem's I have read with interest. I remember when a small boy what a deep impression was made on me in reading one of his beautiful hymns, entitled "There's nothing true but heaven." The last verse has always lingered in my memory. It reads as follows:

"Poor wanderers of a stormy day,  
From wave to wave are driven;  
And fancy's flash and reason's ray,  
Serve but to light our troubled way;  
There's nothing calm but heaven."

Then in later years another one of his sacred songs became a great favorite:

"Come, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,  
Come at the shrine of God, fervently kneel,  
Here bring your wounded hearts; here tell your anguish,  
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal."

Daniel O'Connell, the noted lawyer and statesman, lived in this city. His family vault is at the Glasnevine cemetery, a very large Catholic burial plot on the suburbs of the city. On paying a six pence I went down the steps to the vault where could be seen the coffins containing the dust of this great man and of

several members of his family. While visiting this cemetery one morning there were a great many funerals came in. There were three in the chapel at one time and a number of others awaiting to take their places. It is quite a sight to see the friends coming to the cemetery in Irish jaunting cars and vehicles of various kinds. They are supposed to have their dead at the chapel by 12 M. One of the grave-diggers informed me they had forty funerals that morning. Parnell is buried here and a large mound marks his resting place, on which were many small glass cases containing immortelles and various designs made of artificial flowers presented by friends and the many Land League societies of Ireland. On my way into the city I overtook the priest who officiated at the funerals at the chapel. "You have had a busy morning," I said to him.

"Oh, yes," he replied; "we had about twenty children and the same number of adults."

"Is that an unusual number for one day?" I inquired.

"Yes," he replied, "there is an epidemic of typhoid fever in the city and it is proving fatal in many cases."

During the winter I was informed the number ran up to sixty funerals a day. ' .

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE CUSTOM HOUSE AND FOUR COURTS.

DUBLIN contains some very large and massive buildings, some of them bearing the marks of age. The custom house is the finest building in the city. The principal front faces the Liffey. The dome is 120 feet high, on the top of which is a statue representing "Hope." I had a friend employed there and called occasionally to see him, but had to go through a great deal of "red tape" before I could "put the two eyes of me on him."

"Who do you wish to see?" the attendant at the gate inquired.

"Mr. M—," I replied.

"Well, just go to the second floor and they will send for him."

On reaching there I was directed into a small room and furnished with a blank to fill out with my name and address and occupation. This being done, another attendant took it to headquarters, and after my clearance papers were passed, my friend put in his appearance.

The Four Courts on the King's Inn Quay, which is some distance up the Liffey, is a splendid building in which are the courts of the Queen's Bench, Exchequer and Common Pleas. The Barristers are attired in black robes and wear a gray curled wig. Some of their robes looked ancient enough to have been worn by the Barristers of long ago. I paid sev-

eral visits to the courts (be it known only as a spectator). I saw a number of these masters of law hurrying to and fro with their hands filled with documents, apparently doing their best for their client. They address the judge as "Your Worship." I enjoyed listening to them argue their cases. They usually spun threads of pure wit through their remarks. Around the magistrate's court there was usually a large crowd of rough looking men and women gathered, who seemed to be interested in their friends who had fallen into the hands of justice. Several times I attended the magistrate's court in Ireland and while there was a very sad side to them, there was also a very amusing one. One day I remained while they disposed of quite a number of cases. The first was that of a good natured looking man, whom a fellow on the witness stand had charged with assault and battery. Judging by the quantity of material with which his eye was bandaged, the man did it properly. The lawyer, who was an elderly man and quite witty, said:

"Did you not follow the defendant from the factory and bring on the trouble?"

"Well, sure I come out after he did," was his reply.

"Well, how many public houses did you go into before you found him?"

"I don't remember, sir."

"You don't remember? Why, you seem to have a very short memory," said the lawyer, and added:

"Well, what did the man do when you found him?"

"Och, sure, he made a pass at me," said the man adjusting the bandage.

"And a very successful pass it was, by the look of

your eye," said the lawyer, which remark caused a ripple of laughter to pass over the court.

"What did you do when the man struck you?" asked another lawyer.

"I don't mind, sir; I was confused," was his reply.

"Well, what confused you?"

"The five pints of porter he drank before he found the defendant," shouted the old lawyer. Even the old staid Judge had to smile at this remark.

"Your Worship," said the lawyer for the plaintiff, "these men are fellow-workmen and have never had any trouble before, and my client does not wish to push the case."

"He is the aggressive party," said the old Judge, and, turning to the fellow with the discolored eye, said: "My business is to punish the guilty," and sentenced him to a short term in the old prison. The next to appear in the prisoner's dock was a great, stalwart woman, with a babe in her arms. She was also charged with using her huge fists too freely on an old woman. When they called the name of this old weather-beaten character, she slowly made her way to the witness stand and seemed so feeble that one of the officers had to assist her. The prisoner looked down on her with scorn, and said:

"Och, don't be helpin' her; she can help herself. She's only puttin' it on."

"Kiss the book," said the clerk of the court. She clasped her hands and threw her eyes up toward the ceiling and looked as though she was about to expire. She was one of those old characters that had a face for every day in the week. She finally gathered



up the little soiled Bible and pressed it to her withered lips and then began to make her statement.

"I keeps a lodgin' house, and that woman come to me house for a bed and whin I gave her one and wanted me pay, sure, she wouldn't give it to me, but fell to and give me a beaten," and then clasping her hands, said in a faint tone of voice, "And, sure but for me daughter she would have bate me to death." Then she slowly sat down.

"That old rounder has another case in court," said a rough looking man near me. "She's always bringin' some one here."

"Your Worship, can I spake?" said the prisoner.

"You can," the Judge replied.

"I wint to that woman's house for me lodgins and paid me six pence for me bed and laid meself and child down on it, and if she didnt come and drag the tick from under me and give it to some other woman, and I never laid the hands of me on her."

The old woman forgot how feble she had pretended to be and sprang to her feet and, rolling up her sleeve, shouted:

"The Lord forgive me, but look at the arm of me where she bate me."

"Your worship," said the officer, "when I reached the old woman, I found the prisoner beating her."

When the old Judge sentenced the huge prisoner, she shrieked and shouted: "Yees are sendin' an innocent woman to jail."

"Did you see the prisoner break in the door?" said a lawyer to a woman who was a witness against a man who was charged with malicious mischief.

"I saw him with the two eyes of me walk over to the door and break it in."

"Do you think, after all the porter you women had been drinking, you could see clearly?" remarked the lawyer. She looked at him indignantly, and said:

"I don't go among me neighbors, sir, and I don't drink. We've been dacent people for seven generations." Every one smiled at her remark, for she looked as though she was fresh from the public house.

One of the Judges that presided at one of the courts was a comparatively young man and evidently saw the funny side of life. I tried hard to catch all of his witty sayings that amused the court, but he had a low tone of voice and found it difficult to hear him.

"When did you say you arrested those women?" he asked of an officer who had just testified against two of the worst looking women one could find.

"At half-past nine o'clock," the officer replied.

"I should think so," he said, with a smile playing over his face. I would like to know what man would be found in daylight in the company of such looking women as they."

One of them had an old piece of soiled rag with which she was wiping out her blackened and swollen eye. The other woman's face was fearfully disfigured with old scars and fresh cuts and scratches. They had evidently been in collision with several crafts along the wild, rocky coast of intemperance. He finally turned to them and said:

"Leave the dock and never let me see you here again."

"Your worship," said an officer, "I found this man drunk and not able to give any account of himself."

The prisoner was a hard looking old man and as he stood in the dock, looked about in the court-room and winked at the people.

"Silence in the court," shouted one of the officials, as he heard a suppressed laugh coming from a number of persons, and I among them.

"Has the defendant anything to say?" asked the Judge.

"Your worship, I have," said the old man as he turned to us and again winked. "I was down on the strand gatherin' cockles and I told the officer I was goin' to Balgrigin, and sure he took me up."

"What is your occupation?" asked the Judge. He put his hand in his coat pocket and drew out a tin fife and held it up and said:

"That's me carактер, sir."

The remark struck the Judge on the funny side and his face was broken up with a huge smile. A young man stood in the dock bearing the same name as myself. He was charged with bringing his fist down on his father's nose in a way that took the bark off of one side. His father was called to the stand and, after kissing the book, the lawyer asked him if he knew the boy. "I do, sir; he's me son," he replied.

"What kind of a boy is he?"

"Well, he's very unruly and he doesn't work. He came into the house for the tea and the mother said he couldn't have it until the rest of the children had their's, and he said he would. He grasped the knife and the bread, and his mother and I remonstrated with him, and he threw the knife and the loaf of bread at his mother and struck me with his fist."

"And that is how you got your nose injured?" asked the lawyer.

"It is, sir," he replied. The boy's mother was then called to the stand.

"Are you acquainted with this lad, inquired the lawyer.

"I am, sir; he's me son."

"What kind of a boy is he?"

In a very decided way, she said: "Sure, sir, he's a quiet lad, and when he works gives us all his money."

"Well, how did he come to get into trouble at home?"

"Well, he came in for his tea and I told him to wait till the other children had their's, and he said he'd have it at once. Then his father said he should have none at all, and sure in the melee he struck his father."

Then they produced the huge bread knife and the lawyer said: "Did he throw this knife at you?"

She said very decidedly "He did not; he held it in his haund."

"Well, did he throw the loaf of bread at you?"

"He did not, for we hadn't the full of a in the house."

"Your husband just swore that he threw the knife and bread. What, then, did he throw?"

She said in a way that made every one laugh: "He threw the half of a loaf at me and struck me in the back of the neck with it. Sure, he's a poor stuterin', stammerin' lad or he could speak for himself."

Her mother heart would not let her testify against the boy and he was acquitted.

I said to my friend: "You see that all who bear my name are not law-abiding."

On coming out of the court-room I saw a motley crowd gathered about the window cells, which were covered with fine wire screens. A bare-footed and forlorn looking woman with a small babe in her arms shouted to one of the prisoners:

"Sally, are ye there?"

"I am," was the reply.

"What did yees get?"

"Och, sure, and they gave me fourteen days or a pound, and I'll have to go to jail, for I've no pound."

"Cheer up; the fourteen days will soon be passin'."

"What did Mike get?" shouted the woman from the cell.

"Och, sure, he was fined a pound, and some one paid it for him."

"That's just like him to be havin' that done," she replied, and added: "Look after the things till I get out."

Some of the Christian women in and around Dublin have organized the "Woman's Prison Gate Mission," and have accomplished a great deal of good. They have a committee of ladies at the prison gate every morning, and these excellent women induce many of the unfortunate ones to go with them to this worthy institution, and many of them having been brought under Christian influence have been led to a better life.

They have a laundry connected with the mission which gives employment to a great many women. In

company with one of the ladies interested in this mission, I visited it and assisted in a religious service. There were something over a hundred women present, and many of them were deeply affected. We are too apt to regard those who have gone so far down as hopeless cases. Many of these men and women only need a helping hand.

## CHAPTER XII.

## BANK OF IRELAND AND TRINITY COLLEGE.

THE Bank of Ireland, once used as the House of Parliament of Ireland, is a large, imposing building. It was completed in 1787 and was purchased in 1802 by the company of the Bank of Ireland. In being shown through this old building, I was quite interested in the old House of Lords, which remains as it did in the long ago, except the statue of King George III occupies the site of the throne.

Trinity College, standing on the opposite side of the street from the Bank of Ireland, is a fine old structure. It is surrounded by large and finely laid out grounds, on which could be seen the students engaged in their various field sports. This college was founded in the time of Pope John XXII and closed in the reign of Henry VIII. It was re-opened by Queen Elizabeth, who formed it into a corporation. In 1627 a new code of laws were framed for this college. A son of a friend of mine living in Black Rock who is a student in the college there, showed me through the different buildings. Some of them have been built in the past few years and others show the touch of time. The library contains 300,000 volumes. From these old halls of learning have gone some of the brightest men the world has known. The general Post Office is another large stone building standing on Sackville street. It has a huge portico which extends



out over the pavement, surmounted by three figures—Hibernia, Mercury and Fidelity.

While in Dublin I heard of an English tourist who was seeing the city from an Irish jaunting car and as he rode along Sackville street he said to Pat: "What building is that?"

"It's the ginerall Post Office, sorr," he replied.

"What do those figures represent?"

"The apostles, sorr."

The Englishman, thinking to get the best of Pat, said: "There were twelve apostles. Where are the others?"

But Pat was ready with his bundle of wit, and said:

"Why, sorr, the rest are insoide sortin' the let-thers."

Dublin has a number of large churches, the largest being St. Patrick's Cathedral and the Christ Church Cathedral. The former occupies the site of a religious edifice built by St. Patrick who Christianized Ireland in 432. The cathedral is near the well from which he baptized his converts. The present building was begun by Archbishop Comyn in 1190, and restored after a portion of it was destroyed by fire in 1370. Among the monuments in the cathedral is one to Boyle, Earl of Cork. There are also tablets in memory of some of Dublin's honored citizens of centuries ago. Christ Church Cathedral was first erected in 1038. It was in this church that the liturgy was first read in the English tongue. The Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptists have several fine churches. The Roman Catholics, which are the leading denomination, have several large chapels which seemed to be well attended. As I traveled through the British

Isles and saw the vast number of churches of various creeds I concluded that surely no one need miss the "homeward way."

The Young Men's Christian Association have a fine building on Sackville street. They have a large membership of good, active Christian young men, and a good, live, up-to-date secretary, who has the happy faculty of interesting the boys in the work along all lines. He also has a very cordial way in receiving strangers. He makes them feel at home as soon as they enter the building. I was engaged for several evenings at this "Gospel Life Saving Station," assisting him and his worthy assistant and his earnest band of workers in throwing out the "Life Line," and they succeeded in rescuing about twenty-five young men. Their custom in the meetings is to announce the number of the hymn; then the organist plays the melody, after which the hymn is read. One evening I read two lines of the hymn and, using an old American term, said: "We will sing without further lining." I noticed the amused look on the faces of the men and saw them exchanging glances. I soon found my term was not understood. They finally took up the piece and sang it. After the meeting some of them gathered up their books and said in a way that made me laugh heartily:

"We'll sing without lining. What kind of lining do you mean? Sing without lining in your hat or coat or trousers? Who ever heard of singing that way?"

I was very careful not to use that term again. A man said to me in Dublin:

"You Yankees use a great many odd expressions. A Yankee asked me one day where he would strike a

barber, and I said, 'What did the barber do that you want to strike him?' I soon learned," he remarked, that the man meant to do the barber no harm, but simply wanted to get shaved."

One day, in company with the secretary, called to see a nice-looking, intelligent young man who was seriously ill. Two years previous in a meeting at the Y. M. C. A. hall he decided to take the homeward path and from that time had been a very consistent Christian. He well understood that his stay on earth was very brief. The secretary asked him how he felt in regard to taking the journey to the Unseen Land. His face brightened as he said:

"I have no fear, sir. I settled the great question two years ago and am well prepared for the journey."

A smile played over his face as he talked of the home beyond. He listened with rapt attention as we sang to him one of Fanny Crosby's sweet hymns:

"Some day the silver chords will break  
And I no more as now will sing,  
But, Oh, the joy when I awake  
Within the palace of the king."

He died a few days afterward, singing "I shall know Him by the prints of the nails in His hands." His sorrow-stricken mother said to me:

"He was a Christian in his home and will be greatly missed, but his triumphant death will always be a great consolation to me."

## CHAPTER XIII.

## HOSPITALS AND PARKS.

DUBLIN has several charitable institutions and finely equipped hospitals. One day in company with a friend, I called at the almshouse and asked permission to visit the institution. "How much time have you?" asked the attendant.

"Well, I think we have about twenty minutes," I replied.

"Och, sure, sir, a bird couldn't fly through in that time," he said.

After going through this immense place with its several hundred inmates, we concluded the attendant was right. There are also a number of beautiful squares in the city. Stephen's Green is a large and handsome plot, surrounded by many fine homes. It is very tastefully laid out and contains choice plants and flowers and a miniature lake on whose bosom various kinds of water fowls can be seen. From the pavilion the people are treated to some excellent music by the band employed by the city. The Phoenix Park is on the outskirts of the city and contains 1,700 acres of nicely laid out grounds in which are a number of monuments. One of them is in memory of the Duke of Wellington, erected by his fellow-townsmen in 1817. I found an old coin at the base of this monument bearing the date of 1628. The Vice-regal Lodge is situated about the centre of the park. This is the Lord Lieutenant's summer home. Not far

away is where the noted Phoenix Park murder took place. A very seedy looking character stood on the spot airing himself on the subject, expecting a few pence for his information. The secretary of the Y. M. C. A. invited me to assist in an open air service at the park one evening.

"We are not troubled with the rough element," he said. "We usually have a very attentive audience.

We were scarcely on the grounds when nearly a score of young men of the "baser sort" gathered about us, each bent on doing his best to break up the meeting.

"Say, there," one of them shouted to the speaker, "don't be goin' round so much; yees'll get dizzy and be fallin' down."

"Hauld yer tongue," called out another; "yees know nothin' about it."

But none of their remarks seemed to disturb him. When he had finished speaking, the secretary said:

"We have a gentleman from America who will sing, accompanied by his autoharp."

"Hello, Yankee," they shouted as they closed in around me. "And what do yees call that thing?"

"It is an autoharp," I replied, as I tried to keep a tight rein on a laugh that was about getting the best of me.

"Say, Yankee, play us a jig and I'll dance for yees," said a weazen-faced fellow, standing near me.

"Hello, Yankee, give us 'Rosy O'Grady,' " shouted another.

"Give us, 'There's no place like the poor house,' " said one of them whose appearance indicated that he knew by experience. I knew I should have to be on

my guard or would be side-tracked by these bundles of wit and fun. Finally I lifted up my voice in song and soared away on some very lofty notes. But they struck a higher key and shouted various kinds of expressions in rag time. But I was determined to keep on the main track and did so until I had passed out the seven verses of the piece.

"His Satanic Majesty has made an excursion from the lower regions and brought the worst he had," I remarked.

"Oh, this is nothing to what we have had in some localities," was the answer.

After another address, of which we heard but little, the secretary requested me to test my voice again. As soon as it was announced the American would again take part, a chorus of voices shouted, "Hello Yankee, give's another song." One fellow with his rich brogue, said: "Say, there, give us 'There's no place like home wid the fire out.'" Then another shouted, "Give us 'Yankee Doodle.'" "

It was more of an effort than before to keep myself in a condition to render any service. I raised my hand and, securing their attention, said to them: "Boys, if you should come to America I would not treat you this way."

"Eh, that's all right, Yankee," one of them replied. I would have quieted them but for one fellow who seemed to be the leader and who was a fac simile of the "Old Man," whose unseen presence headed the crowd.

"Listen," I said, "I will sing you a piece, entitled 'My mother's face.'" "

"Your mother's face?" one fellow shouted. "Well,

what kind of a face did your mother have?" "Did yer mother have a nice face on her?" shouted another fellow. "Was it a good face yer mother had?" called out another of the crowd.

I could scarcely refrain from joining in the laugh that their remarks caused. Finally I got control of my risibilities and stood up in the midst of that boisterous crowd and sang in a key that I'm sure was heard above their shouts, "Of what kind of a face had yer mother?"

At the close of the service I said to them, as they gathered about me, "Boys, I will forgive you for treating me so discourteously. You come over to my country and see if you are treated in like manner."

Most of this jolly, witty crowd seemed to be ashamed of their conduct. One of them said: "Say, Yankee, yees can play that thing." Another fellow, who had shouted himself hoarse, came up to me and said: "Say, Yankee, take us out and get us a porter, will yees?"

But that article or something stronger had been partially responsible for their behavior. Several policeman were standing near, but made no attempt to quiet them. Only in the case of violence do they interfere.

This excellent band of young men and women seemed to be undaunted. One of the workers informed me that one evening at an open air meeting he announced the hymn, "What can wash away my stains?"

A lad shouted, "Sunlight soap, sir."

Another gentleman whom I knew was addressing a



similar meeting in a very earnest manner. A man in the audience called to him and said:

"Say, there, don't yee be makin' so much noise. Didn't yees know there was a woman sick at Balls Bridge? Yees'll be disturbin' her."

The place referred to was three miles from the speaker. Any one appreciating Irish wit would find it difficult to keep in a devotional frame of mind at one of these meetings where these characters were passing out their wit.

Dublin has several fine business streets along which are large "shops" fitted up very attractively. Of a pleasant afternoon these thoroughfares are crowded with many finely-dressed people, most of whom occupy the many splendid homes in and around the city. Dublin has the reputation of having more handsome women than any other city in the world, and as one walks through its streets and sees the many fair-complexioned lassies with the rosy tint on their cheeks which nature's hand painted, and also those who have swept over into middle life and carried with them considerable of their youthful beauty, he is at once convinced that Dublin is entitled to the honor. In speaking of the beauty of the Dublin women at a little gathering in a town in New Jersey one evening, a boy said to two young women, fresh from the Green Isle:

"You had better go back to Ireland and get your beauty; you came over without it."

The remark made even the blushing Irish lassies laugh.

The houses of Dublin are principally built of dark brick and range from two to five stories high. Dur-

ing my stay of several months in and around this beautiful city I formed the acquaintance of several of the occupants of these homes, and also found that the "latch string" had not been shortened in the homes of those whom I met on my former visit. The first time I called at one of these homes, I was met at the door by two little girls who threw their arms about my neck and said, "Welcome to our home." But the years that had passed since that visit had swept these girls over on the verge of young womanhood, and on entering that home again they gave me a good Irish welcome, but did not demonstrate it as before. I presume they thought it might be rather embarrassing to their Yankee bachelor friend. These girls were bright and intelligent and possessed a large vein of wit and fun. They were ever ready to play some prank on me, which was thoroughly enjoyed by their father and mother. If I remained over night I usually had to closely investigate my resting place, for they frequently had it arranged so that I would have to readjust it before I could tuck myself away for the night. The many pleasant evenings spent in that home at Sidney Parade are among the brightest remembrances of my visit to Old Ireland. Several of my friends whom I first met at a picnic (or tea) at the Hill of Howth in the summer of 1894 had not been content to remain in the quiet harbor of "single blessedness," but had secured mates and embarked on the "sea of matrimony." They gave me an abundance of advice "to go and do likewise," but I thought their matrimonial sea-faring life too brief for their advice to have as much weight as if they had been "Old Salts." One of them whom I thought was a fixture

in the harbor during my last visit, suddenly weighed anchor and sailed away with a very excellent mate.

"Come and spend the night with us," said one of these friends one day. I accepted his invitation and quite enjoyed my visit at his home. His wife was a sharp, witty girl and had the ready change to pass out to those who came her way. Her husband playfully remarked:

"My wife and I were out walking the other day and we saw an old donkey grazing. I wanted her to stop and speak to her relative, but she was ashamed of him and passed him by."

She turned to him, and said: "Jimmy, he was only a relative by marriage and I know enough of the family. I married you, and not the whole of them."

I made the room ring with laughter as Jimmy took his change.

When we came from the house the next morning we were caught in a cyclone. It was not equal to those we have in America, but came with sufficient force to take the roofs from several houses and uproot some of the large, old trees in the Trinity College grounds. We took refuge back of a stone wall, but the storm increased in its fury and my friend said, "We had better make an effort to reach home."

The wind was blowing fiercely and the rain falling in great sheets. With my grip in one hand and my umbrella in the other, I started up the street, when a heavier blast carried away my umbrella, which was soon followed by my new Irish hat. "Jimmy" ran in pursuit of the run-away articles, and I braced myself against a nearby wall and held fast to my grip, and with great difficulty kept my feet which, under ordi-

nary circumstances, prove to be sufficient ballast to hold me steady. I finally blindly made my way back to Jimmy's domicile. All the while the storm was wreaking vengeance on me. He overtook me with the hat and umbrella, which were complete wrecks. I was thoroughly drenched and imagined I had the appearance of being fished out of the Liffey.

"You will surely have to furnish me with a suit of clothing," I said to Jimmy as we entered the house.

"Why, you could not get into my clothing," he replied.

"I shall have to crowd myself into them in some way," I said, "for I cannot remain in this condition."

He gave me the clothing and when I made my appearance there was a roar of laughter. The trousers were exceedingly brief, and the waist short of the size I require by several inches. I made no attempt to fasten the shirt. In doing so I would have found it difficult to have taken in oxygen. The coat was a very scant pattern and would have answered nicely in length for some I see worn now by our up-to-date lads. The heels of the stockings "struck" me in the ball of the foot. The greater part of the day I spent beside the open grate, much to the amusement of Jimmy and his good wife, and also of the servant who superintended the drying of my clothing. The reader can imagine the picture. A man towering over six feet high, attired in the clothing of one about five feet, six.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## BREAKING OUT OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN WAR.

HERE were a great number of soldiers quartered at the Richmond barracks on the suburbs of the city. The streets of Dublin were alive in the evenings with these gay-uniformed lads, many of whom had an Irish lass holding fast to their arms. Gay uniforms seem to dazzle the eyes of many of the lassies on both sides of the Atlantic.

A friend in a village in Scotland requested me to call at the barracks and see a lad from that place. I found him quite a young fellow, not yet out of his teens. It was a case of father bringing a new mother into the home and the boy found it rather hard to fall in line with the new rules she introduced and concluded rather than submit to it to serve the good Old Queen.

"How do you like the life of a soldier thus far?" I asked of him.

"Oh, its a bonnie life," he replied. "I am anxious to get away from here, though, to some foreign country."

I presume that wish was gratified, for in a short time after my visit to the barracks the war broke out in South Africa and many of these boys were hurried away to the front, and the blood of many of them whom I saw in the barracks and on the streets of Dublin have stained the sands of that far-off land. The Inniskilling Dragoons, the Royal Dublin Fusiliers and

the Royal Irish Rifles and the Imperial Yeomanry fought bravely for their country, and many of the English victories in South Africa are due to the bravery of the Irish soldiers. The Irish officers have also distinguished themselves by their ability and bravery. Lord Roberts, notwithstanding the fact that his son had just fallen in battle, when he saw the Queen's forces in great peril laid aside, in a measure, his sorrow and hurried to the front and gathered up the tangled threads and so wisely adjusted them as to bring several victories to Old England, and that with a comparatively small loss of life. General White, whose home is in the County Antrim, has made a record of which the Irish people are proud. Whenever the Queen's lads left Dublin for the seat of war there were usually great crowds at the quay to see them off. There were very often some very touching scenes witnessed. Sometimes was seen a mother parting with her boy or a wife saying good-bye to her husband, or some lass dropping a few tears over the departure of the lad of her choice.

I did hear of a woman whose grief was not a burden to her. As she stood on the quay, seeing her husband off for the seat of war, he shouted to her:

"Good-bye, Mary Ann."

"Good-bye, Mike," she replied. "If yees bate the Boers as well as ye have me the last four years, they'll be well baten."

Possibly there were others glad to have a "bit" of quietness in the home. I met two young men in a restaurant in Kahki suits who had enlisted with the Imperial Yeomanry.

"How do you feel about leaving for the front?" I inquired.

"Oh," one of them said, "I would not mind it but for my mother. I am the only boy, and she takes it so to heart about me leaving home. I did not think she would feel so bad about it or I would not have enlisted, but there is nothing to be done now, but to go."

"Well, when I enlisted," the other lad remarked, "I knew it meant going to the front, and I am anxious to get there, but then a fellow don't know whether he will get back again and that is not very consoling," he added.

I met a poor lad on the train going from Dublin to Belfast, who had been wounded in one of the battles. He said:

"I am only 19 years old. I am so disabled by this wound that I am unfitted for further service. I think I will get my discharge soon." And added: "My brother was killed beside me in the same battle in which I was wounded. He was a good fellow and expected a promotion soon, but I was too fond of strong drink to expect anything like that. I see my mistake now."

"Well," I said, "let the article alone and you can yet make a man of yourself."

"I am on my way hame," he said, "but I dread meeting my mother for my brother and I left home together and when she sees me coming back without him she will take on dreadfully."

He was a very bright, interesting lad, who seemed to be made of good timber.

One day on one of the corridor trains in going from Holy Head Wales, a rough looking soldier was pac-



ing the aisle, and finally stopped at our compartment door and began a conversation with us. He finally said :

"I'm just after gettin' out of prison in Dublin. Two soldiers who are in the other compartment have me in charge, taking me back to my company."

"What was the cause of your imprisonment?" we inquired.

"Och, sure, while we were stationed in Dublin I was drunk and struck a mon and nearly killed him, and if I had been sober I'd given him more."

We tried a light temperance lecture on the lad, but he said :

"Sure'n, I'm to fond of the bottle to be given it up."

## CHAPTER XV.

## THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW AND A TRIP TO THE OLD FARM.

WILL you accompany us to the Dublin horse show?" said a friend to me one day.

"What is the character of it?" I inquired.

"Oh, it is simply a display of thoroughbred horses and jumping competitions," he replied.

We boarded a tram car and he and his two sons and I were soon helping to swell the immense crowd of people that were making their way into this show, which is said to be the largest one of the kind in the world. I became very much interested in looking at some of the fine stock on exhibition. The Roscommon sheep were the largest I ever saw.

"How much do you think that sheep would weigh?" I asked my friend who dealt in stock.

"Well," he replied, "It will weigh nearly 300 lbs."

There were also several immense cows and fine specimens of stock of different kinds. There were a great number of stalls in which were some of the finest horses I have ever seen. It seemed there could not be anything more perfect in the way of horse flesh. We met a gentleman who had a splendid animal for sale, and wished us to see it. I knew something of this horse, for I had ridden behind him in company with this gentleman along some of the fine roads in County Wicklow and could recommend him as being fleet footed. My friends had to exercise a great amount of patience with me for I found myself stopping at

the different stalls admiring these animals, all of which looked as though they had an abundance of oats. It was estimated there were about 15,000 people on the grand stand and in the general enclosure to witness the jumping competitions. Their Excellencies, the Lord Lieutenant and Countess Cadagan, were present, and hundreds of the elite from nearly all parts of the British Isles. There were also many of the pick-pocket brotherhood present, watching for an opportunity to transfer the valuables of some unsuspecting ones to their own pockets. However, none of them made any attempt to lay hands on my belongings. The military band rendered some excellent music, which was greatly appreciated by that large concourse of people. The parade of coaches was a fine sight; some of them were magnificent, after which came the jumping competitions. Those fine animals seemed to spring over the banks and ditches and stone walls with great ease with their rider. A young man came out on a splendid horse and in jumping the first bank the horse stumbled and threw the rider, landing him on the broad of his back. "He has broken his neck," I said to one of the gentlemen.

"Oh, I think not," he said.

"You will find that fellow is either dead or dying," I further remarked. Two men ran to him with a stretcher and carried him off the grounds, and he died shortly after his removal. It cast a gloom over the entire gathering. Shortly after, another horse in jumping one of the high banks, threw the rider and I thought he, too, had left for the Great Beyond, but in a few minutes he jumped to his feet and made his way out of the enclosure.

"They are amateurs," said my friends, "and are a bit nervous." We made our way back to where the stock were. I preferred spending my time in looking at these fine animals, which the Irish said could not be excelled, and I quite agreed with them. In company with a young man from Boston, Mass., whom I met in Dublin, and one of the gentlemen who was with me at the horse show, I rode out to an old farm a few miles from Dublin. We passed through several little villages and then down along a fine road to the farm. No one occupied the house except the care-taker, who was a bachelor of long standing.

"I understand this place is for sale," said the gentleman with us, to the care-taker.

"It is sir," he replied; "would you like to see through the house?"

"That is what I came for," said the gentleman. It was a very old-fashioned place. I presume had stood for a century or more. In one of the rooms was an old plaster paris bust of a woman which the care-taker said the family had left who recently removed. "This is the only woman about the house," said the care-taker, "and she is not like the most of women. She has nothing to say."

As I passed through the bachelor's lonely quarters with nothing to break the silence save the sound of his Irish boots as he stepped about the carpetless floor, concluded I would much prefer having a woman that could talk in the old house, even though she did use her tongue freely in giving lectures on women's rights. The old farm yard and stone stables were deserted. The only sign of life about this lonely spot was a few chickens, and they seemed concerned for

their safety when we put in our appearance, and hurried away to the ancient looking henery. We were glad when the gentleman had finished looking about the place and we were fast leaving in the distance the old weird farm and its occupant.

We drove through a very pretty section of County Dublin to Black Rock to the splendid home of Mr. W—, where we were entertained in good Irish style by him and his fine family. His large garden was filled with vegetables and choice fruits. Many of the fruit trees were trained against the sides of the garden wall. The plums and gooseberries were of extraordinary size. In the hot house there were grapes and tomatoes growing. These are grown altogether in the hot houses, as they will not mature in any other way in Ireland. One of my friends in Worcestershire, Eng., who has a truck farm, informed me that he had recently set out tomato plants in the field as an experiment. There is not a very great abundance of fruit grown in Ireland, but the quality is excellent.

#### DUBLIN'S SUBURBAN TOWNS.

There are several fine little towns in the vicinity of Dublin. Sidney Parade, Booterstown, Black Rock, Monkstown, Kingston and Bray became quite familiar to me. I spent about a month at Black Rock, which is about three miles from the city proper. There are a number of splendid homes in and around this place, as well as many very small ones. This town, as well as the others mentioned, fronts on the sea. All this chain of towns is reached by electric trams and steam cars. The ride on the top of a tram, which runs as far south as Dalky, is a very delightful

one, as the tram as well as the steam cars run along the sea front. These cars are well patronized, especially on Sundays. Many of the thirsty ones from Dublin come out to slake their thirst at the many public houses in these towns.

"Why do they leave Dublin to get a 'wee drop?" some one may ask. Well, they have to be a bonafide traveler 'three miles from home to get strong drink on the Sabbath. One would think there were very many that distance from home by the great crowds thronging these 'places that are Ireland's greatest enemy.

I became acquainted with very many excellent people 'in these towns, especially in Black Rock. I was invited to their homes and frequently was requested to assist them in relieving their well-filled tables of their burden' of tempting food. Some of these homes were occupied by those having a fine bank account and others counted up their shillings very quickly, and 'while in some places the meal was not so elaborate yet the hospitality was quite as abundant. The lady with whom I took my meals and also the one where I lodged, were real bundles of kindness and made my stay there very pleasant. The latter was a Roman Catholic and if every member of that denomination, as well as those of other creeds, were as an exemplary a Christian as I had every reason to believe she was, there would be less cause of criticism from the world. In conversation with her one day, she said:

"I was very worldly-minded until my two little boys died. Then I thought it time to turn my attention to living the kind of life that would enable me to again see those boys. One of them," she said, "died about

Christmas and my mother-heart was well-nigh broken. My clergyman came into my home and found me weeping. He said: 'Can't you give the boy to God as a Christmas gift?' Well," she said, "it came to me with such force that God had given His Son for me that then and there I gave up my boy and have grieved very little about him since. Then shortly after that I was taken very ill and the doctor had little hope of my recovery. When I looked at my three little helpless girls I felt very anxious to live and rear them, but I turned to God and said, 'Thy will be done; not mine.' "

"That is what I call a fine type of Christianity," I remarked to Rev. D. H— of Philadelphia, who was stopping for a few days with me.

We found a very excellent band of Christian workers at a little hall where we were assisting in a series of meetings. Two of the most prominent men in the work were lawyers. They not only knew how to untangle a poor unfortunate one from the meshes of the law, but also well understood how to direct the transgressor of God's law to the Great Advocate who succeeds in getting an acquittal in every case He takes in hand. There was a lady that lived in one of the large, fine homes in the neighborhood who frequently attended the meetings. Her face was always an inspiration to the speaker. She had nearly reached three score years and ten, but she had kept her heart young by the grace given her by Him whom she sought and found when she was a young lady. She had so trained her sons and daughters as to cause them to arise up and call their mother blessed. Each of them had followed the godly example of their



mother and were actively engaged in Christian work.

In company with some friends I dined with this excellent woman and her family in her well ordered home. Each of us, I think, will treasure up the kind hospitality shown us in that home. One of her sons who was a business man in Dublin, lived in a splendid home a short distance from his mother's. We spent several pleasant evenings with him and his model wife and their interesting little girls. A short time after my arrival home, her son wrote me, saying:

"Mother left us for her home in yon holy city."

While that fine home is darkened by the absence of this mother, heaven is all the brighter by her presence.

There was always a warm welcome awaiting me at the homes of the two lawyers. One of them had lived in the old homestead since his birth. His family consisted of himself and wife and a son and daughter. The latter was preparing for the foreign mission field. One evening in the meeting there were two very rough looking characters. At the close of the meeting one of them came up to me and said:

"This mon is a mute and he's poor. Can yees give him enough for a night's lodgin'?"

I tried to carry on a conversation with him with my fingers, but he simply looked at me and smiled and made no effort to even make a sign. We all had a strong suspicion that the fellow could use his tongue in talking much better than his fingers. One of the workers gave them something and charged them to not come again on a begging expedition. The next evening when I came into the hall, there sat the mute on the front seat. At the close of the service he grasped my hand and shook it warmly and then

waited until I was ready to leave. Mr. H— said to me:

“There is your man waiting for you. I think you had better remain here for a little while.” He motioned for the mute to leave the hall for we had nothing to give him. This gentleman had met similar characters before. He finally crossed the street and joined the little fellow who was waiting near a large tree. We felt quite sure the fellow had the use of his tongue as he and his comrade made their way down the street.

A lady who, in company with her daughter and a fine young man who resided with them, were very regular in their attendance at the meetings. The lady invited me to spend a few days at her home. Returning from London to spend a fortnight in Old Ireland previous to leaving for America, I paid a visit to this home. Every evening, save one, a company was invited to the house, some of them coming out from Dublin. A young lady who was a fine performer on the piano and who had a voice filled with music, entertained us with some choice Irish pieces. The evenings were also spent in pleasant conversations, enriched with an abundance of Irish wit. The last evening I spent in that home I said to the company gathered there:

“In all probability we shall never again meet on this Green Isle,” and it would seem to be a true prophecy, for this good lady and her daughter and the young man set sail in a few months after for South Africa to join this lady’s husband who has been there for several years teaching school. Since landing there, the young man and lady have joined hands in matrimony

and have settled down with the old folks to spend their days in that far-off land.

One evening we were invited to a home a few doors from where I was stopping, and I had another demonstration of good old Irish hospitality. That evening before the company separated, they all joined in singing, "God be with you till we meet again."

On Sabbath morning in company with the young man now in Africa, and two others, I walked to Monkstown and attended the Friends' meeting. There was an absence of the broad rimmed hats and the plain bonnets that one sees in the Friends' meetings in some parts of America. The meeting house was not quite so plain as we find in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and a few nearby states. While their services were not so elaborate as in many of the Friends' meetings in Eastern and Western States, yet it differed from that of the primitive Friends in that any one feeling moved to sing was at liberty to do so. After a brief season of silent worship, a ministering Friend spoke, after which he shook hands with the one sitting beside him, which was the sign of dismissal.

One Sabbath we attended service at the Black Rock Methodist Church. When I introduced Rev. D. H— to Rev. Esagan, he at once invited him to preach. After the service a gentleman living in a magnificent home sent word to the pastor that he wished us to accompany him home to dinner. He and his good wife gave us a cordial welcome to their home, and the reverend gentleman and myself did justice to the sumptuous meal. We frequently talk of our visit to Mr. B—'s fine, old home.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## KINGSTON AND BRAY.

THIS town is about six miles from the city proper. The town has a splendid sea front and one of the finest harbors of any seaport town in Ireland. There is a long stone pier extending far out into the sea. From this pier the fast mail steamers leave for Holly Head, Wales. Back of the town the great hill of Killiney and Victoria Mountain lift up their heads several hundred feet. I spent several days in this town, assisting in a series of meetings held in one of the halls. I was entertained at the home of a retired naval official who, with his excellent wife, made my stay so pleasant that I was rather loath to bid them farewell. I was also entertained in another home, the family of whom I met on my previous visit to Ireland. When this gentleman showed me to my room he said:

“This is the ‘Prophets’ Chamber.’ People from nearly all parts of the world have occupied this room.”

He and his wife were very much interested in foreign missions and returned missionaries, and those interested in Christian work always found a welcome in this home. One morning this gentleman and myself were coming into Dublin and in the compartment with us were several school children. One of them was a boy with a number of books. I said to him as he was busy studying his lesson:

"Son, do you think you have room in your head to pack the contents of that lot of books?"

He looked up into my face and said in a way that settled me: "Sir, if I haven't, I'll borrow yours, and if that will not do I will borrow the man's with the tall hat," referring to my friend.

"I think I had better take my change and let that lad pass on," I said. I was as completely flattened out as I was by a boy in Wilmington, Del. One day a colored man asked me for a nickel to get a drink of beer.

"I am not a friend to beer or whisky," I replied. "I would like to sink them down in perdition so far the Old Man could never get them up again."

"Say, boss," said the colored fellow, "some folks say dey aint no H—."

"Well, I have had a foretaste of Heaven by doing right and of H— by doing wrong," I replied.

"Say, mister, when did you come up?" said a white boy, standing near me.

"Don't talk to that gentleman that way. He's talkin' common sense."

"Well," he replied, "he said he had been down there. I just wanted to know when he come up."

"Oh," I said, "he is one of those boys with a large head."

"What size hat do you wear?" I inquired of the boy.

"No. 7, sir."

"Oh, I think a smaller size would answer." I walked away well assured the boy had gotten the best of me.

There was a fine looking young man that attended the meetings several evenings, whom I was informed

was rather inclined to be skeptical. As soon as the address was finished he would grasp his hat and hurriedly leave the hall. One evening he came in late and was obliged to take a seat near the front. I purposed to have a conversation with him before he left, but the speaker had scarcely ended his discourse before he had his hat and was moving rapidly toward the door. I hurried down the aisle and overtook him in the vestibule.

"Have you settled the great question spoken of in the meeting this evening?" I asked.

"I have no time now, sir, to discuss the subject," he replied as he adjusted his overcoat and turned toward the door.

"And neither have I, and it needs but little," I said. "If you are in the mist and fog," I added, "about the truth of the Old Book, test it and you will not be long in getting out into the clear sunlight."

"I have no time to discuss it," he again remarked, and passed out and hurried away from the hall.

He gave the meetings a wide berth, for I never saw him there again and I presume like hundreds of others he is still drifting about on the ocean of life without the "Old Book," which is the only chart and compass by which man can safely find his way across the sea of time.

The home of Mr. C. Mansel was one of the homes in Kingston that I frequently visited. The family consisted of the father and mother and two sons. It was one of those homes where there seemed to be an abundance of kind consideration for each other. I don't think in all my travels I ever saw more devotion on the part of sons than was shown by those two



young men. The father died while I was in Ireland, but that mother, who was a very refined, intelligent lady, was wonderfully comforted by the kindness and attention of her boys. If every home possessed such lads there would not be so many fathers and mothers prematurely old.

#### BRAY.

Bray is a fine old seaside resort in County Wicklow, a few miles from Dublin. I visited this place a number of times. I enjoyed the view from Bray Head, at whose rocky base dashed the waves of the Irish Sea. Only a short distance beyond were the Wicklow Mountains overlooking the sea. The scenery all through this county is charming.

There are several beautiful places in the vicinity of Bray—The Dargle Waterfall, Glen of the Downs, Greystones, Devil's Glen, the Seven Churches and Vale of Avoca. Just across from Bray at the mouth of the Liffey is the peninsular Hill of Howth. It is the first land mark sighted on approaching Dublin from the sea. Howth is a pleasant village situated on this high hill. From the harbor one can take an excursion boat to the island of Ireland's Eye, a huge hill rising up from the sea. In company with some friends I paid a visit to Howth and walked around the brow of this great hill. The Abbey of Howth is pleasantly located on a steep over-hanging the sea.



## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO IRELAND.

POSTERS could be seen in many conspicuous places in Belfast headed, "A cheap excursion to Dublin, Ireland's capital, to witness the celebration of Her Majesty Queen Victoria's visit to Ireland." And the day previous to the good old Queen landing at Kingston, I helped swell the crowd at the Great Northern Railway station to take my chances of getting a seat in one of the compartments, and when the train was in readiness the tall form of the Yankee was seen making his way through that crowd, all of whom seemed bent on looking after No. 1.

"Come in with us," said a friendly voice as I was peering into the compartments for a seat. I quickly joined this friend and two other gentlemen, one of whom I knew. The stranger, my friends called "Doctor." He evidently kept on the sunny side of life and had a fund of amusing stories and passed many of them out, much to the amusement of the passengers. When he learned I was from America he related some amusing Yankee stories, using what he styled the "Yankee twang." After he and those in the compartment had had considerable fun at the expense of my far-away country, I said to him:

"Why don't you take a trip over to that great country?"

Giving his head a toss, he said:

"Oh, they would not have me over there."

"I think they would," I replied, "for they have taken some pretty bad stock from this side of the Atlantic."

"You're welcome to them, and more, if you like," was his answer.

Then one of my friends who was still pulling in single harness, said:

"I was in the company of two Yankee girls some-time ago and they kept 'guessing' and 'calculating,' and recently I met two others and they said, 'I guess so' and 'I calculate.'"

"You seem to have a liking for Yankee girls, but it is evident they had not for you."

We finally laid aside our pleasantries and turned our attention to a small child who had grown ill on the journey. The mother, who had several small children with her, said:

"I have been traveling since very early this morning and the child took ill shortly after leaving home."

The doctor, who seemed to be the essence of kindness, said to the anxious mother:

"Give me the little one."

He took it on his lap and kindly cared for it until we reached Dublin. The only remedy he gave it was fresh air, as he sat near the door. We all felt our need of pure oxygen. Only those who have been accustomed to traveling in our American carriages know of the real discomfort of taking a long journey in a compartment train, where one is obliged to sit in one position until he reaches his destination. While there are many things I admire in the British Isles, I draw the line on their railway carriages. They are

divided off into first, second and third class compartments, the only difference in them being the upholstering. The vast majority of people travel third class, as the fare is considerable less. At the stations there are usually three windows where the different grade tickets are sold.

On our arrival at Dublin I found the city crowded with visitors and it was difficult to get hotel accommodation. Thinking I might be accommodated at the home where I formerly boarded at Black Rock, I took a tram car for that place. Upon reaching there was informed by the lady that her rooms were all occupied and it would be impossible to even give me a place on the floor. I came out to the main street to take a tram for Kingston but the overcrowded car swept by me without heeding my signal to stop. Being well furnished with walking gear, I turned my steps toward this old town, which was a distance of three miles.. I had not proceeded far when I found my new Irish boots would make it difficult for me to complete my journey. I was fully aware of the fact I was not dealing with American leather. One of my friends in expressing his opinion of the kind of material of which my boots were made, said it was "horse hide." But I differed with him. By the action they had on my feet I decided it must be the outer coating of some old donkey who had been accustomed to drawing heavy loads of peat from the bogs. However, I kept my onward way along this fine road, on either side of which were many beautiful homes enclosed by stone walls, over the top of which the ivy vines were creeping. There seemed to be one continuous line of stone walls from one town

to another. Darkness overtook me as I was nearing Monkstown, which is about half-way between Black Rock and Kingston. In passing through this old town I caught sight of the channel fleet lying in and around the Kingston harbor. The nine battleships and four gunboats that had preceded the royal yacht to Kingston and the fine armoured cruiser "Australia," with nearly 500 men, which had accompanied the royal yacht to Ireland, were all illuminated, presenting one of the finest sights I have ever witnessed. Upon reaching Kingston I had a strong desire to go out on the long stone pier which was thronged with people and get another view of the grand display in the harbor, but I concluded it was more important to continue the search for a place of shelter. I knocked at the door of a friend to inquire if they knew where I could find lodging. The knock was answered by the mother of my friend, Mansel, who in answer to my question, said:

"Come in; we are very much crowded, too, but I will try and give you a 'shake down' of some kind."

I at once accepted of her invitation and laid my "bundle" down, and was very glad to part company with my Irish boots for a season. As I tucked my weary form away in the "shake down," I had some doubt about it holding me intact. It swayed so under my weight of 200 pounds avoirdupois that I thought before the day dawned it might prove to be a "fall down," but the "shake down" was faithful to its trust and carried me through the night safely.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE LANDING OF THE QUEEN.

THE morning broke with scarce a cloud to be seen and on coming out on the crowded streets I heard the expression used quite freely: "This is the Queen's own weather." This was the Queen's fourth visit to Ireland. The first time she visited the Green Isle was August 5th, 1849. She was accompanied by Prince Albert and her four children: Prince of Wales, Princess Royal, Prince Alfred and Princess Alice. The second was August 29, 1853, accompanied by Prince Albert, her husband, and the Prince of Wales. Then she came to attend the Great Exhibition held in Merion Square, Dublin. Her third visit was in 1861 when she came in company with Prince Albert, who shortly afterward contracted his fatal illness. Each time she received a very enthusiastic and cordial reception.

After an absence of thirty-nine years, which had swept her over into old age, she came back to "Erin," and received a rousing reception from her warm-hearted Irish subjects. I had been invited by a friend to occupy a window in his office in Dublin along the line of the parade, but on reaching the railway station near which was the quay where the royal yacht was lying, I concluded to remain and take my chances of seeing the royal party from this point. The trains and trams came in crowded with people from differ-

ent points, and as they joined the great concourse of people that were thronging the sea-front, one could scarcely get standing room. Three of my friends from Belfast came out on one of the trains from Dublin and, on seeing me, one of them said:

"Why, here is the tall Yankee; and what is he doing here?"

"Oh, to catch a glimpse of Her Majesty who has ruled yon lads so well," I replied. And added, "But for making myself so conspicuous I would put my little Yankee flag on the end of my umbrella and wave a welcome in behalf of my old great-grandfather who lived on the old sod."

"Och, sure," he said, "show your respects to Her Majesty in that way."

"Well, it is in my heart to do so," I replied, "for I have always had a profound respect for the good Old Queen."

In the little park lying between the station and the quay were a fine array of soldiers and marines, awaiting to escort the royal party to Dublin. The excellent band played several national airs which was thoroughly enjoyed by the people. It was a good natured crowd and Irish wit flowed in abundance.

A short time before the procession started the attention of the crowd was attracted by a noted woman of Ireland riding along the sea-front in an open brouche. She had a decided taste for green. She was attired in a flashy green silk dress and a green bonnet and held over her a huge green parasol. The horses and carriage were also very tastefully trimmed with same color.

"She is not out in that array to welcome the Queen,



but to show defiance to the government," said a man near me. I concluded she was a "wee bit" vain and was out for display.

Her Majesty was to land with the royal party at 11 o'clock, and a few minutes previous to the old clock in the steeple on the Court House on the opposite side of the street ringing out the hour, the band began playing "God Save the Queen," and while it was being played they lowered the Union Jack on the royal yacht which was the signal that the Queen had stepped ashore.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, George Henry, 5th Earl of Cadogan, conducted the Queen to the royal carriage, after which Mr. Robinson, now Sir Thomas Robinson, presented an address of welcome from the Kingston Urban Council. Then the royal party began the long journey to the Viceregal Lodge in Phoenix Park, with a sovereign's escort of life guards, who were attired in very attractive uniforms. The Queen was accompanied by two of her daughters, Princess Christian and Princess Henry of Battenberg. The former is the third daughter of the Queen and is loved and respected by the nation because of her broad and philanthropic spirit. The latter is the widow of Prince Henry of Battenberg and is Her Majesty's youngest daughter. The Queen and her daughters were dressed very neat and plain, even more so than were many of her subjects. The Queen was a small woman and her face showed the heavy touches of time and of the many storms of sorrow through which she had passed. I was so intent on seeing her that I forget to lift my hat as she was passing by.

"Are you not going to pay your respects to our



good old Queen?" shouted one of my friends. Then grasping my new Irish hat cheered and shook it until I thought it would soon be rimless. There was a great sea of hats and handkerchiefs waving all along the line. It kept the Queen busy bowing to the enthusiastic crowd. She was also accompanied by her son, Prince Arthur William Patrick, Duke of Connaught, Field Marshal and Commander of the forces in Ireland, and the Duchess of Connaught and their children, Prince Albert of Connaught, a young man about twenty years old with a fine, interesting face and Princess Margaret and Princess Patrician of Connaught, who also had faces indicating strength of character. Prince Alexander, Princess Eva, Prince Leopold and Prince Maurice of Battenberg, who are the children of Prince Henry of Battenberg, were also in the procession.

After the royal party had passed, I went down to the royal yacht, *Victoria Albert*, a side-wheel steamer that, like the *Queen*, showed the marks of age. It had carried the royal family to various points for many years, having been built in 1855. The sailors were busy unloading the *Queen's* effects, which were numerous. The little building on the quay was completely covered with flags and bunting and the interior decorated in a very elaborate manner. The gangway was covered with a very handsome red material and the floor leading from it out to where stood the royal carriage was laid with a very rich looking carpet. From this building all along the route to Phoenix Park, a distance of ten miles, was one sea of flags and decorations of various kinds. On coming from the quays I took a stroll along the sea front for

some distance ; on either side of the avenue were poles erected with bright colored streamers entwined about them, and others stretching across the street which in some places formed a complete arch. The various inscriptions on the beautiful banners interested me very much. Among them were "God save the Queen," "Welcome back to Erin," "Welcome, our Queen; sharer of our people's sorrow." There was also one in the celtic, "Cead Mille Failthe," which means "a hundred thousand welcomes." There was also this quaint one on a banner in Dublin: "Better loid ye canna be; will ye na come back again?" There were grand stands erected all along the entire route and from the mansion to the smallest cottage could be seen Union Jacks and bunting in abundance.

When I came out to George's street I boarded a tram car to Dublin from the top of which I greatly admired the decorations all the way to the city. We passed a little cottage where they were celebrating the event with a dance. An old man sat in the yard playing a very ancient looking violin and the lads and lassies were lifting their feet briskly, keeping time with the Irish jig. Sitting beside me was a young woman with a babe and in front of me sat two young men. One of them had a Kruger badge pinned on his coat and the other the heroes of '98. One of them said to me, with his rich brogue:

"They're makin' a great time over the Old Queen. Why, if she had come down from Heaven they could not make more fuss over her."

"Well," I replied, "she is a grand, good, old woman and has ruled her country well."

"Och, well, that's true, but thin she'll have to go

down among the midlin's along wid the rest of us whin she dies."

"You are not very loyal to her, judging from the badge you are wearing."

"Och, well, she or the government never done anything for us."

Showing him my little American flag, said: "That is the flag I am living under and could not think of being anything but loyal to the country it represents."

"That's a great country," remarked the other fellow.

"Yes," I replied, "as great as it is, if any one had worn a Spanish badge during our trouble with Spain, they would have received rough treatment."

He smiled and said, "And is that the way you do over there?"

"Is Kruger a friend of yours?" I playfully remarked to the one wearing the badge.

"He is," he replied.

"Did he ever give you a pound note?"

"He didn't, and I wants none of his pounds, but he's a friend all the same," was his answer. And added, "I hope he never dies till they can make his coffin out of a gooseberry skin and the frogs take him to the cem'try and give him a jumpin' funeral."

This very odd expression amused me very much. In reply, I said: "You evidently want the old man to live a long time."

"Take that badge off, Mike, yees'll be getin' into trouble," said the young woman sitting beside me, who, I soon learned, was his wife.

"T'oil not do it; I'm after wearin' it all day," he replied.

"Och, we'll not get into trouble," said the other fellow. "No, we're not the lads that run wid the hare and hunt wid the hounds," remarked No. 1.

"Take the child awhile, Mike," she said. As he took the little one, I remarked:

"I have no such responsibilities as that."

With his eyes sparkling with fun, he replied by saying: "Yer lucky; I wish I was loike yees." She looked at him sharply, but said nothing.

"Does he talk that way at home?" I inquired.

"Indade and he does not."

By the way she said it he evidently was quite docile at home.

"Well, good-bye," he said, "I'm glad I met yees."

"And I'm not sorry I met you," I replied.

The trio had afforded me several hearty laughs in the ride of six miles into the city.



## CHAPTER XIX.

## THE QUEEN IN DUBLIN.

THE streets of Dublin were thronged with enthusiastic people and the public and many of the private residences were gayly decorated. The Queen had entered the city proper through the artificial gate at the Leeson street bridge. Just inside the gate the Lord Mayor and the corporation had gone through the interesting ceremony of presenting Her Majesty with the keys of the city. Then Mr. Pyle, the Lord Mayor, made a very feeling address of welcome. In reply she made the following touching remarks, which I copied from one of the daily papers:

"I come to this fair country to seek a change and rest and to revisit scenes which recall to mind the thought of losses which years must bring. The happiest recollections of the warm-hearted welcome given to me and my beloved husband and children. I am deeply gratified that I have been able at this time to see again the motherland of these brave sons who have recently borne themselves in defence of my crown and empire with a cheerful valor as conspicuous now as in their glorious past."

During her stay of three weeks in the city, the Queen visited a number of charitable institutions, including the Royal and Adelaide Hospital and Convent of Sacred Heart and Masonic School for girls. Every pleasant day the Queen could be seen riding out in Phoenix Park with her white donkey.



The Queen's Last Visit to Dublin.





The next day after the arrival of the Queen in Dublin the report was current that the royal party would pass along Sackville street and great crowds of people thronged this wide thoroughfare. They were from all parts of the Old Sod, and some of them wearing clothing that had the appearance of being the style when the Queen paid her first visit to Ireland. Two women promenading Sackville street, who had been in this old world nearly as long as the Queen, attracted the attention and greatly amused many of the passers-by. They wore immense hats, trimmed with flashy ribbon and very odd looking cloaks. They clung to the fashion of long ago, wearing rather extensive looking crinoline. They were pulling in heavily on the main sheet to avoid having it trail in the mud. Their antiquated dress was drawn so tight over the crinoline as to cause it to bob quite vigorously. One man, as he surveyed them, said: "Sure every two's a couple."

I saw a crowd gathered near the O'Connell bridge and my curiosity led me to go over and learn the cause. A donkey attached to a little cart had concluded to take a rest and had lain down. A crowd of boys were doing their best to get him on his feet. They were lifting from the head and centre and the rear. But Billy remained firm. The old woman looked the embodiment of patience as she sat on the produce in the cart.

"Loosen up this strap," said a young woman as she walked up to the scene of action. In obeying orders they neglected to take hold of the shafts and I saw the old woman's feet going up along with the shafts. We thought she and the produce were about being

thrown into the street, but a man standing near laid his great, brawny hand on the swift ascending shafts, just in time to save the old woman from changing her quarters.

"Aunty," I said, "your donkey does not seem inclined to get up."

With an unconcerned look on her face, she said: "Well, I don't know wither he does or not."

Finally the donkey was forced to his feet and the old woman drove away amid the shouts of the boys.

Among those who came out to see the sights was a little, old man wearing a low-topped hat which was well perforated and a dilapidated old coat. His trousers were tucked inside of a long pair of stockings which originally were white but had gone into mourning, and corresponded with his heavy brogans. He had drank too frequently to the Queen's health to navigate properly and was making his way up Sackville street against tide. Back of him was a tall, stalwart looking woman, evidently his wife. She was driving him to their domicile.

"Go home, wid yees, and don't be stoppin'," she said to him.

The boys saw the funny side of the picture and began shouting at him. The old man would insist on stopping and settling with the lads but the old woman kept him on the move, much to the amusement of the people. The illuminations in the evening were magnificent. The Bank of Ireland and Trinity College and Custom House were illuminated with different colored electric lights and attracted the attention of the immense crowds of people that thronged the streets. There was also a fine display of fire works

from the top of the Nelson monument. Standing near the O'Connell bridge I overheard a soldier say to two lassies: "It's the Duke of York."

"No, I think not," said one of the girls. "It's the Emperor of Germany."

I soon discovered they were having a "bit" of fun at my expense. Turning to them, I said:

"It is neither of the two persons mentioned, but some one equally as good." They made no answer, but I presume they had a difference of opinion about the tall Yankee being made of the same kind of clay as the two individuals to whom they referred.

Among the tide of humanity I met in going over the O'Connell bridge was an old lass well charged with whisky. She was hatless and bare-footed, wearing a tattered dress which was exceedingly brief. She stepped up to me and grasping my arm, said:

"How are yees? I think I'll be goin' wid ye."

"Not on such a short acquaintance as this," I replied.

Loosening her grasp I hurried away and in doing so she gave me the length of her tongue, which was far-reaching.

The day the Queen set apart to review the children in the Phoenix Park, the old city was crowded with juveniles from all parts of Ireland. At a very early hour the trams and vehicles of all kinds were crowded with sight-seers making their way to the park. In company with a friend I boarded a tram and was soon mingling with the crowd in the park. We took our position and waited the coming of the Queen. On either side of this long driveway, on which the review was to take place, could be seen

thousands of Ireland's future men and women. Their ranks were constantly being swelled by bands of children with banners designating from what school and part of the country they came. Long before the appointed time for the Queen to leave the Viceregal Lodge in the park where she was entertained, every available spot was taken. Far up the driveway we saw the royal procession coming. There was one sea of flags and handkerchiefs waving and far up the line we could hear the immense crowd cheering lustily which was taken up by others as the Queen rode down along one side of the wide driveway. The royal carriage turned to go back on the other side within a short distance of where we were standing which afforded me a much better view of the Queen than I had at Kingston. There was a pleased expression on the face of the good old Queen as she passed along amid the cheers of her warm-hearted Irish subjects. It was estimated there were 52,000 children in the review.

The last great event previous to the Queen leaving Ireland was the review of the troops, including the naval brigade from the channel fleet. There were 8,000 of her troops in the review and it was estimated that it was witnessed by 150,000 people. Her Majesty sailed from Ireland April 28th, which proved to be her last visit to her loyal subjects on the Old Sod. Now the head that once wore the magnificent crown which I saw at the Tower of London lies low in the tomb at Frogmore, but I think the Christian world has every reason to believe by the life she lived, she has passed into the presence of the Great King of Kings to wear a never-fading crown.





Belfast, Ireland.



Wishing Chair, Giants' Causeway.



## CHAPTER XX.

## BELFAST.

AS one sails up the Belfast Lough which is joined near the city by the river Lagan, his ears are greeted by the hundreds of hammers at the Queen Island ship and boiler making and engineering works of Harlan & Wolf, which is said to be the largest ship building works in the world. They employ from 7,000 to 9,000 men. Just a few days previous to my coming from Glasgow to Belfast, they launched the Oceanic at these works. The passengers crowded to the side of our steamer to see this, the largest, craft afloat. She was lying at one of the docks, being fitted up by hundreds of workmen. She is one of the White Star line steamers and is now plying between New York and Liverpool. All the fleet of this line were built at these extensive works. One day I assisted in a service at the noon-day meeting held in the large dining room at the works. While some of the employees were attending to the wants of the inner man we sang to them of Him who gives to the hungry ones that bread that never perisheth. After they had finished their meal a colored temperance lecturer from York, Pennsylvania, who had been engaged in temperance work in the British Isles for a few years, gave the men a short address. His witty and quaint remarks frequently brought forth a roar of laughter from those fun-loving Irishmen.



"Boys," he said, "you that go to the public house and spend your hard earnings for strong drink, havn't as much sense as a barn yard fowl, for they will scratch out the wheat and leave the chaff; but you fellows take the chaff and leave the wheat with the publican." Then he added: "Some folks say that whisky is very strengthening. Well, so it is, and when you get it for that purpose buy the very best, but the only thing it will strengthen will be your breath." They made the dining-room ring with laughter at this remark. As he spun his witty expressions through his brief temperance lecture one could scarcely decide whether Irish or colored wit was on the lead.

On the opposite side of the Lough is the extensive ship yards of Messrs. Clark & Workman, where several thousand men find employment. On either side of the river Lagan are quays at which can be seen many large vessels. There are also several lines of steamers plying between several points in England, Ireland and Scotland. This river divides the districts of Ballymacart and Mt. Pottinger from the city proper and winds around the city, then on through a pretty section of the country. It is not navigable beyond Belfast. It is spanned by several fine bridges. The principal one being the Queen's bridge. This bridge I shall always have occasion to remember, for one evening in company with some friends on my way to the County Down station to take a train for one of the suburban towns, just as I was crossing the crowded street to the foot path of this bridge, I was truck by the shaft of a heavy van and knocked on the broad of my back. I found myself in close proximity to the hoofs of a huge draft horse which the driver and the

crowd were trying to keep from pressing my tall form out of its normal shape. I quickly took in the situation and rolled away from the danger line, and as I did so, received a complete mud bath. On regaining my feet, one of the crowd asked me whether I was injured, and one of my friends said my answer was:

"I'm hurt, but not killed," but being rather dazed I was not expected to give a very clear answer.

"I am injured and am going back home," I said to one of these friends.

"You're not hurt at all," he replied, and, gathering up my hat, said, as he placed it on my head: "Hurry along or we will miss the train."

The old man got off of the van and came up to me and said:

"Sure, I did me best to keep me animal from yees."

"Oh, don't distress yourself," I replied. "It was not your fault; I should have been more careful."

On entering the compartment with my clothing and face profusely decorated with street mud, I attracted the attention of all the passengers, some of whom cast suspicious glances, but I soon disabused their minds of the idea that I had been tripped by "John Barley Corn." On my arrival at the home of my friend, Mr. Holden, I had to be hauled out on the ways for repairs.

Belfast can boast of no very ancient history. In the middle of the seventeenth century it was a small town with only about five unattractive little streets, and yet it is spoken of in history as being the great business centre of the North of Ireland, but it has grown from this humble place to a beautiful city of over 300,000 inhabitants. Its people have always

been noted for their business tact and thrift. As one walks through its streets, crowded with many finely dressed people, patrons of the many large and handsome shops that line these thoroughfares, he at once concludes that the people are quite up to date and that the merchants and business men generally possess the same snap and business tact that is said characterized their forefathers.

The bank buildings of Messrs. Leidlie, Fergusson & Co., a wholesale and retail department store is one of the finest business houses in Ireland. Anderson & McCauley, and Robinson & Cleaver, have also massive department stores. Many of these large establishments are fitted up with sleeping apartments, dining halls and reading rooms for the accommodation of their employees. Many of them coming into the city as strangers find a comfortable home who would otherwise be compelled to seek one in some cheerless boarding house.

There are many manufacturing places scattered over the city. The York street flax spinning mills is the largest concern of the kind in the world. The works occupy an area of over four acres and the number of employees is something over 4,000. The works contain 57,000 spindles and 1,000 looms. Frequently I have passed these mills when the employees were coming from work and found it rather difficult to stem this great tide of humanity. I noticed that many of the women and girls coming from this and other mills in the city were hatless and bare-footed. I could scarcely account for any one having employment being in such a condition. Possibly they preferred nature's boots to leather ones.

Belfast can also boast of the largest rope works in the United Kingdom, if not in the world. It covers upward of twenty acres in a number of one-story buildings. They have nearly 3,000 employees. I met a salesman in Belfast whom I knew very well, who was representing a large rope manufactory in Glasgow. He came up to me and said, in his usual humorous manner:

"I am selling hanging rope; don't you want a piece?"

"Well, no," I replied, "I shall not move out of my old clay cabin until I am sent for."

Gallagher's tobacco place is said to be the largest in the British Isle. Most of their tobacco is imported from America. Judging from the great number of pipes one sees in use, the home consumption is quite large. There are many other large places in the city where can be heard the hum of the wheels of industry.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## SOME OF THE CHURCHES.

**B**ELFAST can well be called the "City of Churches." There are 128 places of worship of various kinds. The Presbyterians are the leading denomination. They have thirty-eight places of worship and ten others holding their principles. According to the statistics, they have a membership of 94,451. I have attended several of their churches and most of them are quite large and very well attended. In attending a service at one of the finest Presbyterian churches in the city, I was surprised when I found they had no organ. But their excellent choir sang beautifully and the sweet strains filled every nook and corner of that handsome church. I formed the acquaintance of a number of Presbyterian and Methodist clergymen in the city, and also came to know very many of their people, most of whom were very earnest Christians.

The Church of Ireland (Episcopal) has twenty-four churches and a membership of 81,000. The Roman Catholics have ten churches and number about 80,000. The next in numbers is the Methodists. They have twenty-nine places of worship and a membership of 15,000. The Carlisle Memorial Methodist Church is one of the largest and finest churches in the city. It is a massive stone edifice with a large school building attached. There are three Baptist and four Unitarian and one Moravian Church. The Friends

also have a large meeting house and the Plymouth Brethren have a nice place of worship. The Jewish Synagogue is quite a fine building. The Grovenor Hall, a large Methodist Mission under the direction of Dr. Crawford Johnson, has a seating capacity of 3,000. On Sunday afternoons and evenings it is usually crowded with attentive hearers of the Word. This mission has accomplished a vast amount of good in gathering in a class of people that in all probability the churches could not have reached.

I attended service there one Sunday afternoon and listened to an evangelist relate the story of his life, which was both amusing and pathetic. He was a man with very little education. In fact, could not read until after his conversion.

"I began taking strong drink," he said, "when a small boy and grew up a wild, reckless youth, and married when I was young; we lived a wretched life. I spent nearly all my earnings for drink. The landlord frequently threatened to put us out of the little room in which we lived. I told him that would be easily done for we had nothing to put out. When we went to bed we were not afraid of breaking our necks if we fell out, for we slept on the floor on a long feather bed (a bundle of straw). I was in the hands of the police most of the time and generally gave them lots of trouble in getting me to the lock-up. After losing my first wife I thought I would stop drinking, but kept on and finally got married again and treated this wife badly. One Sunday afternoon I was taking a 'gander' (or walk) down to the quays and in passing the custom house in front of which they were holding an open air meeting I heard the minister say some-

thing that caused me to stop. And I said, who has been telling that man about me? As I listened to this good man preaching I felt myself to be a poor, lost sinner and although ignorant of how to come to God, for I could not read and had never prayed, in a few days I found the better life and soon learned to read my Bible. The people would like to call me Mr. and me wife Mrs., but I won't let them. Whoever heard of them saying in the Bible, 'Mr. Peter' or 'Mr. Paul' or 'Mrs. Mary Magdalene.' "

This remark caused a ripple of laughter to pass over that large audience.

"Many of you people have an education, but don't know anything about salvation. Of the two," he said, "I would rather have me head empty than me heart."

I had some trouble at times to keep my risibilities under control as I listened to this man, with his rich brogue, tell this story, but was greatly profited by it. This man in giving his gospel talks may not weave in his sentences as neatly as do some others, yet for the past twelve years he has gone through England, Ireland and Scotland telling the story of the cross in his homespun way and has been instrumental in leading very many from lives of sin to the better one.

Rev. Henry Montgomery, one of Ireland's most influential ministers of the Presbyterian body, also has a large mission hall on Shankhill road. This is on the site of a little mission that he organized several years ago. This hall is fitted up expressly for mission work. Hundreds of people have been gathered into that building and being brought under the power and influence of the gospel have been led from lives of



wickedness to one of real joy. He has what he styles "a pleasant Saturday night for the people." He arranges entertainments of various kinds which, judging from the vast number that crowd that large hall, are appreciated by the people of that densely populated district. I rendered some service there one Saturday evening and when it was announced I was from near Philadelphia, the boys in the audience shouted lustily: "We're off for Philadelphia in the morning."

Rev. H. Montgomery has quite a large family. One of his daughters is in the foreign mission field. His excellent wife and most of his children assist him in his great work. He is a very busy man, as he is also pastor of a large church. There is a mission school connected with this hall in which I saw children bare-footed and in tattered garments. A gentleman was telling me that some one in addressing these children one afternoon, asked this question:

"When your father and mother forsakes you, who takes you up?" One of these little street arabs shouted, "The perliceman, sir." That no doubt had been the boy's experience and the shelter given them by the police was far preferable to what the drunken father and mother provided. One little fellow said to a friend of mine, as he came out of the Y. M. C. A. hall one cold night:

"Will yees buy me matches?"

"No, I don't need them," the man replied.

After the bare-footed boy had urged him to buy them and failed to make a sale, the boy thought he would try quoting Scripture. He looked up into my friend's face and said: "The Lord is my Shepherd, but I does want." He sold his matches.

The Young Men's Christian Association have a fine, large building and a very large membership. It has two halls; the largest one has a seating capacity of 2,000 which, at the Sunday afternoon meetings is crowded. I have seen the card out with the notice, "Hall full," and a great crowd of people outside anxious to gain admission. They have a very interesting service there every Sabbath afternoon. The secretary, who is a member of the order of bachelor's of long standing, is well adapted for Y. M. C. A. work. He went to the seat of war in South-Africa while I was in Belfast, not to take up arms against the Boers, but to try and induce the Queen's brave lads to also enlist in the army of the "Great King of Kings" and fight against the Prince of the Power of Darkness. The night previous to his leaving he spent the evening at the home of one of Belfast's highly respected citizens, whose son had enlisted in the "Imperial Yeomanry" and had gone to the front.

"What shall I bring you from South Africa when I return?" said the secretary to the good lady of the house.

"Oh, bring me back my son, is all I ask," was her reply. Her remark deeply affected the entire company.

Only a short time after the departure of the secretary for that far-off country, death entered that elegant home and laid his cold hand on that excellent Christian wife and mother. The day I saw that large concourse of people follow her remains to the cemetery her boy was killed at Lindley by one of the Boer sharp shooters and his tall, handsome form was hidden away beneath the sands of South Africa, making

the cloud hanging over that once happy home all the darker. The trooper-boy and his mother will meet no more on the Green Isle, but have met on a happier shore where love's golden links can never be broken.

The following is taken from "Irish Manhood:—"

"On the eve of his departure for South Africa our beloved General Secretary was on a visit to the house of a well-known Belfast gentleman, who has a son serving Queen and country with the Imperial Yeomanry at the seat of war. 'What shall I bring you back on my return?' asked Mr. Black of the lady of the house ere saying the last farewell. Straight from the mother's heart came the answer—'Bring me back my son.' The touching incident suggested the following lines, which will be read with deep and pathetic interest by our entire membership. The writer, Mr. C. J. Butler, of America, recently conducted a successful Gospel mission in connection with the Dublin Y. M. C. A., and during a brief visit to this city addressed meetings in the Albert Hall, Shank-hill Road. Mr. Butler is the author of the familiar and much-used hymn, 'I was once far away from the Savior:—'"

"BRING ME BACK MY SON."

"One of old England's noble sons,  
Was bound for Afric's golden strand,  
His mission was to suffering ones,  
Mid scenes of carnage in that land.  
He said to one whose son so brave  
Had gone forth at his country's call,  
What gift dost thou from Afric crave?  
Bring back my son, she said, is all.

## A YANKEE BACHELOR ABROAD.

"Then to the father said in turn,  
 What treasure shall I bring to thee?  
 My boy, he said, o'er whom I yearn;  
 He's more than all earth's gold to me.  
 I on my country's altar laid  
 My cherished one, my pride and joy,  
 This is the gift I ask, he said,  
 Oh, bring me back my trooper boy.

"Oh, sisters who in silence weep  
 For him in danger far away,  
 Bright gems from o'er the stormy deep  
 Shall I bring you some distant day?  
 No, when sweet peace, the white-winged dove,  
 Is seen o'er Afric's wide domain,  
 Bring back the one we fondly love,  
 To home, and loving ones again.

"Oh, maiden in love's happy dream,  
 Would'st thou have diamonds rich and rare,  
 That sparkle like the bright sunbeam,  
 To deck thy form, oh, maiden fair?  
 No, these would be but dross to me,  
 And, without him would give no joy,  
 Oh, bring me back, across the sea,  
 The one I love, my trooper boy.

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 "A SWEET RE-UNION"

"From Afric's strand sped o'er the main  
 A message fraught with midnight gloom.  
 'Your trooper boy is with the slain,  
 And sleeps now in his rude made tomb.'  
 His mother's spirit too, had flown,  
 To yonder world of peace and joy,  
 Where hearts will ne'er grow sad and lone,  
 She welcomed home her trooper boy."

Belfast has several large colleges and halls of learning, and there are about 200 national schools, twenty

of them being under the direction of the Roman Catholics, and the others under the different Protestant denominations. I visited one of these schools and just before the principal introduced me, he asked the children if they had ever heard of America. They all shouted, "Yis, sir."

"Well," he said, "this gentleman is from that far-off country." They looked at me as though they thought the lads in America reached a great height, as well as many of those in Old Ireland.

He catechised them on several subjects. One of them was the war in South Africa. Their answers gave abundant proof of them being well informed as to the names of the generals and of their movements.

"Was England ever whipped?" he asked.

"Yis, sir," shouted a little, rosy-faced boy.

"Well, who did it?"

"America," the boy replied.

"Well, do you think these two great nations would ever engage in war with each other again?" he asked.

"No, sir," they all shouted in a very high key.

"Well, why?"

"Because, sir, we're cousins," said the rosy-faced boy.

"Yes," I said, "that is true, and while we might have our little family jars, yet I scarcely think we will ever come to blows which, if we did, would be disastrous to both countries."

As one sees the number of charitable institutions and finely-equipped hospitals in Belfast he at once concludes that the people of this city have an abundance of the "milk of human kindness." I visited the old hospital on Fredrick street, which was erected in

1817, and in passing through the different wards where the sufferers were being so kindly cared for, I was more fully convinced than ever that these institutions were an untold blessing to the world. The municipal buildings are quite large and are built of brick and sand stone, the interior of which is finely finished. The city government consists of the Lord Mayor, who is elected once a year, and councilmen who are elected every three years, and aldermen every six years. The present building has proven inadequate for the city and they are erecting a massive building which will be quite an ornament to the city. The adjoining suite of buildings is the Magistrate's Courts and constabulary and detective offices and city lock-up. One day in passing this building in company with some friends I saw them drive up with a wayward sister very much the worse for strong drink. Seated beside her on the Irish jaunting car was a huge policeman. She seemed to have enjoyed the ride and objected to getting off the car, but the policeman insisted on her changing her quarters and led her into the office and introduced her to the magistrate. We followed hard after them, but had scarcely crossed the threshold of the door when one of the officers said, with his heavy brogue: "Yees must go out."

One of my friends said to him: "This gentleman is from America and wishes to remain a little while, and then look through the other part of the building."

"You can do so, with pleasure," he replied.

There was another woman who had taken a "wee drap of the crater" and was about being committed by the magistrate. She was trying to convince the

police that her spinal chord was severed, but he thought otherwise and led her out to the cell. As he did so she walked far back on her heels and said, "Me back's broke."

"Here comes a woman with a broken back," said the police to the officer in charge. "Take her to the hospital," he said, with a vein of humor in his remark.

She straightened up and said, "I'll be taken yees there."

"Oh, bring her along; she talks well for a woman with a broken back," said the officer.

When they brought the other woman to the cell she was reasoning the case with the police.

"I'm not drunk. Let me go home to the children," she remarked. But the proof was strong against her. They gave her quarters with the other sister, and as they closed the door she shook it violently and shrieked and shouted, "Let me out of this!" She ran her arms through the apperture in the door and said to me: "Have yees any marcy? If yees have, take me out of this."

"Have yees any children of yer own? If yees have, take me out and let me go home to my children." She was appealing to the wrong one for parental sympathy, and it took shillings instead of mercy to open the prison door, so we left her begging for liberty.

"That is rather a wild character," I remarked to the officer.

"Oh, she is tame to some we will have by midnight," he said.

One of the police kindly offered to take us through their quarters, which we found fitted up very comfort-



ably. This officer was a tall, fine looking fellow. He said: "I am the champion lifter of Belfast," and then wishing to demonstrate his ability gathered up a huge weight and held it out at arm's length with seeming ease.

As he set it down he clinched his fist and remarked, "I seldom use my baton on a man; I usually bring him to terms with that." As I looked at his huge fist I concluded that I would not attempt to use any resistance if that fellow took hold of me.

"There is a noted character," he added; "that is under arrest most of the time. His head is so battered up that it is one grand scar. I usually bring him without blood shed."

These officers are all members of the constabulary and are picked men from different parts of Ireland. This officer was one of Tipperary's tall sons.

The main office and station of the Fire Brigade is near by. It is said to be one of the most complete in the United Kingdom. Their steamers and apparatus are all up-to-date. They also have a finely drilled ambulance corps. Back of the building is a court yard, around which are the homes of the firemen who have families.

There are also very comfortable quarters for the lads who have never found the partner of their life. On coming out of this building I met the Rechabite parade. Several hundred of Ireland's sons and daughters were in line. They were accompanied by several brass bands. I was glad to learn that this temperance organization was increasing in numbers. If every son and daughter of Erin would take on them this vow the brewers and distillers would have to give

up business and the bulk of Ireland's trouble would be at an end.

The residential portion of the city contains very many splendid homes, most of them surrounded by beautifully laid-out grounds. These homes are proof that the occupants have succeeded in gathering an abundance of shekels and that their checks would be honored at one or more of the many substantial banks of the city.

Belfast is the most American like city that I visited. As one walks its streets he can scarcely realize that he is 3,000 miles from the United States of America. The red brick houses built in rows strikingly resemble an American city. Belfast is far behind Dublin and many other cities in the United Kingdom in her street car system, or trams, as they style them. The antiquated horse cars are still in use, but this is owing to the company's charter expiring soon, after which the city corporation expect to operate the lines, and the company will not go to the expense of introducing the electric trams. The street cars and omnibuses have additional seats arranged on top and the cars are not supposed to carry more passengers than can be seated. In the Belfast trams can be seen this unique notice:

"Spitting in the trams is a filthy habit. Any one committing this offence will render themselves liable to the disgust and loathing of their fellow passengers."

On the outside of the car is this gentle reminder to men who are given to crowding into the trams ahead of women and children. It reads as follows:

"Life Saving Rules.—Women and children first."

On paying the fare the passengers receive a

punched ticket which they are supposed to retain until the inspector boards the car and requests to see them.

There are several beautiful little parks in and around the city. The botanical gardens are in a very pretty part of the city and are nicely laid out and contain many choice plants and flowers.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## MY RETURN TO BELFAST.

AFTER a trip to Dublin and through England, I returned to Belfast and remained several months. Shortly after I was introduced to the mother of the gentleman where I lodged, she said: "Why, he is a very homely man," referring to me. I should not have felt very highly complimented had I not known the term was applied differently in Ireland than in America. There it has no reference to the undesirable looking face that one might unfortunately possess, but it means a very plain, domestic person.

It was difficult sometimes to fit some of their expressions where I was accustomed to place them. One day in Canterbury, England, in company with a friend I called at a house and in the course of conversation I was surprised at one expression he used. "How is your son?" he inquired of the gentleman. "He was a bit queer when I was here last."

I at once thought the lad's mental furniture was disarranged, but in further conversation I learned the young man was in poor health. On coming from the house, I said to my friend: "You have a strange way of putting things as well as we Yankees." He laughed heartily when I told him how I understood his term.

Little Jim, a rosy-faced, intelligent boy, who was an orphan and who lived with Mrs. D—'s sister, came around every morning to know if she had any mes-

sages she wanted done (or errands). Sometimes in giving him her grocery order she would tell him to get a half stone of potatoes.

"What do you mean by that?" I asked one morning.

"Why, they sell potatoes by the weight," she replied. "Fourteen pounds is a stone."

To me it seemed a very strange order to give. Apples and tomatoes are also sold by the pound.

While the home where I lodged was not one of the fine mansions of the city, yet it was a comfortable home-like place. This woman was the real essence of kindness and made my stay very pleasant. She had passed through considerable sorrow, having lost her husband and shortly afterward one of her sons was drowned, and closely following that bereavement her eldest son was accidentally shot and died in a few days. She had scarcely rallied from that great shock when her only daughter, a very promising young woman, was stricken down with disease and left the old home. Sometimes on coming into the house I would find her in tears, but she would soon brush them away and pass out wit and fun in abundance. She had four sons living, of whom any mother could well be proud. One day as she stood in the doorway, two men repairing the pipes in front of the house, said to her on seeing me in the parlor:

"Tell that mon to send us out the price of a drink."

"He does not believe in strong drink," she replied.

"Well, thin, tell him to give us the scud of a prayer," one of them said. It occurred to me it would take more than a scud of a prayer to lift from those lads the desire for a wee drap.

"Mother, pull the curtain down," said her son one evening; "some one will be stealing you sometime."

"Any one seeing me in the daylight would not be climbing over the garden wall after me at night," she replied.

I became acquainted with several very fine families in this and other sections of the city and spent many pleasant evenings with them in their homes. Some of these domiciles were large and furnished very elaborately and others were humble little places, but the warm-hearted hospitality was the same in one as the other.

One evening we attended a church fair a short distance from my lodgings. Over the door of the church the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes were blending very harmoniously, and the interior was very tastefully trimmed with bunting and flags, "Old Glory" being conspicuous in the decorations which made the affair seem quite American-like. The fair was conducted in a similar manner to those I have attended in "Yankee Land." The young ladies at the tables with various articles for sale were just as persistent in exchanging these articles for cash as are Uncle Sam's daughters. I was besieged with children selling "bottles of scent" and trinkets of different kinds who, for ability to leave their goods with one and carry away his loose change, equalled "Young America." I became very well acquainted with the pastor of this church, who was one of the most earnest Christian ministers that I met in my travels.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## SOME WITTY BOYS I MET.

I BECAME very much interested in a great many of the boys on the street, and frequently I would stop and have a conversation with them, and found most of them very bright and witty. I was standing at the Castle Junction one evening waiting for a Lisburn road car, when one of these news-boys, bare-footed and poorly dressed, ran up to me and shouted: "Sixth edition! Full account of the bombardment of Hell street."

"Oh, I am not interested in that locality," I replied. "I am trying to behave so I can go to the better country."

"Well, I'm not; I'm goin' down. I go down an inch and quarter every day," he replied, as he winked his eye to another boy of the same stripe.

A little red-haired, speckled-faced boy standing near said, as he looked up into my face with his eyes sparkling with mischief: "I'm goin' up, too, sir."

"Well, whin yees does it will be wid a rope 'round yer neck," said the witty news-boy.

"You can't get far ahead of these street arabs," I remarked to a man standing beside me.

"It's not worth your while trying," he replied, and further remarked: "One cold night I was waiting here for a tram and two bare-footed news-boys were teasing each other about the size of their feet. One of them said: 'Lem, how do yees keep yer feet warm?'"



“ ‘Och, sure, and I stands on me toes,’ was his reply.

“ ‘Well, sure,’ said the other urchin, ‘and it must be a queer height yees are whin yees stands on yer toes.’ ”

“Where did you get your shoes?” I said to a bare-footed boy one day.

“Och, sure, sir, God gave them to me; they cost me nothin’ and their goin’ to last me a queer while,” was his quick reply. “Say,” he added, “can’t yees set me up in business? I’m a bit short to-day.”

“You seem to be so every time I meet you,” I replied.

“Och, I have money sometimes, but I’m badly on the rocks to-day.”

“Well, how much do you require?” I asked.

“A penny, sir, will buy me matches enough to start with,” he replied. On meeting him shortly afterward, found him pushing his business briskly. A boy ran up, wearing a pair of corduroy trousers with material enough in them for two pairs. He was bare-footed, having an accumulation of mother earth on his hands and feet and a fair sprinkling on his face. He shouted, “Buy matches, sir?”

“What use would I have for them?” I replied.

“Och, to light yer pipe wid,” was his reply.

“I don’t smoke.”

“Light the fire wid ’em, then.”

“I have no occasion to do that.”

“Take them, ony way.”

“No, I don’t want them.”

“Thank yees for the change,” he said, playfully.

“Is water scarce at your house?” I inquired of him.

“It is, sir.”

"It would be a great surprise if you came in touch with it," I said.

"It would, sir; water and I had a fallin' out some-time ago," he replied.

"Have you room in your pocket for this purse?" I asked as I was purchasing a paper.

"I have, sir," he replied. Then gathering hold of each side of his immense trousers, said: "And I've rooms to let in the old pants, too, sir."

I usually received the ready change from that boy.

"Last edition! Full account of the war!" shouted a boy as he ran up to me one day on Royal avenue.

"Where is the war?" I asked with seeming surprise.

"In South Africa; didn't yees know it?" he replied as he scanned me closely.

"What are they fighting about?" I inquired.

"Sure, sir, their fightin' about the gold mines," he said, as he ran off down the street. That was the opinion of very many others of riper years.

Another boy came on the top of the tram one day, shouting the war news. "Is Kruger dead?" I asked of him.

"No, sir, he's not dead; but, sure, it's time he was," he said, as he took up the cry again, "Last edition!"

Two ragged, bare-footed urchins ran up to me and wanted to carry my luggage. "Now look at the size of me; don't you think I am better able to carry it than you?" I said to them.

They looked up into my face and said: "Yes, sir, yees are, but we wants to make some pennies."

"Is your father and mother living?"

"Yes, sir, but they both gets drunk and sends us out to beg, and if we goes home widout pinnies, sure they

bate us. Sometimes when we don't have money we sleep in the boxes on the quays." They were very bright, little fellows and they had my sympathy.

I thought, while walking along, conversing with them, that those with heavy bank accounts who are charitably disposed could not invest their surplus change better than by lifting such children from their evil surroundings and placing them under good influences where they would receive an education and a Christian training. Many of them doubtless would grow up and prove a blessing to the world.

"Carry your luggage?" said a red-haired, freckled-faced boy as I alighted from a tram one day.

"Yes, you can," I said. "I am going to that building just beyond." He gathered up my grip and was soon joined by another boy of the same stripe. They conversed in a low tone of voice and seemed to be concocting some plan to get the best of me. Upon reaching my destination, I gave the boy two pence, thinking it was a fair sum. He turned his decorated face up to me and said: "Yees said yees would give me three pence."

"I did not mention the amount."

"Yees did, and I'll be after takin' it back where I got it," he replied, as he took hold of my grip.

"You will be taking yourself out of here with your two pence," I said. He and the other lad went out chuckling.

Three boys attired in clothing having the appearance of being worn for several generations were performing gymnastics one day at the entrance of the Y. M. C. A., much to the amusement of the patrons of the restaurant connected with that institution. As

they stood on their heads their huge trousers left their soiled legs exposed, and as their ancient coats fell in graceful folds all about them, I joined in the laugh as I saw this comic picture.

"Were your clothes made to order?" asked one of the spectators.

A woman scrubbing the hall floor turned to him and said: "No, but they were made when the boys were in good health." One would think they had lost considerable flesh.

One of the boys came up to me and said: "Say, take us out and get us some new trousers, will yees?" But getting these boys new trousers meant having them in the pawn shop as soon as their parents laid their hands on them, and the money would have soon been dropped in the till of the publican. The day I left Belfast, one of these street arabs came up to me and began a conversation. Finally, I said to him: "Son, I have no change for you to-day."

I misunderstood the boy's motive in coming with me. "Oh, sir," he said, "it's not money I'm after. I just wanted to talk wid ye." He was a very intelligent boy and listened attentively as I gave him some good advice. A group of these boys saw me on the top of the tram as I was going to the railway station and, waving their hands, shouted: "Good-bye to yees."

"Say, mister, put me in yer pocket and take me to Ameriky with yer," said a boy to me in a Sunday school class that I was attempting to teach:

"Don't yer be doin' it; he'll be botherin' ye for bread," another boy remarked.

"Och, I would rather be goin' out to shoot the

Boers than goin' to Ameriky," said another bundle of mischief. It was as difficult to find the sober side of these Irish boys as it was a class of boys I taught in my own school in America, who had brought peanuts with them and insisted on eating them and throwing the shells on the floor.

"Don't do that," I said.

"Oh, here's my hat; put them in that," remarked a boy, as he placed his hat in the floor. The boys soon began pelting it with peanut shells.

"Boys, where are you?" I asked.

"In church," a boy replied, as he munched on his peanuts.

"Well, how do you think you should behave in the house of God?"

"Oh, better than we are behavin', I suppose," said one of them.

Thinking to remind them of the great reverence shown by the Catholic children for their places of worship and schools, I said to them: "You know how the little Catholic boys enter their church and schools."

"Well, I don't know how they go in," said a boy, "but I know how they come out, for I saw a boy the other day coming out of the window with one of the sisters after him."

The boys had me completely side-tracked, but I made another effort to gain the main track:

"Boys," I said, "what does that word habit mean?"

"It means doin' something you can't help," a boy replied, and then shifting his quid of peanuts said, "I have a habit of eatin' and can't help it." In spite of my effort to refrain, I joined with the boys in laughing at this remark.

Finally I said to them: "Boys, do you want to hear a story?"

"Yes," they replied, "if you know anything about it yourself," and added: "We don't want to hear anything you have heard or read."

I quickly sorted over my bundle of original stories and passed out one that struck the sober side of them. I resorted to the same method for this class of Irish boys and found it worked nicely.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## SOME SAD AS WELL AS AMUSING SIGHTS.

**D**URING my stay in Belfast, I saw many sad as well as amusing sights. It was a common thing to see women and children in the streets bare-footed, even in the mid-winter. As I saw women with whitened locks and bent with age tramping along the streets shoeless and half clad, I wondered being so exposed how they managed to tarry so long in this old world. The most of them were in this condition because they preferred to patronize the public house instead of the merchant.

One day while conversing with a policeman, an old woman came across the street, putting her bare feet down very gently on the rough cobbles, and made her way into one of the saloons. "That is a pitiable sight," I said, in calling his attention to the old woman.

"Oh, there are lots of those old creatures about the city," he replied. "We find them quite often of a cold night lying on the door-steps, and send them to the almshouse."

One day I met one of these old women on the streets. She said: "Have yees anything to give me?"

"No, aunty," I replied.

"Well, ye may have to-morrow if I meet yees," she said, shifting the little soiled bundle she carried under her arm.

"Where do you live?" I inquired of her.



"Och, sure," she replied, "sometimes in the poor-house and sometimes out."

"Which do you prefer?"

"Sure'n, I loike me liberty," she replied, and added: "Och, well, they give yees a good fire to set beside, but I don't loike their mate."

"Well, poor meat is better than none," I remarked.

"That's true, sir," she said, "but I loike me liberty better."

A lady was telling me of her father. In passing an old woman begging on the street he put his hand in his pocket as though he meant to give her something.

"May good luck follow ye," she said, and when he failed to contribute, she shouted, "And niver overtake yees."

Many of these old creatures, if you fail to respond, have a way of quickly untieing their blessing and hurling a curse at you. One day here in America an old woman hobbled into a store where I was and began pouring her tale of woe in the ear of the clerks. Failing to arouse their sympathy, she turned to me and repeated the story.

"If you are helpless and homeless, why don't you go to the almshouse?" I asked.

She indignantly replied: "I don't have to go there, and I want yees to understand it."

"You would be far better off there than going about in this way," I said.

Forgetting her lameness, she hurried to the door and on reaching it turned and clinched her fist and, shaking it vigorously at me, said: "May yees die hard and hungry," and profusely showered on me other curses.

Another old, distressed looking woman came into the store one day, begging for money to give her husband a decent burial who, she said, was lying in the morgue, and in a few weeks afterward she came in again, evidently forgetting she had been there before on the same errand.

"Would ye be kind enough to give me something to help give me husband a dacent burial?" she said.

"Aunty, haven't you got the old man buried yet? He must be in a fine condition after being several weeks in the morgue," said one of the clerks. The old woman looked crestfallen and hurriedly left the store, leaving a long string of curses.

In company with a friend, in passing along one of the principal thoroughfares of Belfast, we saw a man with a hand-cart and accompanied by a woman coming down the middle of the street. She evidently had not arranged her toilet for many days. She wore a very short dress which, for brevity, would have answered very nicely for a bicycle dress for some of our American women who evidently believe in extremes. She was putting her feet down very gingerly on the cobble stones which in color were the same. Just as we were passing them she said: "Let me in the cart."

The man lowered the odd looking vehicle and she climbed in very gracefully, and he wheeled this old, soiled piece of humanity down the street much to the amusement of the passers-by.

In company with this same friend I went to a wretched little home to cheer the heart of the occupant with one of the songs of Zion. She was a sister who had never become entangled in the matrimonial

meshes and seemed well content in the company of her three cats. When I struck the chords of the harp and lifted my voice in song, the trio immediately arose from their different napping places and, getting their spines curved and their tails far beyond their normal size, walked about the little room on the tips of their toes and glared at me wildly. She assured them I was a peacable character, but they still objected to the tall Yankee invading their quarters. In catching the eye of my friend I nearly lost my balance.

"You seem to quickly see the funny side of life," said my friend, as we left this little home.

"Yes," I replied; "I would much rather not have it so, especially when on an errand of this kind."

One evening near where I was stopping there was a woman of very respectable appearance very much under the influence of strong drink. She had fallen and received a bad wound on her forehead.

"Assist me in taking this woman to her home," said the gentleman with me, who was ever ready to perform the good Samaritan act.

"Why not let the police attend to that?" I replied.

"Come, lend a hand; we will not wait to call an officer. It is not far away, if the address she gives is correct."

So I helped to steady her steps to her home. On reaching there her husband, who was an old man, said with a look of surprise:

"Sure, she only left here a short time ago. How and where did she get in that condition?"

The only answer we could give was we found her "bruised and mangled by her fall" and needing help. Shortly after we helped her into the little home she

had a spasm from the effects of the whisky. The old man seemed so troubled we concluded to remain with him until she recovered. After regaining her consciousness she shouted:

"Yees are both fine gintlemen to be bringin' me home, and I want yees to stay with us." We had no desire to prolong our stay. My friend being near the door, quickly stepped out, and when I attempted to do so she laid violent hands on me and shouted: "Yees can't go."

"Let him go to his home," said the old man. She gave him a look and said:

"Hauld yer tongue," and he meekly obeyed orders. Thinking to leave as quietly as possible, I began to reason with her, but like most of women, even those with clear heads, she insisted on having her own way. Finally I loosened her grasp and hurried to the street and found the good Samaritan nearly convulsed with laughter at the manner in which I left the little house.

"When you get me again in a predicament like that, it will be when there are no policeman to handle the case," I said. My kindly disposed friend, I think, will have his "wayside" cases sent instead of taking them to the "Friendly Inn."

## CHAPTER XXV.

## BELFAST DURING THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THERE was great excitement all through the city on the account of the war in South Africa, which had been in progress only a few weeks when I went back to Belfast. The people were in great suspense previous to the relief of Ladysmith. When the report came it had been relieved, their was a burst of enthusiastic joy that spread like wild fire all over the city. The English flags were quickly flung to the breeze and the shouts of the people could be heard in all directions. Hundreds of men and women left their employment and paraded the streets, waving the Union Jack and singing "God save the Queen" and "Rule Britannia." Far into the night could be heard the brass bands and fife and drum corps, mingled with the cheers of the immense crowds that thronged the streets and many of them continued to celebrate the event the following day. Standing at Castle Junction and Royal avenue, looking out on that surging mass of people who were giving expression to their joyous feelings, I concluded that Queen Victoria had no more loyal subjects in all her wide domain. One rough looking fellow, however, standing near me did not seem to be very patriotic. He turned to me and said:

"They had better be sure the report is true before they make such a fuss as this."

"Oh," I replied, "I don't think there is any doubt about it."

"Och, sure, I don't care wither it's true or not; I'm more interested in a good drink of whisky or porter," he remarked. There was no reason for doubting him.

"Strong drink," I said, "is one of man's greatest enemies, and the government would do well to make a raid on it."

"Och, sure, there's no harm in taking a wee drap. I don't spind all me shillin's for it. I have enough left to take care of me old father and mother," he replied.

"Well, looking after the old folks is very commendable, and so is abstaining from a wee drap of the crater," I said.

When the report came of the fall of Pretoria, there was another great demonstration. Bands of young men and women and boys and girls paraded the streets and made the old city ring with their merry shouts and songs. From the mansion to the smallest home could be seen the emblems of rejoicing. In the evening I sailed for Glasgow and just before the steamer left, there was a crowd of young women evidently from the slums came down along the quays waving the Union Jack and singing, "Rule Brittania." They were celebrating the event in a very boisterous manner. One of them mounted a large box and began singing and dancing. The others gathered around and shook their bare feet briskly, until a huge policeman appeared on the scene and dispersed the crowd.

There is a large barracks in the city and in the evenings the red coats are quite conspicuous on the

streets. Many of Ireland's loyal lads offered their services to the good old Queen. The Imperial Yeomanry, composed of some of the finest lads that ever grew on the Green Isle, donned their Kahki suits and sailed away to South Africa. There are many sad homes in Ireland, for many of those lads either fell from the deadly bullet or were stricken by disease, and their bones are hidden away beneath Africa's sands.

The father and mother of one of the officers of the Imperial Yeomanry were so distressed about their son leaving, they invited a company of friends to their splendid home for a season of prayer for the safe return of their boy. While sitting in that home that evening I was greatly impressed with the wonderful faith in the efficacy of prayer of that father and mother and their sympathizing friends. When the militia left for South Africa, there was an immense crowd of people to see them off at the Great Northern station, where some very sad scenes were witnessed. An old woman, jostled by the crowd, followed hard after a young man and on reaching the gates she bade him an affectionate farewell, then made her way out through the crowd, weeping bitterly. As she was passing me, I said to her:

"Is that your son leaving for the seat of war?"

"Oh, yes, it's my only boy," she replied, "and I'll never see him again." She went down the street sobbing and saying, "Oh, me poor boy; me poor boy."

As I saw those men tearing themselves away from home and friends, I said: "War is a cruel thing and should be a thing unheard of in this twentieth century."




A woman standing near me with a shawl over her head and a hard looking face peeping from under it, said to another woman as one of the officers was passing: "Look at that wid a sword. Sure, he'll have little use for it. He'll be wid his back to the Boers most of the time on the run," and added: "If he'd known the war was comin', he'd niver joined the militia."

"Och, sure," said the other woman, "and there's a lot goin' jist like him."

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## SOME WITTY SAYINGS HEARD IN IRELAND.

 NE day I had occasion to go to the custom house in Belfast and while there inquired of some of the clerks whether a small article I wished to send to America was dutiable. "I'm not quite sure, sir, but I think it is," was his reply.

"I am an American," I said, "but I think it is an abominable system to put a duty on such a trifle." Another clerk put his head out of the office door and said:

"We are not allowed to abuse the customs of other countries during office hours, but come around about 4 o'clock, sir. We'll all join in with you."

"Did you ever hear how Paddy silenced the infidel?" said a man to me one day in Dublin.

"No," I replied.

"Well, the infidel was making sport of the Bible in one of his meetings and causing great laughter. 'You take that pig story,' he said. 'Why, it was three miles from where those pigs were to the sea, and who ever heard of a pig running that far?'"

"Hauld yerself steady," said Paddy; "I bought a wee pig at the market the other day and whin I was gittin' it out of the cart, sure it got away from me and rin eight miles before I caught it, and I wants to know if a pig could run eight miles without the devil in it, how far could one run wid a legion?"

One of my Irish friends who seemed to have a large

fund of amusing stories, told me of an Englishman who visited Ireland and gave his trunk in charge of one of the van guards. At several of the stations he shouted at the guard to know if his trunk was all right. "Yer trunk is all right," said the guard. "Is me trunk all right," again shouted the Englishman. "It is, sor, and if yees had been born an elephant instead of an ass, yees could have carried yer trunk wid yees," said Paddy.

A gentleman whose home I frequently visited while in Belfast, told a story in a very amusing way of an old minister he knew. Some of the people were napping during the sermon, and the old minister remarked:

"Well, get all the sleep you can, for you will get none in the warm region where you're going."

This same old minister lost his wife and, like very many on this side of the Atlantic, on coming from the cemetery brushed away his tears and quickly started out in pursuit of another, and without any difficulty succeeded in getting one. Some of his ministerial brethren reproved him for so quickly removing the crepe from his tall hat.

"Why, brethen," he said, "she is happy up there in heaven. There's no need of me being miserable down here."

Several years ago a young man sitting beside me at the table of a large boarding house, said to the Irish waitress: "Come here, Mary, while I kiss you."

"It's fond of veal yees must think I am to be kissin' a calf," was her quick reply. All present except the crimson-faced young man joined in laughing at her Irish wit.

In coming to a railroad crossing in company with a

friend one day, I said to the witty old Irish gateman: "Michael, put this fellow on the end of the gate and toss him up in the air."

"It's to near heaven, sir, and he doesn't belong up that way," was the amusing answer he gave.

An Irish woman, on seeing an emaciated pair of chickens hanging at a store door on a Thanksgiving day, said as she came in: "Take them chickens in. They're not the kind to be hangin' at the door a day like this. I'd like to know what mon could ask the blessing over such chickens as those."

One day I met an old man on the street begging for something to eat. I began to talk to him of the better life. He dropped his head and listened and I thought I was pouring lots of comfort in his ears. When I had finished he looked up and said, with his rich brogue:

"Sure'n and a mon can't think much about that wid a hungry stomach. Why, it's all fast to the back of me now wid the hunger."

A short time afterward I met him in the office of one of my friends.

"Good mornin'," he said to me as he came in.

"Why, do you know him, Jimmy?" said my friend.

"I do, sir, and he always greets me wid a smile."

"Well, he also smiles on the ladies," said my friend.

"It's a weakness of the human family, and it didn't pass by you," said Jimmy.

My wise friend admitted that Jimmy was on the lead.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## SOME INCIDENTS IN MISSION WORK.

ONE day, in company with one of the city missionaries, I went into the home of a very quaint old lady. When he introduced me, she said: "Sit ye down, if ye don't stay but a week."

Then turning to the missionary, who was a very small man, said: "Mr. B— is a wee mon, but a good one."

Then looking up into my face, which was some distance from the little old woman, she said: "But you took to growin' quickly and staid at it a long time." In the course of our conversation she remarked: "I'm patiently waitin' for the Boatman to come and take me over home," and in a few days after our visit the Boatman came and conveyed her across death's silent river.

"Aunty," said a missionary in another section of the city, "we are going to hold a meeting at No. 56 on this same street. Will you come over?"

"Well," she replied, "I don't have to go out to meet the Lord. Sure, I have Him in me home."

"This gentleman has a harp, and is to play and sing," he further remarked.

"Well, I have no need to go and hear the gentleman's music, for God put a melody down in me soul many years ago, and I have it there yet," was her answer. But she was at the meeting and her old, motherly face was an inspiration.

We went to another home and knocked at the door.

"Come in," said a woman. When we entered this wretched home there sat two women huddled about a few dying embers in the grate. The younger one held a small babe in her lap. The only article of clothing worn was a remnant of a little dress. We invited them to the meeting, but they preferred to remain in their wretchedness. He succeeded in gathering quite a congregation in the little house. The children gathered around the door and when we sang the hymn, "When the roll is called up yonder," they took up the chorus and sang it lustily. In company with one of the workers I called at an open door and inquired of the little, old woman whether we could come in and give her a hymn with a few chords on the harp. "No, yees can't come in," she replied. "If I want to hear that thing, I can come over to the hall."

"Well, will you come over?" I inquired.

"If I can get a shawl, but they're mighty scarce about this house."

"Oh, come without one."

"Indade and I'll not. If I can get me dather's, I'll come," she said as she stepped to the door.

"You know, aunty, that moving day is coming, and it is uncertain just when, and it is unwise to put off securing good quarters," I remarked.

"Och, sure, we're all goin' out on the same road," she said, and, with a merry twinkle in her eye, added: "I suppose I ought to come over and get me sowl fixed up in some kind of shape." She evidently was not much concerned about her "sowl."

"Come in," said a woman as we knocked at a door nearby. When we made our errand known she said: "I'm getting meself ready to go to England this eve-

ning, but sure I'll listen to one piece on yer harp."

"When we had finished the song, she said: "How do you sell yer harps?"

"I'm not selling them," I replied.

"Och, sure, I thought you were."

"No, we are visiting the homes in this vicinity trying to induce the people to get ready to take a far more important journey than going to England or any other country," I remarked.

She soon gave us to understand that she needed the room we were occupying in the little house to complete her preparations for the journey in which she was the most interested, and we vacated.

"Come in," said a faint voice as we knocked at the door of another one of the many wretched homes in that section. As we entered this little, cheerless home, there, sitting on a stool at a table, sat a poor emaciated looking woman partaking of her scant morsel of bread and tea. When we invited her to the meetings being held in the large hall nearby, she said:

"I attend the meetings there; I'm too poor to go into any of the churches. I've had a hard time since me husband died, but I have had the Lord with me for more than twenty-five years. I was converted in one of Mr. Moody's meetings here in Belfast." We found a real saint hidden away in this little hovel.

At one of the meetings held in this large hall a young lady came to me and said: "There is a man who says he has been to America and wishes to see you."

I found that he had not only been to America, but also to the public house and tarried there sometime.

"Say, Butler, I've been over to your country. I've been out as far as California."



"That is a long distance from Philadelphia," I replied.

"Well, say, I want you to sing for me."

"Oh, you come around to-morrow night," I replied.

"I may be in H. . . by that time," he said.

Thinking there was a possibility of the young men setting sail for that port, I consented to sing a few verses of the piece he requested.

"Butler, that's not all of that hymn. I want you to finish it."

To satisfy him, I had to sing the entire seven verses. He came to the meetings quite frequently, but was always in a sober condition. He was a very bright, intelligent fellow.

"Say, I can play that banjo as well as yees; and yer needn't think yees can come over here and learn us anything," said a hard looking character, rather the worse for drink, in one of the meetings.

"Well, I can tell you where you can get something better to drink than you are now getting. It is from the old well of salvation," I replied.

He looked up into my face with an expression which strong drink alone can give, and said: "Do yees know anything about it yerself?"

"Oh, I hope so."

"I don't want yees to be hoping anything about it. I want to know if yees are all right yerself. There's so many of these imposters goin' about," he said, clinching his fist and putting it in close proximity to my eye. My wisest plan, I thought, was to quickly give a decided answer and thus avoid a scene. After giving him the answer he said:

"Yees need not spend yer time in talkin' to me, for I know me duty and if I don't do it, will be beaten wid many stripes."

One evening after the service he was wagging his tongue quite freely, which was set in motion by his usual dram, and one of the mission workers said to him, "Do go home."

"Go home? Why, heaven's me home, and sure yees wonuld'nt want me to go wid these clothes," he replied, calling her attention to his dilapidated clothing.

"Look at this suit of clothing I'm wearing now," said a man in conversation with me at one of the mission halls. "Two years ago I was in rags and the publican got all me money. One night one of the young men of this mission came to me house and talked to me of the better life, but I had laid in some porter that I was more interested in than the man's talk. When I saw that man bow and heard his voice in prayer, and at the same time quieted me child by jogging the old basket in which it lay, his kindness broke me heart, and at once called on God for mercy and He made me a sober man, and now I'm takin' care of me family. I used to have to carry me wares about; now, sure, I have a donkey and cart."

One day in company with some friends I went in to see the man's donkey, which he kept in a little shed in the yard.

"How do you get him out to the street?" I inquired.

"Och, sure, I take him through the house and out the front door," was his answer.

It amused me as I thought of Billy, the donkey,

making his daily trips through the little house to the street.

"Why, even the old cat knows I am converted," said a man at one of the meetings, "for when I was drinking I used to kick her out of doors. Now she purrs beside me and feels perfectly safe; and me little girl run from me and hid herself when she saw me comin' home drunk, but now she runs with her arms out to meet me."

This man had been one of the worst drunkards in Belfast, but through the efforts of the mission workers he was led to the better life. He was a very earnest worker in the missions and William John exerted a wonderful influence for good, especially over his old associates. One day in company with Rev. William M— and a number of his workers, I visited one of the slum districts and assisted in the open air meetings held at various points. There was a young girl with decidedly red hair and bare-footed and shabbily dressed came out of a house with a dog. She did her best to persuade the animal to take hold of us, but he, seeing the huge piece of leather I was about to lift with which to keep him from testing the strength of my trousers, suddenly halted and refused to obey the command of his vicious mistress. Most of the motley crowd that gathered about us were quite attentive. There was one great, stalwart woman who came out of a house and made an effort to disturb the meeting, but Rev. Maguire turned the gospel gun on her and she quickly fled. She had been in this old world lo, these many years, but had tried to conceal the finger marks of Father Time by a great quantity of paint and powder, and an application of hair dye. We styled her

"sweet sixteen." We were requested one day to call and see a number of sick persons. The first house we visited was that of a man who was very ill with consumption. He and his wife had been saved from lives of wretchedness and sin in one of the missions in that vicinity. Seeing his very weak condition, I said to him: "Do you think you can stand a little singing to-day?" His wife did not give him time to answer, but said: "Of course he can stand it. If he's goin' to heaven he's got to stand it, for they have plenty of it up there and he might as well get used to it down here."

As we were leaving, he said there was a man sick next door and requested us to visit him. We went into the little room and found a man in a dying condition. I asked him the same question as I did the other man. He looked up into my face and said:

"A mon in the jaws of death can stand nothin' like that; I'm going to heaven where they have plenty of music. I'll wait till I get there."

We went into another home where lay a woman dying with consumption. When we inquired as to how she was feeling, she said:

"Och, I am so tired of waiting for my boatman I wish he would come and take me home. Sure, the only one I dread leaving is my good husband. He is very kind; he gets me all he can for my comfort."

As we looked around the poverty stricken home we concluded his means must be very limited.

Seeing an old woman sitting by a window sewing, I said to the young man with me: "We will go in and with a song cheer the heart of that old creature. Our knock was answered by a young woman who recog-

nized us and gladly welcomed us to this wretched home. An old man sat by the open grate and we asked if he was a Christian. The old woman, not giving him time to answer, said:

"Sure, sometimes he is and sometimes he's not. He's pretty short at times." The old man gave her a look that led us to believe it was true.

"Why, God surely sent you here, for no one ever comes to see me," said an old woman who answered our knock at another little home. "Come in and take seats," she said. She gave us a brief history of her Christian life, in which, she informed us, it was through a Salvation Army lass that she was led to the better life.

"I am living alone in this home, but have the presence of Jesus and have had for eighteen years. I shall leave this old house soon for the mansion prepared for me," she said.

We left that home well assured that happiness did not consist in having a heavy bank account, but in having a clear title to a home that shall never decay.

"Is that the new curate?" shouted a drunken woman one evening in a mission hall as she saw me on the platform. Then standing up and waving her hand, shouted: "I want to meet the new curate." Some of the workers tried to quiet her but she insisted on having an introduction to me.

"You just wait until I am through talking to these children," I said. "Then I will meet you." But she insisted on meeting the new curate at once and had the right of way for sometime until they convinced her I was not the new curate.

One of the prominent mission workers informed

me that one day in company with another worker he went to a home where both the husband and wife drank. They found them both lying on the floor drunk and the little ones very much neglected. There being no food in the house they procured some and were preparing it for the children. The woman raised up and leaning on her elbow, shouted to her husband:

"Mike, the angels are hoverin' around." When the hungry little ones sat down and partook of the meal prepared by these Christian men, they must have concluded that the angels had done more than hover around. These men are members of a Christian band composed of business and professional men who are actively engaged in Christian work. One of them is a lawyer and opens his office every Tuesday night for a prayer service. One of them gave me a number of a house and requested me to call and see a dying man. When we entered that little home, there were three women sitting beside a young man who was throwing his hands wildly and talking incoherently. We thought at once he was the sick man. I walked over to the lounge and asked very gravely: "How long he had been sick."

"This is not the sick man. He's just come in to lie down. The sick man is in yon room." This fellow was celebrating Easter and was badly out of repairs. In this little room to which we were directed lay a man on an apology for a bed. There was an old coat thrown over his shoulders and he was breathing an atmosphere that was a great tax on our healthy breathing apparatus. The penny dip in the little, old fashioned candle stick was nearly burned out, which



seemed to be a very striking figure of the flickering life of the poor old man. We found the man quite willing and ready to quit his wretched home for the better one. We sang a hymn which seemed to cheer his old heart. Just before we finished, the young man lying on the lounge joined in the chorus, but his ragged and discordant notes side-tracked us. On leaving this wretched home, was glad to again breathe a purer atmosphere.

At one of the meetings we formed the acquaintance of a very excellent young man and his wife. They were both earnest Christians and rendered valuable service in the meetings. They invited us to their home and we found them real, typical, warm-hearted Irish people. One day I learned that she had passed to the great beyond. I hastened to their home and found the emblem of mourning on their store door, and friends gathering at the house to pay their respects to the dead girl. When I entered the room, her father burst into a flood of tears and said: "I want you to sing, 'My Jesus, I love thee.' That is the last piece she sang. With her latest breath she sang this verse:

'And say when the death dew lies cold  
on my 'brow,  
If ever I love Thee, my Jesus 'tis now.'"

There by that open coffin containing the form of that young woman who had just passed her 21st year, I sang the hymn requested amid the sobs of that young husband, father and mother and other members of the family. At the conclusion of the service they carried the coffin down stairs and placed it on two chairs just outside of the door. In a short time afterward the



husband and father and two brothers came down and placing the coffin on their shoulders, carried it for several squares back of the hearse, which is considered a great mark of respect. They were followed by the male members and friends of the family. The female members of the family seldom follow the remains to the grave. Frequently I have seen the funeral procession passing along the street, followed by a number of empty carriages. Most of the friends walk the entire distance to the cemetery. It all seemed very strange to me, being so entirely different from our custom in America.

One day, in company with one of the workers, we visited a man who was very ill, but who had retained his large vein of wit and humor.

"Does Dr. R— still attend you?" asked the gentleman with me.

"He does," he said, gasping for breath, "but, sure, he gives me nothin' but cough syrup, sir. Why, sure, I think he'd give me cough medicine for a broken leg."

He was a comparatively young man and had been a very earnest worker in open air meetings. The different demoninations hold their open air services in different parts of the city. In the evening your ears are greeted by the gospel hymns on the different street corners. Usually the audience gathered about these bands of Christian workers are very attentive listeners. Rev. W. M—, whom I became acquainted with, was one of the most earnest Christian ministers I ever met. He was a very fearless man and stood up in the open air meetings and denounced every form of sin. He invited me to sing "He saves a poor sinner like me"

at one of his services at the church. As I stood in the great, high, old fashioned pulpit and was about to begin the piece, a young man in the crowded gallery shouted:

"We'll not have that piece; it's not appropriate to sing it now," and as he stood up in the seat forbade me singing it.

The pastor sprang to his feet and said to the fellow, "Sit down there and be quiet."

As he saw the tall form of the pastor and heard his command, he immediately took his seat, but in a few minutes he shouted at me to stop singing that piece.

The Rev. M—'s son was at the side of the man in a few minutes and, like his father, is a fearless fellow and straightened out the boisterous lad, so that we were not interrupted again during the service, but at the close the man started up the aisle and said he was going to settle with me, but the pastor's son took him by the collar and led him to the street. The heavy draught of whisky which he took in previous to coming to church was responsible for his conduct. When this good man took up the work in this old church, built in 1817, there was only a small congregation, but through his efforts and his earnest band of workers, they have so built up the congregation until now the old church is usually crowded, especially so on Sunday evenings. The home of this minister was one of those in which I found a warm welcome and shall always remember the kindness shown me by him and his good wife and entire family.

At a meeting in one of the missions connected with one of the Methodist churches, a very fine looking man came in very much under the influence of drink.

One of the workers spoke to him about the better life.

"Sir," he said, "I know the way. I once stood in the pulpit and preached the gospel, but allowed drink to get the best of me." He was very anxious to find his way back to the homeward path and I learned shortly afterward through the efforts of some earnest Christian workers he had again come back to the fold. As I saw that fine looking, intelligent man who had once occupied the exalted position of preaching the gospel, I thought: Is it possible that the black hand of intemperance can reach so high and drag a man down? And yet it is true.

The many incidents that happened in my feeble efforts to assist in mission work in Belfast and other places will never be effaced from my memory. There are many others that I would like to pass out to the reader, some of which are very amusing and others that strike on the pathetic side, but space will not permit me to give them.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

## SOME PERSONS I MET IN TRAVELING.

ONE day in going from Belfast to Lisburn, two young men engaged in conversation with me. One of them in speaking of the section of the country through which we were passing, said: "That is what is called the broad road to Belfast."

"There is another broad road," I said, "in which I trust you young men are not walking." They smiled, and one of them said:

"I think, sir, we have taken that road."

"Take my advice and turn your feet toward the safe path," I remarked.

"Och, sure," he said, "the devil and I have been good friends so long, I should not like to part company with him."

"I have never been sorry I bade the old lad adieu," I said. They seemed greatly amused with my little sermonette and turned such a heavy stream of Irish wit on me that I was completely deluged.

Two men in the compartment with me going from Belfast to Dublin engaged in conversation about the Balmoral Agricultural Fair which had closed that day. Sitting opposite to me was a plainly dressed woman, apparently not possessing much of this world's goods, but well furnished with tongue. She listened to the conversation a little while until she prepared a heavy bundle of questions, then passed them over to the men. They broke off the thread of conversation

with each other and were kept busy passing the answers back to the woman. One of her questions was, how would she manage to get her cattle into the fair the next year? They gave her the information. Then she wanted to know the price of stock. Her husband, who sat next to me, scowled at her, but she talked on through his reproving looks. At Lisburn these men left the car for a few minutes. As they did so, she said to her husband:

"Those men have been givin' me some tips about me cattle." He looked at her indignantly and said:

"What's those men care about givin' you tips any more than this mon, who is a horse dealer, cares about givin' yer tips on his horses," referring to me. I smiled at the old man taking me for a horse jockey. He added: "Just hauld yer tongue; yees have too much to say." Just then the two men returned and she shortly afterward opened fire on them again.

One of them said, in the course of conversation, "I have never been to Dublin."

"Shame on yer, and yees a business mon," she remarked.

"Och, well," he said, "I have started for there several times, but always got drunk before reaching there." We all thought a few drops more would have unfit the woman for her journey.

An old man sitting in front of the man, said:

"I have never been to Ireland before."

"You're from England, I think," said the man.

"Yes; I am from Manchester, but I am Scotch by birth."

"I niver saw a man that had a drop of Scotch blood



in him but what boasted of it. Why, even old Burns is still proud of it, if he is dead."

"Mr. Burns is not dead; he lives on the same street with me," she said.

"Haul yer tongue," said her husband. "He's speakin' of Bobby Burns, the poet."

"I thought he meant our Mr. Burns," she replied. The old man turned to me and said in an undertone:

"That fellow has tongue enough for a regiment. I could be travelin' from Belfast to Dublin and not be spoken to a person." I concluded that the man had little opportunity for saying very much at home, by the way his wife used her tongue. When they left the train an old man came into the compartment and, as he did so, said:

"Gentlemen, don't be disturbin' yourselves. I can get a seat." No one had made the slightest move. One of the passengers knew him and said:

"How is it you can leave the station?"

"It was there before I knew anything about it, and it will be there long after I'm gone."

"It's a fine day," the man further remarked.

"It would be if it was snowin'," the old man replied. He looked as though he was quite prepared for a storm of that kind. It was in July, but he wore an overcoat which, from its appearance, was purchased when he was a young man. He evidently was a bachelor, for one side of the old, light colored coat he had utilized for a pin cushion.

"If yees feel inclined to go to war," he said, "ye can have yer choice. You can either go to South Africa or China." He rode some distance with us and kept us in a cheerful frame of mind by his funny remarks.

At one of the stations a young lady came into the compartment and had scarcely seated herself before she began a conversation with some of the passengers. She finally opened up her mind to the tall Yankee. In the course of conversation she said:

"My home is in Dublin. I have been to one of the towns in the North to look after some business. My adopted mother died sometime ago and left me a small amount and her sons were about cheating me out of it. But I got the best of them."

I had no reason to doubt it, for I think the impression of those in the compartment was that she was fully able to take care of herself.

On learning that I was from Yankee land, she gave me a list of interesting places to visit in Dublin. One of them was a very large brewery. "Be sure and sample the porter. It is the best in the world." My taste, however, did not call for anything very strong, even though my face did indicate that my beverages were of the "upsetting" kind.

"Where does this train stop?" I inquired of a young man sitting beside me, on the train going from London to Holy Head, Wales.

"Stafford is the first stop."

Well, I am very thirsty, and if that is a long distance, I shall be rather uncomfortable before reaching there." It proved to be quite a long journey and on our arrival there I rushed into the refreshment saloon for a lemonade, but the crowd was so great I could not be attended to and, failing to find any water, returned to the compartment in the same famished condition.

"Well, I failed to slake my thirst," I said, as I took



my seat; "and now it will be another long run before reaching Crew."

An Irish fellow sitting opposite, reached up to the rack and took a flask of brandy from his traveling bag, and said: "Take a drink of brandy; it will help you out."

"Thank, you," I replied, "I think I can manage until we reach Crew."

"Oh, you're a tetotaller, are you?"

"Well, yes," I replied.

"Well, I was too until I was twenty-five years old. Then I was in poor health and the doctor ordered me brown stout, and when I go on a long journey I usually take a little brandy."

"I was very delicate when I was that age," I said, "but I did not take brown stout, and you see how stout I am."

He smiled as he tipped the flask and took a heavy draught, and said when he had finished: "A wee bit does you good."

We were all convinced before reaching Holy Head that the physician who prescribed for him was decidedly "old school." He had emptied the contents of his bottle and it had disarranged his thinking faculties and made him a bit queer.

#### SOME TOWNS I VISITED IN IRELAND.

Newtonards.—This town is in County Down at the head of Strangford Lough, and is about ten miles from Belfast. It has a population of 10,000. Near it is Scrabo Hill, lifting its head 500 feet above the Lough. On the top of this hill is a tower 100 feet high, erected by the Marcus of Londenderry in mem-

ory of his ancestors. In company with two friends I climbed the summit of the hill and had a grand view of the beautiful scenery stretching out as far as the eye could reach. Off in one direction were the Mourne Mountains. On the other side was the Lough finding its way out to the Irish sea, across which, of a clear day, can be seen the faint outlines of Scotland.

On one of the streets there was an old stone cross that attracted my attention. It was erected in 1632 by the Montgomery family. Near it was the ruins of an old church which was completely covered with ivy. This town is well supplied with churches. There are seven Presbyterian, two Methodist and Plymouth Brethren, and one Catholic. This town was once noted for its hand-loom and there are still some few in operation. One day, in company with a gentleman from Kansas City, in passing one of the small houses, we heard the sound of one of these looms. I suggested to him that we stop and ask permission to go in and see the weaving.

"Can we come in and watch the process?" I inquired of the good, motherly old woman.

"In welcome, sir," she replied.

In passing through the neat little room, on the walls of which were mottoes and scripture texts, and which we concluded before leaving, not only hung on the wall but were written on the tablets of the heart of the old man and woman. The old man spoke to us very pleasantly and went on with his weaving. We talked of the wonderful improvement in machinery, and especially in America.

"Are you gentlemen from that country?" he in-

quired. When we informed him we were, he immediately left his work and came over to us and said:

"We have a boy in America. He has been over there about ten years." Then turning about to his wife, said: "Mother, get John's picture and show it to these gentlemen. They may know him."

"There's his photo," said the mother; "and a good lad he is. He has never missed a month sending us a bit of money since he left this old home."

His face was proof he was one of those boys that kept the old folks in kind remembrance.

"His face is not familiar to me. In what part of the country does he live?" I inquired.

"In Pittsburg, sir."

"That is 500 miles from my home, and a much longer distance from where this gentleman resides," I remarked.

They were greatly disappointed that we had no knowledge of John, whom they continued to speak of as being a devoted son.

A man who used the broad Scotch, but was a native of the Old Sod, amused me very much in the store of a friend in this old town.

"Good mornin'," he said to another rustic looking man.

"I'm not well," the man replied.

"Well, ye couldna expect much in this auld world. Ye should be gettin' ready to go awa'."

"He's givin' me some lessons," said the man to my friend.

"Ye ken ye have put some lessons in the back of the book that should be in the front," said the supposed Scotchman.

"You are still preaching," my friend remarked.

"Yes and ye need a wee bit yersel. Yer all too fond of the money and good claiths."

"You would like to be wearing better," the proprietor replied. He walked over to the counter and said very emphatically:

"I wouldna be goin' aboot with ony different claiths and ye have na recht to be judgin' me by them. If the hert is recht it does na matter aboot the claiths."

"Well, do you think you did right in not speaking of the faults of the cow you sold that poor woman?"

"I did na ken of her faults when I bought her; I had to learn them afterward and I sold her to the woman as the mon did to me."

"Yes, but that did not justify you in selling the cow in that way, and you should not be preaching to us." He seemed nonpulsed for a few minutes, but soon rallied and said:

"Look well to yoursel for I dute not you will find some trouble in the finishing up."

When he saw me coming out of the office he said: "I was wonderin' who you were and I denna ken noo. I denna ken whether I would be ony better if I did."

Then scanning me closely, said: "Well, I could na say I would be ony worse."

"Well," I replied, "I am trying hard to behave so that no one by knowing me will be any the worse."

"Eh, but I judge by yer tongue ye came from a langer distance than meself, and I dute not have a great experience."

He became quite interested in the account I gave him of America. In the few days I spent in this town

I became acquainted with some of Ireland's choice characters. The brother of two of my friends, who was a fine fellow, enlisted with the Imperial Yeomanry and went to the front and when I left Ireland he was languishing in a Boer prison.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

## BANGOR AND CARRICKFERGUS.

BANGOR is a seaside resort at the mouth of Belfast Lough, on the County Down side, about twelve miles from Belfast. There is a miniature bay running in from the sea, on one side of which slopes a beautiful hill on which are terraced a number of large, fine residences. On visiting this town for the first time I rode in a large brake from Newtonards, a distance of five miles, a very picturesque section of the country. There were very many quaint farm houses and little, old, thatched cottages, some of them in ruins. We passed near Lord Dufferin's magnificent estate on the top of a great hill. On the estate is Hellen's Tower, made famous by Tennyson and Browning and other poets. Some part of the channel fleet were lying in and around the harbor, which drew large crowds of people from Belfast and the surrounding country. It was a gala day. Scores of lads and lassies were thronging the sea front, apparently not so much interested in the fleet as they were in each other. The elder folks could be seen standing in groups, who evidently had not seen each other for sometime, and passed out the Irish wit very freely, judging by the way I heard them laughing. I wandered about the town and along the sea front and mingled with the crowd and presume none of them had the least thought I was from Yankee land, for some with whom I got in conversation were



greatly surprised when they learned I was one of Uncle Sam's sons.

Several times afterward I visited this town with friends. One Saturday evening I rendered a wee bit of assistance in the entertainment under the head of "The pleasant Saturday night for the people," given in one of the halls. I there met Rev. Hill, who informed me he finished his college course in one of the institutions in New York City. To me it was like meeting some one from home, and I greatly enjoyed the conversation about Old America. The following evening I went with friend Bradley out to a very old farm house to a religious meeting. On our arrival there we found the old fashioned kitchen crowded with plain country folk, who joined heartily in singing some of Moody and Sankey's hymns. It was a plain, simple service, but a very profitable one to those who had gathered there from those homes in that farming district. This house was 200 years old.

The "Home of Rest," terraced on the side of a great hill overlooking the sea, is an institution that has proven a blessing to many over-worked men and women of Belfast and other towns and cities in Ireland. This is under the direction of a band of Christian men of Belfast, who seem to possess the practical kind of Christianity, and devote their time and means to the lifting up of humanity. There are three fine brick buildings: One for the mothers and their children; another for men, and one for young women. Persons can remain for a "fortnight" for a very moderate sum and, if without sufficient means, are entertained free of charge. These men are not only interested in this institution, but also in mission work in Belfast, hav-



ing planted two missions in a district in which they were badly needed.

Carrickfurgus.—In company with three gentlemen, one of whom was a particular friend of the Yankee Bachelor and in whose home he always found a cordial welcome, both from him and his excellent wife, I rode out to this old town, situated at the mouth of the Belfast Lough, on the County Antrim side. It was a pleasant ride of about nine miles along the shore road. We passed a number of estates and through several little towns and villages, among them being White Abbey, a town in which I afterward spent a very pleasant evening in company with Rev. Maguire at the home of a very bright, intelligent old lady, whose wit could not be surpassed. On our way to Carrickfurgus, these gentlemen related their experience in mission work and gave some very amusing incidents. They visited a home where the man and his wife both indulged in a "wee drap" and, when charged with the article, each had a pugilistic turn of mind. When they entered the house they found the woman lying on the bed fearfully drunk, and the man only a trifle better. He was in the act of placing her feet on the table which he had placed near the bed. When they questioned him as to what he intended to do, his reply was:

"Och, sure, I'm goin' to brake her legs. It's the only way I can keep her sober."

But they persuaded him to try some other method. At another time when they went in she was standing beside an old man lying on the lounge, bidding him "quit the house," but he had no idea of changing his quarters and would raise his voice as she demanded

him to leave and sing: "When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there."

"But for yees," she said to her husband, "I might be out convertin' the heathen." With all the labor these men had bestowed on this man and his wife, they had not succeeded in loosening their hold on the bottle.

When we rode into the town we found it contained some very ancient looking houses. The old castle, standing on the sea front, was a great military stronghold during the Anglo-Norman invasion. It was built by John DeCaursey in 1177. It still remains in a fair condition, but it is useless as a defence. This town has quite a history. The Scotch troops under General Monroe occupied it from 1644-1648. It was re-taken by Gen. Monk for Parliament. King William visited it in 1690.

## CHAPTER XXX.

## PORT RUSH AND GIANTS' CAUSEWAY.

ONE fine morning I boarded the train at the Northern Countis station in Belfast, and very much enjoyed the ride through County Antrim to Port Rush, a quiet seaside resort. It contains several fine hotels, as well as many splendid residences. None of the seaside resorts I visited in England, Ireland or Scotland were on such a large scale as those in America. They have a more substantial appearance, as the buildings are either brick or stone. The bathers are not very numerous. The ladies and gentlemen as a rule are not allowed to bathe together. Possibly if there were such restrictions at our seaside resorts, we would not see such a multitude of bathers. They have bathing cars, attached to which were horses who drew the car out into the surf and the person stepped from the dressing room into the surf. On the beach was an amateur troupe with blackened faces, singing negro melodies and amusing the people with their funny jokes. In front of one of the hotels was another troupe attired in white muslin robes singing, after which they gave an acrobatic performance and were not forgetful to pass around their little tin cup for a contribution.

In my wanderings through the town I came to a monument erected in memory of Dr. Adam Clark. On the stone was the following inscription:

"Dr. Adam Clark, born 1760; died 1832. A ser-

vant of the Most High who, in preaching the gospel with great labor and apostolic grace for more than 50 years, shewed to myriads the way to salvation. And his commentary on the Holy Scripture and other works of piety and learning yet speak to passing generations."

This large granite monument stands near the beautiful Wesleyan Church which bears the name of this wonderful man. In the Old City Road Chapel yard beside the tomb of John Wesley is a marble slab marking the spot where sleeps the dust of Dr. Clark.

After seeing the greater part of Port Rush, I boarded an electric tram and rode down along the coast to the Giants' Causeway. All along were these huge rocks with wonderful formations, in which I was particularly interested. Then stretching out as far as the eye could reach were the beautiful green fields fringed with huge rows, making a very fine picture. We passed near the old Dunluce Castle, standing on a huge rock about 100 feet above the sea level. It is connected to the land by a narrow stone wall.

We stopped at Bushmills, a town noted for choice whisky. The town was interesting to me, but the article of which it boasted was out of my line. A short ride from here brought us to the Causeway. Upon stepping from the car a man, accompanied by a boy, came up to me and said:

"I think I will go around with you."

Well, I concluded before he did, I would learn who he was. He saw I was searching about on the wall of memory for his photo and said to me:

"I came over on the steamer with you from America."

Then I remembered him as a man for whom the passengers had the most profound respect, and I gladly joined him and his son.

The Causeway is a great curiosity. The stones have the appearance of being hewn out by human hands and placed in position. The old legend is the giants attempted to build a causway across to Scotland and failed. Well, the failure is true. Whether or not the other is, seems rather misty. We climbed to the summit of the great bluff overlooking the sea from which the view was charming. Upon coming down, one of the boatmen said to us:

"Don't yees want to go out to the caves? I'll take yees out for four shillin's."

The Irish sea was on her good behavior. So we decided to let Paddy show us the sights. As he rowed us out to the caves the great sea cliffs resembled a huge wall standing along the coast. The oarsman was full of his subject and told us some wonderful stories about the caves. When we came to the mouth of the first cave he said:

"This is forty-five feet high and 350 feet in length." As we entered this weird looking place an indescribable feeling took possession of me, and by the expression on the face of the gentleman and his son they, too, were awed. The water rushed in through the narrow passage and made a hideous noise as it dashed against the rocks. Far up on the ledge of the rocks on either side were sea gulls emitting some strange notes. After the boatman had rowed some distance into the cave, I said to the gentleman:

"This is awfully grand, but I am not desirous of exploring any farther," and suggested to the boatman

to turn the prow of our craft toward the entrance. On coming out he said:

"Now, I'll take yees to the other cave which is larger than the one we just left. It is 96 feet high and 600 feet long."

An old man with a pistol sat on a rock at the entrance, and after we had entered he discharged his fire arm, the report of which was like a cannon as it echoed and re-echoed through the cavern. This cave seemed even more weird than the other. There were hundreds of sea gulls, young and old, sitting on the rocks.

"Shall I take yees any farther?" he asked.

"No," said the gentleman, "I think we have gone far enough." There was no objection raised by the Yankee, so we soon found our way out into the sunshine. While rowing us up to the Causeway he gave us some little account of the dangers to which he was exposed in the fishing season. On reaching the Causeway, he said:

"I'll land yees here and yee'l each pay a six pence to that lad yonder."

A syndicate had purchased the Causeway and charged an entrance fee which, I thought, preferable to being besieged with beggars, as was the case on my former visit. When we paid the boatman for our trip, the gentleman asked him if that was sufficient.

"Och, sure, that's what I said I'd take yees for, but the price of a drink would be in order, sir," he replied.

"We don't believe in strong drink," I said.

"Well, sure, I'm better wantin' it than gettin' it," was his ready answer.

He came out on the Causeway and showed us what is called the ladies' fan. The stones are so formed as



to strikingly resemble a fan. The wishing chair was only a short distance away, and in coming to it I said: "The wisest thing an old bachelor can wish for is a wife." As I sat down, he said:

"You may be here a year after getting on, wishing you had none." If some of whom I have heard could by sitting on the wishing chair get disentangled from the meshes of matrimony, they would gladly cross the wide sea to the Causeway.

We drank from a little spring on the Causeway and one would wonder how fresh water could be found there. The gentleman and his son wished to go to another part of the Causeway, so I bade them adieu, and came out of the gate and turned my steps in the direction of the electric tram.

Near the gate sat an old woman with a basket, selling trinkets of various kinds. "Buy something, will yeess?" she said. While looking over her stock of goods, I said:

"Aunty, how long have you been about the Causeway?"

"Five and twinty years, sir."

"Well, I think you are the same old lady I met here five years ago."

"It's quite likely, sir. I'm the widee K—. Me husband and son were both drowned at sea."

"Yes, you are the one. Why, I have talked of you over in America."

"God bless yeess for that. The Americans are very good to me whin they comes here. Yeess can tell them I'm not the same widee K— that I was whin yeess was here before. I've been converted and have the grace of God in me heart."



"Well, I am glad to hear that," I replied.

"Well, sure, me daughter thought me dyin' some-time ago, but I told her I was not afraid for I was depinding on the finished work of Christ." Then looking up into my face, said:

"Yees see, I didn't die," and, gathering up some of her wares held them up and remarked: "I'm here yet depindin' on the grace of God for me livin' and yer few pence ye'll be spindin' wid me."

She was a very practical old woman. She did not believe in depending alone on the grace, but also on the few pence she gathered in. She gave me some sea shells along with the articles I purchased, and as she did, said: "Take these and the poor old widee bestows her blessin' wid 'em." She continued to bless me until I was some distance away.

On coming back to Port Rush I met the proprietor of the hotel where I stopped when in Londonderry on my previous trip to Ireland, who, when I made myself known to him, had me go with him to his hotel and meet his family. The day was greatly enjoyed by the Yankee at the wonderful Giants' Causeway.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

PORTADOWN, LURGAN, BESSBROOK AND LISBURN.

PORTADOWN is a town of about 10,00 inhabitants. There are a number of linen mills and a few other industries. The Rev. A— invited me to spend two Sabbaths with him and help him in the Sunday afternoon service in the hall. It seats about 800 people, and both Sabbaths it was densely crowded, which was the usual attendance. At one of the services he asked me if I had an American flag.

"Yes," I replied, "I have carried the American flag with me since I left home."

When I gave it to him he placed it on the stand beside the English flag, and when he did so the people shouted and applauded lustily.

"I am glad to see those two flags blending so harmoniously. They represent the two greatest countries in the world, and these two countries will go side by side to civilize and Christianize this old world." Then pointing to the Stars and Stripes, I said:

"My parents and grandparents were born under that flag, and why should I not love Old Glory? And my great-grandparents were born under the English flag; why should not I have a profound respect for Union Jack?"

In a meeting in one of the churches I spoke of the sudden death of an old friend to whom I bade farewell on leaving my home, and remarked that he formerly lived in an adjoining county in a town not far

from Portadown. The next evening a fine, intelligent, young man holding a position in one of the banks, came to the manse and requested to see me.

"The gentleman you made mention of last evening," he said, "was my uncle. We were not aware of his death, as we have lost sight of him since father's death, who was his youngest brother. One of my brothers is living on the old homestead and I would like for you to pay a visit to the old place."

I had a great desire to see the old home of which I heard my old friend speak so often, but the opportunity did not come to me to take the trip. The family who kindly entertained me were very refined and nice people. The son of the good, motherly, old lady was a bachelor who had passed several milestones in the advance of me, and the daughter had been content to remain in the old home and lift the cares of the household from the shoulders of the good, old mother.

Lurgan.—In coming from Portadown I broke my journey at Lurgan. In my wanderings through this typical Irish town I saw a familiar name on a sign and stopped and said to the man standing in the door of the shop: "Have you relatives in America?"

"Yes, sir, in Philadelphia. My uncle and aunt, who had a large family went over there years ago."

He mentioned the names of his uncle's sons.

"Why, sir, I know them very well. One of them is an intimate friend of mine. They are all members of the old Kensington Methodist Episcopal Church," I replied.

"Their father and mother were very active members of the Methodist body when they lived here, so I have heard my father say," he remarked. Then pointing

to a fine, large home at the end of the street, said: "Their aunt resides there and I know she would be as pleased as I am to hear from the folks." But I only had a few minutes to make the train and was obliged to hurry away. Lisburn is a few miles distant from Lurgan.

Lisburn.—This is a town of considerable size, but many of the streets are narrow and the houses very ancient looking. There were several very fine residences, surrounded by splendid grounds. There is also a very pretty little park through which I passed. Like several of the towns in the North of Ireland, the linen business is carried on quite extensively.

A friend holding a position in one of the large department stores in Philadelphia, on learning I was going to Ireland, said to me:

"My father and mother live at Lisburn, and it is only a few miles from Belfast. Will you stop at the old home and see the folks?" When I presented my tall form at the door of this home and introduced myself as the friend of James, and had a message from the lad, that mother and sister laid aside their domestic duties and listened with rapt attention as I talked of the boy in far-off America and as soon as they heard the footsteps of his father they hurried to tell him that a friend of "Jim's" was in the parlor and his greeting was quite as cordial as was the mother's.

"The boy keeps saying in his letters he is coming home, but we sometimes wonder whether or not we will ever see him," the father remarked. "Well," he added, "when I was a young man I had made all my arrangements to go to America and seek my fortune, but when I told my mother about my proposed trip,

it nearly broke her heart and she grew very ill and I could not ever think of leaving while she lived, and now I am getting to be an old man and shall not attempt now to take the journey."

In looking about the old town I came to a group of boys who were playing marbles. It was such an exciting game I stopped to watch it for a few minutes. There were several rough looking boys sitting beside an old stone wall who were urging on the game. It came to a point where it seemed it was about culminating in a general row, so I concluded to move on. One of the ragged urchins shouted:

"Go on wid yer game. This gintleman's goin' to put up a shillin' on the lad that wins." Then turning to me, said:

"Yees have a shillin' for the lads, haven't yees?" The wisest thing, I thought, for me to do was to leave that belligerent crowd of lads, and did so amid their angry threats to batter each other.

Bessbrook.—This is a fine little, prosperous factory town, beautifully situated. There is not a public house found in the town and consequently very little poverty. The Society of Friends, which is the leading denomination there, has done a great deal in moulding the morals of the town. Mr. Geo. W—, who is one of the pioneers of the out-door meetings in Ireland, invited me to spend a Sunday in that fine, little town, but I regretted very much in not being able to do so. Many of the towns on the line of the Great Northern Railroad became quite familiar in my frequent trips to Dublin. Drogheda, situated on the banks of the River Boyne, is a town of considerable size, judging from the view one gets from the station.

The spires of Newry can be seen in the distance as one rides along on the main line. It seemed to be a town of some importance. On leaving Old Ireland I regretted not being able to visit a number of other towns of interest. I should especially like to have gone to the west coast where the scenery is said to be very fine. Nevertheless, I sailed away from the Green Isle having had the pleasure of seeing the greater part of that beautiful country.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

## ENGLAND.

**D**URING my sojourn in the British Isles a man remarked to me:

“Everything in America seems to be done on such a large scale. Even your storms and floods and fires are along wholesale lines,” and added: “A Yankee visited England sometime ago and said he was afraid to go about too much for fear of stepping off into the sea.”

“Well,” I replied, “America is a great country, and to form any idea of its immensity you will have to visit it and travel from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, a distance of 3,000 miles; and from the borders of Canada to Florida, and after you have traveled the length and breadth of our wonderful country you will think the Yankees are right in having large ideas of America. You, too, have a fine country,” I added, “and I am not in the same frame of mind as was my fellow countryman and am not afraid of stepping off into the sea, but my chief concern is that I will not be able to visit all the places of interest in your historic country.”

While many cities and towns were visited from the borders of Scotland to the south coast, yet I sailed from Old England deeply regretting being compelled to drop from my list many other interesting points. England seems like one large, cultivated garden. In all my travels through it I saw very little woodland. The climate in winter is milder than in the



middle and northern parts of the United States of America. The summers are usually very pleasant. Occasionally a hot wave sweeps over the country, but is of very short duration. While in London in the summer of 1900 the thermometer ran up to nearly 100, but soon dropped again to a comfortable temperature.

As one passes through the British Isles he can see the farmer gathering in his wheat, oats, hay and barley, but there is an absence of the Indian corn grown so extensively in the United States. Two ears of corn and two sweet potatoes which I took with me from America were regarded as curiosities by those to whom they were shown as these products are not grown in the British Isles.

There are four classes of people in England: Nobility, gentry, middle and the laboring class. In America we have several grades, yet I think the lines are drawn heavier between the classes in England than in Yankee Land. While I did not herd with the nobility, yet regard many of them as being excellent people, even though some of them may entertain the erroneous notion that they are made of superior clay. In meeting many of the middle classes I found them refined, intelligent and warm-hearted people, as were many whom I met in the lower walks of life. There are hundreds of magnificent mansions scattered over the country, and those occupied by the thousands of the middle classes are splendid homes, while many of the dwellings of the working people which I entered were neatly and comfortably furnished. The majority of the houses, both large and small, are built of brick and in each room is an open grate in which soft

coal is used. In many of the old houses can be seen the open fire place with seats arranged on either side. One evening in a little village in the Midlands, I sat in one of these quaint fire places in a house nearly 200 years old and entertained the little company gathered there by giving them some account of far-away America.

"Would you like to visit America?" I asked one of the young men. He answered me in his broad Worcestershire dialect, and said:

"I should like to go very much, but would want to go while asleep. I should not care to be conscious while crossing the Atlantic."

On paying my second visit to this beautiful country, I sailed from Dublin to Liverpool.

"What will you charge to take me to the Liverpool steamer at North Wall?" I inquired of a Jarvey in Dublin.

"One and six, sorr," he replied. Scarcely had I seated myself on the Irish jaunting car when the Jarvey bade his fine animal "be off," and he did so at a high rate of speed. In spite of my tenacious grip, I thought myself and luggage would be thrown into the street, but I managed to hold on until we reached the quay.

On the steamer was a tall, gaunt, old woman dressed in very quaint style who was selling apples and clay pipes. I took a seat near her, feeling quite sure she had an abundance of pure, Irish wit.

"Here's yer apples and clay pipes," she shouted with her rich brogue.

"How do you sell them, aunty?" a young man inquired.

"They're a penny apiece, sorr; these are Irish apples and the pipes are made of Irish clay," and added, in a way that made us all laugh heartily: "And the old woman sittin' in front of yees is made of a bit of Irish clay."

"I'll give you a penny for three of your pipes," said a soldier to her. She gave him a scathing look and said:

"Yees'll do what? Ye'll do nothin' of the kind. I'm surprised that a soldier would be tryin' to take advantage of an old widee doin' her best to make a dacent livin'."

Then turning to me, said: "Och, well, I had a boy of me own who wint to the army and whin his time was out, sure he'd no money to come home wid, and I had to pawn me old dress and shawl to get him back. Och, well, I was his mother, and what else could I do? He's workin' now and bringin' me in a few shillin's; that helps pay the rent. Yees knows if ye haven't that the constable has yerself and little bit of furniture sittin' out on the street."

"It is a great responsibility rearing children," I remarked.

"It jist is, sorr."

"I am a bachelor and have no such responsibilities."

"Yees are what—an old bachelor? Sure, I don't believe yeess."

When I assured her I was, she said:

"If yeess are, I'm ashamed of yeess." Then looking about at the young women on deck, said: "I'll be gettin' yeess a young girl here." Then peeping out from under her old black bonnet and, looking at me sharply, remarked: "And it's not a very young one yer need-

ing, either." I joined in laughing with those who overheard the remark, and concluded the old woman's vision was quite clear when she decided that I was too ancient for a modern lass.

"God bless the folks that have bought me out. Sure the world's pretty good to me, after all," she said on leaving the boat.

We all felt indebted to the old woman for the Irish wit she so freely passed out.

A short ride brought us out to the mouth of the Liffey, and when we came out on the old Irish sea I found her behaving much better than when I had dealings with her a few years previous. Then she robbed me of all my provender. Several times in crossing this body of water I found her rather troublesome. On coming from Dublin after a two weeks' visit just previous to returning to America, she was in a very bad temper and had most of the passengers begging for mercy. Two young men whom I met on my journey from London to Dublin and whom I chanced to meet returning, said to me:

"We never feel any bad effects from a tossing on the sea. We always keep out on deck and face the breeze."

"Well," I replied, "my only safety is in lying on my back and I think I will at once take that position here on deck." All about me were those whose laughter had been turned into a cry of distress. In a short time one of these young men who had boasted of being sea worthy leaned over the rail of the steamer and hopelessly cast his "bread upon the water." His brother stood beside him with a woe begone look and in a few minutes he, too, was disposing of his stock.

"Don't be so generous," I remarked to them. They made no reply, but there was an expression on their faces that spoke volumes. It amused me, even though not feeling very comfortable myself, as I saw those two six-foot lads hanging in almost equal proportions over the rail, paying tribute to Neptune. One of them remarked to the other after landing that he "looked like a dying duck in a thunder storm."

Returning to my trip to Liverpool—soon the Hill of Howth and Ireland's eye and the peaks of the Wicklow mountains disappeared and darkness settled down upon us and my tall form was soon tucked away for the night.

On coming out on deck the next morning we were steaming up the river Mersey within sight of the large and busy city of Liverpool. My attention was attracted by the miles of stone docks in which were vessels of various kinds hailing from all parts of the world. There is nothing to compare with these huge stone docks, of which Liverpool can well boast. Before crossing the Atlantic, I fancied that Liverpool was a city of very little importance outside of its shipping, but was greatly surprised on learning it was a manufacturing city, with a population of nearly 700,000. As we walked through its crowded streets and saw the many large, handsome buildings and finely arranged shops, I remarked to my friend: "Did you expect to find such a large and thriving city?"

"No," he replied, "I judged it was scarcely worth a visit by the way the tourists give it the go by."

Many persons, as soon as they land, take the train and hurry away to the great city of London, little thinking there is so much of interest in Liverpool.

Some of my friends in America had requested me to call on their relatives living near Littleboro, and also others living at Oldham. "What station will I take a train for Littleboro?" I inquired of several persons.

"I can't say," was their answer. It must be properly named, I thought, for it is so little that no one seemed to know of it. Finally I received the information of one of the guards at the railway station. On learning it was beyond Oldham, I took the train for the latter place, breaking my journey for a short time at the city of Manchester. The smoke from its hundreds of industries rose in great clouds over the city. Like Liverpool, it contains many large and massive buildings, and its streets are lined with stores or "shops" that seemed as attractive as hands could make them. They were doing a thriving business, judging from the crowds of people at the counters. However, many of them might have been like some persons on this side of the Atlantic who exhaust the patience of the clerks by having nearly the entire stock shown them and finally leave without making a purchase.

Manchester is at the head of the great ship canal. There were several large crafts unloading cotton, which I presume came from "away down South in Dixie." The population of the city is nearly 500,000, and in the residential portion can be seen many magnificent homes.

A short ride from Manchester brought me to Oldham. From its appearance it is a very ancient town, but quite a busy place. "Is the proprietor in?" I inquired of a bright young man at the business house of the gentleman on whom I was to call.



"No, sir," he replied. "If you wish to see him on important business I will give you his home address."

"I am from America, and have a message from relatives, but will not have time to call at his home as I am on my way to Littleboro."

"He'll be disappointed in not seeing you, for I presume he is anxious to hear from the folks."

"At which station will I take a train for Littleboro?" I inquired.

"From the Mumps station," he replied. A strange name, I thought, for a railway station. On reaching there I inquired the time of the train leaving and, getting the information, seated myself to await the coming of the train, thinking it left from the same platform as did the other.

"This train for Littleboro?" I asked of the guard as it came rolling into the station.

"No, this train does not stop there," was his reply. Shortly after, another train came in and on inquiry received the same answer.

"You informed me the train left for Littleboro at a certain time, and two have already gone and they informed me that neither of them stopped there," I said to the guard.

"Oh, sir," he replied, "it leaves from yon sidin', and there will be no train now for an hour."

It was as much trouble to get away from Mumps station as it was tussling with a case of mumps. I took a stroll through the town just as the many large mills of various kinds were sending out their hungry employees for their noon-day meal. Many of the men and women wore clogs and there was one grand clatter as they brought their wooden soles down on



the pavements. Many of the women wore white sun-bonnets, and as I stemmed this great tide of humanity I saw some of them peeping out from the sides of their bonnets trying to carry on a flirtation with the tall Yankee bachelor; but I concluded that to acknowledge the sly glances of these English lassies would scarcely be in keeping with one who had long since left the summer time of youth, so pressed my way through the sun-bonnet brigade without answering back.

I found the train waiting at "yon sidin'" on my arrival at the station and shortly after seating myself in the compartment was speeding away toward my destination. In front of me sat a fine looking gentleman who soon engaged in conversation with me. Sitting near him was a plainly dressed woman who was well furnished with tongue, and used it quite freely with us. At one of the nearby stations a tall, rustic looking man came into the compartment, seating himself beside me, and as he did so spoke to this woman. She gave him a very inquiring look and said: "I don't seem to know you.

"I met you at Mrs. Adley's some time ago."

"Oh, yes; I remember you now," she replied, and added: "Poor woman, she's had a deal of trouble with her husband. If he had been as hard-workin' as she, they would have had a deal of money by this time."

"Oh, well," he said, "that's the way; some men get good wives and some poor ones. My first wife was an angel, but the one I have now is far from it. She went away on her holidays last week, and I told her I didn't care if she never came back, but for the chil-

dren. Why, she's not satisfied with anything. I give her all my 'wage' and then she's not content. Why, my life is bothered out with her."

The man was full of his subject and it seemed to afford him relief to be able to ventilate himself. When he left the train I said to the old gentleman: "That man does not seem to have any curtains at his windows. He lays bare his domestic troubles to the public," and further remarked: "Marriage is a failure in many cases."

He straightened up and looking me in the eye, said: "Not in mine, sir; I have a good wife and nine children. I have been married over forty years and love my wife better than ever. Why, sir, I owe all my success in life to her. I was a gambler when first married and her good counsel and Christian example led me to seek the better life."

The old man's eloquence on the matrimonial life fairly shook the foundations of my idea of single blessedness. When the old man contracted the love fever in the long ago he took it properly. So many who once had a severe attack are now shaking with a chill; rather an uncomfortable way of living with the home thermometer down below zero.

An old colored woman came to a store begging one day, and when one of the clerks dropped something in her basket, she said:

"That's right; help de widows. However, I needn't be one without I want to. But this old love am so adulterated these days there am no trusting it." The old colored woman's idea of this old love being rather weakened down was about correct.

This old gentleman left the train at Rockdale where

he informed me he resided, and which, he said, was a town of 70,000 inhabitants. A short ride from this town brought me to Littleboro. On my arrival I found I would have a walk of nearly two miles over a very hilly road to the home of the other relative of my friend. The wind was blowing quite briskly and I found it rather difficult to propel my huge frame against a head wind to the top of those steep hills. With my breathing apparatus a "wee bit" impaired, I finally reached this little summer resort, the greater part of which was built around a beautiful little sheet of water.

"Could you tell me where Mr. Smith lives?" I inquired of a man who was holding up one corner of a public house.

"In yon 'ouse," he replied, eying me sharply, as if he thought for the information he was entitled to a fee. My knock was answered by an old man who opened the door ajar and peeped out. "What's wanted?" he said.

"Is Mrs. Smith in?" for it was she for whom I had the message.

"No, she's not here, now," he replied in a sad tone of voice, and began closing the door.

"I am from America and have a message for her from her relatives," I remarked.

He swung the door open wide and said: "Come in, sir. I have been expecting a gentleman to call from America, but was not aware you were the one."

As he led the way into the room he pointed to the bed in the corner and said in a broken tone of voice: "My poor wife died there last March and I have been so very lonely since, I am trying to pack up to get

away, but I am so bothered I can't do much. Can you remain with me a few days?" he asked; but I had to decline his kind invitation as I was on my way to Canterbury, and expected to break my journey at Birmingham and London. There was such a gloom pervaded the old house, whose sole occupant was the heart-broken old man, that I was glad to depart after giving him some account of his wife's dear ones in America. The day was nearly done when I arrived in Liverpool. The evening was spent with friends with whom I stopped a few days previous to sailing for home on my first trip. The family circle of these two families had been broken by death and on inquiry as to the whereabouts of some of the young folks who made the evening so pleasant for all of us on the previous visit, was informed that they were in their own homes, looking after the little ones.

#### BIRMINGHAM.

The next morning I left for Birmingham. It was a long journey, through tunnels, villages, large and small towns, and over the peaks of Derbyshire where the scenery was charming. On reaching Derby, which is a very large town, I knew that our journey was nearly completed. We ran into the immense New street station at Birmingham, which is one of the great centres of the London & North Western, Midland and Great Western roads. There seems to be no end to trains arriving and departing from this station. When I stepped from the train on one of the many platforms it was with a different feeling than when I arrived there in that summer evening of 1894. Then I had just landed for the first time on the shore

of Old England and was a stranger in a strange land, but I had traveled over the country and walked the streets of Birmingham so often since then that it was quite home-like. This city has a population of 500,000 and is one of the greatest manufacturing places in the British Isles. It is said that almost everything that can be made of metal is manufactured in this beautiful city. Like Glasgow, it has the reputation of being one of the best governed cities in the world. As one walks through its nicely kept streets, he is convinced that whoever manages that part of the affair of the city did it properly. The long line of fine business houses and streets thronged with well dressed people leads one to think he is in no mean city. Joseph Chamberlain, one of Old England's great statesmen, resides in this city.

On coming out to New street, I wended my way up to the Harborne 'bus, which stood in front of a very old church. Seating myself on the top of the 'bus, was soon on my way through the busy streets out to Harborn, a beautiful suburban town about a mile from the city proper. When we came to the five ways, we took the old Harborn road, on either side of which were many splendid homes, surrounded with large gardens, very tastefully arranged. On my arrival at what I was pleased to call "my English home," when in England before, I was received very cordially by the friends. Some changes had taken place in the old home. The few years had told some little on the head of the house and his good wife. The young man who frequently called and was so deeply interested in the young lady, had taken her to the old church near by and had the nuptial knot tied, and were in a nest

of their own with a young birdling, who made it all the brighter by his presence. The little girl of thirteen summers had stepped over into womanhood, and evidently had an idea of following her elder sister's example, for I saw a lad looking in her direction with expectations. The bright, intelligent young man who made my stay in that home so pleasant, had not disappointed the fond hopes of his father and mother, for he had become a successful merchant in the great city of London. The little boy whose merry voice I so often heard shouting with the boys at play around the school house near by had succeeded in packing his head with sufficient knowledge to have secured a good position in one of the many large banks in Birmingham.

On Sabbath we attended service in the old church, whose tower is 800 years old. The former part of the service was very elaborate, after which the rector delivered a very able and helpful sermon. He packed more of the Gospel in his discourse than many to whom I have listened. There is a beautiful yard surrounding the church, in which sleep many whose forms in the long ago were familiar on the streets of Harborn. Near the church is the magnificent mansion of Walter Chamberlain, Esq., brother of the statesman. It is one of the most complete homes in England. The extensive grounds that surround it are filled with choice plants and flowers. There are also some animals and huge birds from far away countries. Some time ago death claimed their eldest son, a bright, promising lad, and since then, owing to the gloom that seems to pervade this beautiful residence, they have resided in another palatial home a



short distance away. The head gardener, whom I previously met, took great pleasure in showing me through the grounds and immense hot houses.

#### SHENLEY FIELDS SCHOOLS.

One day we walked over to the Shenley Fields Schools. It was a very enjoyable walk of nearly two miles. We went for some distance along a beautiful old road, passing a number of very old farm houses. A friend of the gentleman with me lived on one of these farms. We stopped for a short time, and were interested in looking about the place. The house and brick barns had the appearance of having stood for centuries. There was once a small castle on this old farm. Some part of the ruins were still remaining. It is said to have been destroyed by Cromwell. A short walk across the meadows brought us to the schools. This home for friendless children is beautifully located on a hill overlooking a fine stretch of country, about seven miles from Birmingham. It consists of a number of two-story brick cottages and workshops and a chapel. The superintendent, Mr. D—, whom I had previously met, took a great deal of pleasure in showing us through. This gentleman seemed to have won the hearts of the little tots, as well as the older ones, judging from the pleased look on their faces as we passed through the different cottages.

A man and his wife have charge of a cottage, having about twenty children under their care. The children style them "father" and "mother." The "father" learns the boys the trade he follows, while the "mother" teaches the girls the art of housekeeping and of plying the needle. There were over a hundred children in the school who seemed very con-



tented and happy. Many of them had never been accustomed to home comforts. The children reared in these homes are educated and nicely trained and well fitted to go out and meet the responsibilities of life. We were informed that many had gone out from this institution who were filling good positions and were reflecting great credit on the home. We met several who had returned on a visit. One of them was a young man attired in one of Uncle Sam's naval suits. He informed us that he arrived in America at the breaking out of the Spanish-American war and shortly afterward enlisted in the navy and was in the engagement at Santiago. "Our ship is out cruising and we are lying for a few days at Portsmouth, so I got a leave of absence and ran down home," he said.

After a brief stay at Harborn, I hurried away to another section of England.

#### NORTHAMPTON.

This is a fine old town, with a population of 50,000. It dates well back in the past. Twenty parliaments were held here between the twelfth and fourteenth centuries. The castle, with the exception of one tower, was demolished in 1662. The town is noted for its extensive boot and shoe manufactories. Its business streets are narrow but contain some very fine stores. The city hall is a very large, substantial building. On going through it I saw a large shield with the names of the mayors of the city from 1377. There are a number of old churches, some of which I visited. In the church of the Holy Sepulcher were the names of the incumbents from 1226 to 1890. There was also a slab on which were brass plates with carved

figures, representing one Gury Coole and his two wives and twelve children. He died in 1640. The old St. Peter's Church was a time-worn structure. The list of rectors on the board at the entrance dates from 1220 to 1873, the first being Thomas De Fiskerton. In passing along one of the streets I saw a house bearing the date of 1595. On the front was a coat of arms. This house is said to have belonged to John Howard, who was a friend of Oliver Cromwell. The house once occupied by Cromwell is built of ironstone and looks substantial enough to stand for centuries.

I was invited to spend a few days in the home of a gentleman whom I met on the train going to London in 1894, and who showed me such great kindness on my arrival in that great city. I said to him and his good wife that day in Exeter Hall: "You have erected a monument of kind deeds that I will never take down."

On entering their splendid home they gave me abundant proof that they still possessed the real essence of kindness. One morning we took a drive to Little Brington, in which is the house of George Washington's ancestors. It is about seven miles from Northampton. In passing through this fine section of Northamptonshire, one of my friends pointed out the ruins of an old church near the battlefield at Nasby. It was said to have been badly damaged by Oliver Cromwell. One would think that Cromwell's destructive bump was well developed by the number of places he is said to have destroyed. Little Brington is a very quaint little town. The house in which lived George Washington's ancestors looked ancient

enough to have been built many centuries ago. Lawrence Washington, who was once a very prosperous man, but who met with reverses which left him destitute, accepted of the offer of his friend, Lord Spencer, and moved into the little cottage in Little Brington in the year 1606. Shortly after occupying his cottage, death claimed one of their children and that, with their financial loss, suggested the inscription which they placed over the doorway of their little home. This is it as it reads:

"The Lord giveth, the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord. Constructed 1606."

In a few years the tide of fortune changed with him and swept him over into more comfortable circumstances, so that he was enabled to move to London, which gave him an opportunity to educate his large family. He had eight sons and nine daughters. Two of his sons emigrated to Virginia, U. S. A., in 1657. Their names were John and Lawrence. From the former descended George Washington, whose memory is dear to every true American.

The next point of interest was the St. Mary's Parish Church at Great Brington. It was built in 1019. The present arch was erected in 1422. When we came to the church we found the janitress removing the decorations used at their autumnal service. On coming to the chancel we saw a floor stone with coat of arms. On the stone was the name of Lawrence Washington, with date 1616, and also the name of Margaret (Butler) his wife. There was also a slab with the name of Robert Washington, his younger brother, and of his wife, Elizabeth, with date 1622. The janitress was removing the decorations from the

stone bearing the name of Lawrence Washington and, learning I was from America, said to me:

"Would you like to have some of these decorations from the tomb of one of the ancestors of your first President?"

Like every other American, I possess relic-picking propensities and accepted of the little bundle of wheat and carried it across to Yankee Land with me. Some of my English friends said that we Yankees would carry away nearly all England if it was possible. We spent some time in this interesting old church, then drove along a fine road to the very old town of Moulton, in which is the Carey Memorial Church. It is built on the site of one of whom William Carey was the founder. In this little church is a tablet in memory of this good man. He was born in Sunderland, and one of my friends, who was born in the same town, said that "Carey was a shoemaker by trade, but was not considered very skillful." He soon discovered that was not his calling, and went out into the world to induce men to get shod with the "preparation of the Gospel," and proved to be a grand success. He was the pastor of the church at Moulton for four years, afterwards became the evangelist to India and professor of Sanscrit in the college of Fort William. He was also the father of modern missions. He died at Serampore, June 9, 1832. The day was thoroughly enjoyed with these friends in visiting these two interesting old towns.

My friend Mr. J—, one of the gentlemen I met at the Exeter Hall in London, where was held the world's convention of the Young Men's Christian Association in 1894, invited me to pay him a visit at his

home in Northampton on my return from Ireland. On doing so I found Northampton one sea of flags, and many of the buildings gaily decorated. On inquiry I learned it was opening day of the Northamptonshire Agricultural Fair. The streets of the old town were crowded with people making their way out to the grounds. My friend not being able to leave his business, I sallied forth alone to see the show. Shortly after entering, the mayor, attired in his official robes, accompanied by several members of the town council, came into the grounds, headed by a brass band and formally opened the fair. There was a very fine display of stock in which I became intensely interested. There were several cows of extraordinary size, the like of which I have not seen in America. The agents in great numbers were there advertising their latest improved farming implements and various other articles that attracted the attention of the people. Uncle "Jepthe" and Aunt "Jerush" and the children were in from the old farm seeing the sights. While there were no peanut venders for the people to patronize, yet there were other tempting articles that drew the coppers from their purses. It seemed quite similar to the agricultural fairs which I have attended in America. In the evening many of the buildings were beautifully illuminated. Jeffry & Co.'s large furniture stores were finely decorated and the illuminations attracted the attention of the immense crowds on the streets.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## BEDFORD.

WHEN a small boy, I took great pleasure in reading that wonderful book, entitled "Pilgrim's Progress," written by John Bunyan, whose home at one time was in Bedford. It was a comparatively short ride from Northampton. On my arrival I called at the little Y. M. C. A. to get some information about this interesting old place. A young man of whom I asked some information, said to me:

"I have a little leisure time and, if you like, will accompany you out to Elstow, which is something over a mile from Bedford."

I promptly accepted his offer and we were soon making our way through the quaint old streets along which this good man once traveled. We crossed the bridge spanning the River Ouse, a narrow stream that winds its way out through a very pretty section of the country. A short walk brought us to the very ancient village of Elstow. "Here is Bunyan's house," said the young man, as we stopped in front of a small cottage. We were met at the door by the attendant who took great pleasure in showing us through, and as she did so, said:

"This is the house to which John Bunyan brought his young bride and where he lived during his early married life," and pointed to where once stood his blacksmith shop. She was not forgetful to call our attention to a number of souvenirs for sale in the little



room, with the ceiling of which my head came in close touch. From this old house we went to the churchyard which surrounds the very old church in which Bunyan was baptized when an infant, and in which Christopher Hall preached the sermon which was the means of his conversion. While reading some of the quaint epitaphs on the old moss-covered tombs, two men came into the yard. The young man said, on seeing them:

"The younger of those two men was in America some time ago lecturing on 'The life of Bunyan.' "

When the lowering clouds began to shake down on us great sheets of water, we all took refuge in the doorway of the old bell tower.

"This young man tells me you have been to America?" I remarked to the younger man.

"Oh, yes, I was over there several months," he replied. In further conversation, learning that he had lectured in the Y. M. C. A. of my own city and was acquainted with a number of my friends, I felt as though I was meeting some one from home.

After the storm abated, he secured the keys of the church and showed us through. We greatly admired the beautifully stained glass windows representing some of the Bible scenes and characters. There was a small door in the rear of the church which, he said, in former years was opened daily for those who wished to come to the church for worship and it was considered an evidence that a person was deeply in earnest when they entered the church. "This little door," he said, "is supposed to have suggested to the mind of Bunyan the wicket gate mentioned in his *Pilgrim's Progress*."



On coming from the church we climbed the stairway of the old bell tower, which is close beside the church. We stood on the spot where Bunyan, when a boy, rang those old bells. There were several old relics in the tower, among them being the altar rail in front of which Bunyan's father and mother were married in 1627. From here we visited a long, narrow, two-story, brick building. In this old building John Bunyan danced with the village lassies, previous to loosing his desire for worldly amusement. While many fail to see the harm in shaking their feet, yet Bunyan found he would have to keep his quiet in order to keep healthy spiritually. I remarked to an old colored woman one day that every time I heard music it ran down into my feet.

"Do you know the reason?" she said. "Your feet have never been healed yet." The old woman concluded that I did not have sufficient grace to control them, but that has been long ago, since that conversation with the old unbleached sister. Bunyan afterward preached in the old building. The gentleman who had lectured in America is Mr. Poynter, superintendent of the Sabbath school, held in the building. It stands on the green on which Mr. Bunyan played when a boy. Mr. Poyntaer showed us the old beaten path that led to the house in which John was born. We walked back to Bedford with Mr. Poynter and the old gentleman in company with him, whom we learned was an artist and at one time a celebrated cartoonist in London. We visited the Bunyan Memorial Church in which were a number of relics which belonged to this wonderful man, among them being his chair and the old prison grate door

that barred him from his liberty. As I looked at this relic, fancied I could see Bunyan in the gloomy old prison wielding his pen in writing a book that, barring the Holy Bible, has benefitted the world along religious lines more than any ever written.

In passing along Cuthbert street, he stopped in front of a house. This is built on the site where stood Bunyan's house in which he wrote a part of his wonderful book, and which he left in 1688 never to return. Bunyan is buried in Bunhill Fields Cemetery in London. We were also shown the site where stood the building in which he was tried and also the location of the old prison. On the green was a large bronzed statue of Bunyan. On this green John Wesley preached and not far away is the old church in which Wesley preached his wonderful sermon on the Great Assize. Mr. Poynter proved to be a very valuable friend, as also did the young man who accompanied me to Elstow.

Sitting beside me in the compartment on returning to Northampton, was a very bright, intelligent young lady. I took the liberty to ask her a question about a town we had just passed. She kindly gave me the information and, on learning I was an American, said:

"You Yankees are making a great account of Dewey. Why, I think Hobson deserves more praise than Dewey."

I smiled and said: "The most of the American young ladies are of the same opinion. Many of them have demonstrated in a very striking manner their appreciation of the valuable service he rendered his country." She was greatly amused, and in reply said:

"Yes, I have read of how some of the young women

have treated him." I thought in all probability she would have treated him in like manner. As she continued her conversation she informed me she had just been to see her brother, a lad sixteen years old, who had enlisted in the Queen's army.

"Mother is heart-broken about the boy, but he is self-willed and it may have a tendency to tame him."

#### STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

It was a very enjoyable ride from Birmingham through a very picturesque part of the country to this old fashioned town with its wide streets so neatly kept, and its many fine, old mansions. Hundreds of tourists visit this very interesting place, made so from the fact of Shakespeare, the great poet, being born here. When I climbed the stairway of the old house and looked into the little room where in the year 1564 he made his advent into this world, I thought how little they knew when he lifted up his wee voice and demanded the attention of that household, that he would in a few years after drop from his pen beautiful poetical thoughts that would be read and greatly admired by coming generations and that centuries after these wonderful productions were penned, men and women from all parts of the world would make pilgrimages to his humble birthplace and also to the home not far away where, in 1616, he died; then visit the Holy Trinity Church where, in the chancel beneath a plain flag stone, is deposited the dust of this great man. This old church stands on the banks of the beautiful River Avon. It is surrounded by a graveyard, containing many ancient tombs, some of them bearing

very quaint epitaphs. One of them I copied, that if each of us would practice we would not find time for criticising our fellow-man. It reads as follows :

And look at home; there is something to be done."

"What faults you saw in me pray try to shun,

The view from the church-yard is quite pretty. The river winding through the meadows, fringed with trees and shrubbery, made a very pleasing picture. The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, a fine, large building standing on the opposite side of the river a short distance from the church, is quite an ornament to the old town. I took the well-beaten paths across the meadows to the old village of Shottlery, in which is the little, brick, thatched cottage once occupied by Ann Hathaway. In this old house Shakespeare and Ann Hathaway spent many pleasant hours while passing through the happy days of courtship. If he was in the same frame of mind as are many of our American young men while going through that experience, Ann had the pleasure quite often of sitting close beside him on the old oaken bench which was standing beside the open fire place. Mrs. Baker, the former attendant, who was a descendant of Ann Hathaway, in showing me this old relic on my previous visit, said :

"This is the bench on which Shakespeare and Ann sat in the days of their courtship."

"Let me sit on it; I may get an inspiration," I remarked. But she objected, thinking my huge Yankee frame would be too much of a tax on the old seat. In coming to the cottage I learned that Mrs. Baker, who had gone beyond her four score years, and who

had spent most of her life in this cottage, had been carried to the old church-yard and laid to rest beside the friends of yore. The new attendant was busy in showing sections of a large party from London through this historic cottage. They were representative people, judging from the grand style in which they came to Shottlery.

In going back to Stratford I walked for some distance along a beautiful road which led to the main road leading to the town. There was a very large tree by the roadside under which was a bench. I seated myself on it and drank in the beauty of the scenery all about me. Three little boys came over and took seats beside me, each of them having a bouquet of wild flowers which they had gathered from the nearby fields in which they grew in abundance.

"Well, boys, what are you going to do with your flowers?" I inquired.

"Oh, take 'em home to mother," was the reply.

"Are you good boys?"

"I am, sir," said the one sitting next to me.

"I'm good, sir, when I'm away from home, but I'm not good there," was the answer of the boy beside him.

"That is just the place you should be good," I replied.

"No, he's not good at home," said No. 1, "for he says 'I shant do it' to his mother and when she goes to hit him he runs," and added: "He's not good at school, either, for he copies his sums."

This little bundle of mischief verified the statement of his comrade. No. 3 was non-committal. The little fellow who confessed to not being an angel at





Norman Gateway, Evesham, England.



home was, like many who have swept far beyond childhood, who are very careful to be on their good behavior when away from their domicile, but on reaching it lay aside their mask. Possibly we all have need of offering up the same prayer as did the colored minister whom I heard in one of the colored churches. It was as follows:

"Oh, Lord, give us one face under one hat."

The little boys walked into Stratford with me and kept their "wee" tongues moving briskly. Their conversation was both interesting and amusing. They were wonderfully bright lads who had not reached their eighth year. Upon coming to the outskirts of the town we met what to me was a strange funeral cortege. There were two young women with a small coffin which they were carrying by two pieces of heavy white ribbon and following them was a young man and woman with very sad faces who, I judged, were the parents of the "wee" child which was being borne to the beautiful little cemetery we had just passed. In speaking to a friend about this odd little funeral procession, she said she had frequently acted as pall bearer and they always carried the coffin in that manner.

On leaving this old town, went to South Littleton, which is fourteen miles distant.

#### SOUTH LITTLETON.

On stepping up to the "booking office" in Stratford to purchase my ticket, a young man in front of me, said to the agent:

"I wish to book for Littleton and Badsey."

At once I decided to get into the same compartment in which he did, and by so doing would not be "guessing and calculating" where Littleton and Badsey station were. He was joined by a young woman and two small children which, I was not long in learning, were his wife and little responsibilities. On coming out of Littleton station to the road leading to the old village, which was about a mile distant, I asked him if he lived in South Littleton.

"I do, sir," he replied.

"Then I presume you are acquainted with Mr. Bub and his family?"

"Yes, they are relatives of mine." And to my great surprise said: "This is Mr. Butler, is it not?"

"Well, that surely is my name but how you came to know it, is more than I can understand."

"We knew you when you came into the station at Stratford. We remembered you being in our old village a few years ago," he replied.

He proved to be one of the lads whom I met on my former visit who had swept over into manhood and had assumed the cares of a family.

On calling at the store of Mr. Bub, who had engaged lodgings for me, was informed by him that I was to occupy quarters in the same house in which I formerly lodged.

"You will not find them at home; they are at the Village Tea at North Littleton. Nearly all the folk in the village are there, and I am going after closing the store and would like you to accompany me, which will give you an opportunity of seeing many of your old friends," he remarked.

A Village Tea was something new to me and I was

curious to know how they were conducted. It was a pleasant walk of a little over a mile to the grounds. The strains of the village band greeted our ears when we were some distance away, and on our arrival found the musicians perched up in an old fashioned wagon. They were playing a very lively air which had found its way down into the feet of some of the lads and lassies who were bounding about very briskly. It was not long before I understood that a "Village Tea" was similar to an American picnic. Many of the crowd were patronizing the lemonade vender and the merry-go-round and swings and various other amusements in which our Yankee lads and lassies take pleasure. The young men were promenading with their "best girls," evidently doing their best to give them a pleasant time. There was an abundance of baby carriages, containing one or more little bundles of humanity which some of the weary looking mothers were trying to quiet, while the father, I presume, was mingling with the crowd, enjoying the "Village Tea." It is frequently seen on that wise in America.

"This is our 'Jim,' " said my friend, as a fine looking fellow, about one and twenty, came up to us. It did not seem possible that he was the same lad I first met as a school boy.

After greeting me cordially, he said: "One of my friends and myself have arranged to go back with you to America."

"Well," I replied, "there is room for lads like you in that great country."

A few days after that conversation I called at his home and found his father and mother greatly exercised about the proposed trip to America. "He's the

only boy we have at home and I should fret myself to death to have him go so far away," said his mother.

"I thought it was talk with the boy," remarked the father. "We cannot get along without the lad. I shall soon have to depend on him to manage the little farm."

"Jim's" face lengthened out until I thought it would not soon get back to its normal state. But this young fellow had too much love and respect for his parents to sail away from Old England against their wishes.

It was nearly 10 o'clock when we left the grounds and it was just beginning to grow dark. Those who go out for a day's pleasure in that country have the benefit of a long day. The old house in which I was to lodge seemed quite familiar as I stepped into the quaint room with its flag-stone floor and open fire place. There had been some changes in the family circle. The head of the house had been carried to the old church-yard on the opposite side of the old fashioned street, and the widow had given up the home to the lad whom I had seen casting love glances at the lass as she moved about the old kitchen. He was now giving his attention to a "wee girl" and a boy that was a still later edition, and I learned that several of the young folks that gathered in that old house, like their friends, Ralph and Bridget, had taken advantage of an early opportunity of avoiding becoming lonely bachelors and "overlooked sisters." When the eight-day clock, which they informed me had stood in the same position for more than sixty years, rang out the hour of eleven I bade them good night and climbed the old stairway which had been pressed by the weary feet of occupants of that house for nearly 200 years.

The next morning, on coming to the door of a house in which lived a very old lady, I said :

"Aunt, you should have had this door raised higher for tall lads."

"You did not tell me you were coming; now you will have to bend a bit," she replied in broad English. After giving her some account of her only surviving brother living in America, to which she listened with rapt attention, she said :

"The Lord has taken good care of us. Why, I have an independent living. I get a half crown a week."

"Aunt, that is not sufficient for your needs."

"No," she replied, "but I get on my knees every morning and ask God to supply what it fails to meet, and He is true to His promise. I'm just as happy as I can be. When I go to bed, I don't know whether or not I will get up in the morning, but I'm content whether I awake here or in heaven." Then she added: "When one gets beyond eighty years old there's not much time left for them."

She was as young in spirit as a girl. "What have you in your bucket?" I asked her as she was passing along the street one morning.

"Oh, nothin' bad; I never carry anything but what's good," was her reply.

"You should stay to our next village tea, which takes place in a fortnight," she said, and added: "I expect to be there. Old Farmer B— met me to-day and wanted to engage me to dance with him, but I told him I didn't know the step. He said he'd teach me. He's always wanting to have a bit of fun with me."

When I bade her adieu, she said: "When you come

back to the old village again you will find me gone from this little old house to the better home above."

On Sunday I attended service at the neat little chapel recently erected, and greatly enjoyed the day spent with those plain country folk in that little village in the Midlands. I spent one day at Evesham, which is four miles distant. The River Avon divides this old town, along the banks of which are some fine residences. There are also many very old buildings and several ancient churches. In one of the old churchyards I copied the following epitaphs:

"Here lies an unworthy member of the Church of England as established by law."

"Reader, who e'er thou art, inquire not;  
To whom related, by whom begot.  
A heap of dust is all remains of me,  
'Tis all I am and all that you must be.  
Upon this stone expect no fulsome stuff;  
To say the least of me, I've been bad enough;  
Christ is my only hope, my sins to free,  
He died for sinners, therefore died for me."

The following was on the tombstone of an old blacksmith who died at the beginning of the nineteenth century:

"My sledge and hammer lie reclined,  
My bellows too have lost their wind,  
My fires extinguished forge decayed;  
And in the dust my vise is laid;  
My coal is spent, my iron gone,  
My last nail driven, my work is done."  
"An angel's arm could not snatch me from the grave,  
Legions of angels can't confine me there."  
"A plain, rough man but without guile or pride,  
Goodness his aim and honesty his guide.  
Could all the pomp of this vain world despise,  
And only after death desire to rise."



## OXFORD.

On learning that Oxford was on the direct line from Littleton to London, I decided to break my journey and spend a few hours in this historic old town. Coming out of the station, I was hailed by two boys who wished to know if I had any luggage I wanted carried. "Only myself," I replied. "Do you think you would like to take the contract?" One of them looked up into my face and said:

"We'll take you, sir, on a barrow, but it will be in sections."

When I found myself in the presence of two up-to-date boys, I at once cut off the thread of conversation.

On coming out into the city I found it was one of the finest little cities I had visited. Some of its streets are quite broad and contain many beautiful residences. Oxford, as a seat of learning, dates from Alfred the Great who, according to tradition, founded University College in 872, but historically it dates from 1280. All along on either side of some of the streets are many old time-worn looking colleges, among them being Balliol College, founded by John Balliol and his wife in 1268. They were the parents of John Balliol, King of Scotland. The Oriel College, founded in 1326, is where Matthew Arnold, Kible, Newman, Pusey and Wilberforce were students.

In strolling out to the Christ Church meadows I came to a beautiful avenue called the Broad Walk. On either side of it were large elms which formed a perfect arch. Near by is the Christ Church College, founded by Cardinal Woolsey in 1525. The meadow buildings are quite modern, having been built in 1862.



The Christ Church Cathedral was built on the site of a religious house founded by St. Frideswide in the early part of the eighth century. The main part of the present building was completed about 1180 and the massive columns and arches are in a fair state of preservation.

After looking about this old edifice I visited the Lincoln College, founded by Bishop Fleming, of Lincoln, in 1427. In the old dining hall were portraits of some of the faculty of the days of yore. John and Charles Wesley were students here. John's portrait hangs in some of the rooms in which were held the meetings of the so-called "Holy Club." John became the leader of one of the great 'Oxford movements. When he left that old college he not only had his head packed with useful knowledge, but also had his heart filled with divine grace and proved a great power for good.

Methodism, of which he was the founder, has, under the guidance of the Triune God, found its way into nearly every dark corner of the world. As I walked through those old halls, I thought how many young men had spent long, weary hours in study and had gone out into the world—some to proclaim the old Gospel, others to untangle unfortunate ones from the meshes of the law, while others had become leaders in the political world, among the number being the late Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

"Give me a light lunch please?" I said to a woman at a restaurant near one of the colleges. She filled the order nicely so far as the lightness was concerned. While the lunch was very light, the bill was quite heavy. On examining my change I said to her:

"Haven't you made a mistake? You only gave me a small plate of tongue."

"Oh, no, sir; it was a large plate." One could not quite imagine what a small plate would have been. My impression was that I had better not stop to argue the case with her, for she had the appearance of being a woman that would give me more tongue than I could manage.

"Polish yer boots, sir?" said a cross-eyed boy, as he left a crowd of boys sitting beside a high board fence and ran up to me.

"Do you think you have material enough to finish the job?" I asked, as I called attention to the quantity of leather of which my boots were made.

"I 'ave; come hover to the box, sir," he replied. The group of boys seemed to be interested in the contract which he had taken. As I rested my foot on the rude little box, and he began to briskly wield the brush, one of the boys shouted:

"Eh, Bill, mind where your knockin'."

"Yes," I remarked, "handle me carefully, for there is a monument on many of my toes and if you strike out in that style you will not only knock the corn off, but also the toes."

He looked up on the bias and said:

"Eh, if I do, I will take ye hover to yon chemist shop and get them stuck on again." Then he swung his brush even more vigorously. When he had finished, I said to him:

"How much for a job like that?"

"Twopence, sir," he replied. The boys were having lots of fun with "Bill" and the Yankee.

In passing along Broad street, I came to the

Martyrs' Memorial Cross. It is a fine monument, erected in memory of the three martyrs—Thomas Cranmer, Nicholas Ridley and Hugh Latimer, Prelates of the Church of England, who were burned at the stake near this spot for principles which they believed to be right. In the alcoves in the monument are three statues, one of them representing Cranmer holding his Bible, bearing the date of 1541, it being the first year of the circulation of the Bible by royal authority. The attitude of Ridley represented the steadfastness with which he fought the good fight of faith. Latimer was represented with his arms folded across his breast and bending under the weight of his four score years, the image of submission to the will of God.

There were many points of interest I desired to visit, but was compelled to resume my journey to London, which was about sixty miles.

#### ON THE JOURNEY TO LONDON.

In the compartment near me were two young men who, by their conversation, I soon learned had just returned from America. "So you have been living in that great country across the Atlantic?" I remarked.

"Yes," one of them said, "we went over there a few years ago to seek our fortune, but failed to find it. Now, after spending a few weeks with our parents in Evesham, we are going to Australia. We understand it is not so over-crowded as America."

"How did you like the country?" I asked.

"Oh, America is a grand country, and we would like to have remained."

"I have been living in Ireland for about a year, and am pleased with that beautiful country," I remarked. A very loquacious man sitting opposite, said to me:

"So you have been to that country where they tell people are going to H—, and they all believe it?"

"Oh, one does not have to be told which way he is going; he generally has some idea," I replied. He spread himself out and, casting his eyes about to those in the compartment, said, sarcastically:

"You don't mean to say that you believe in such a place?" At once I saw he meant to hold me up in ridicule before the passengers, so I set about to side-track this overly-wise fellow.

"I have had a foretaste of H— by wrong doing, and of Heaven by trying to behave properly, and believe in what the old Bible says in reference to it," I said.

"Oh, I never read that Book," he replied, giving his head a toss.

"So much to your shame. If you have never investigated that old Book, you have no right to criticise it," I remarked.

"Well, I suppose not," he said, in a more subdued tone of voice.

"Very early in life I found there was such a thing as sin, and wanted to know if there was a remedy. Nature could not answer the question, but the old Book did, and all the infidels living could not convince me to the contrary."

"Do you think I am an infidel?"

"No, sir, I have seen men like you before, and they have called for help when they came down to the Jordan of death, and you will do the same."

"Well, I have been pretty well down toward it, and did not call for assistance.

"You were not conscious of being near the danger line, or you would have done so."

"I'm trying to live a good life," he remarked.

"I heard you use language that did not indicate you were making much of an effort."

"I never swear before my wife."

"Well, possibly you dare not."

"Oh, she is not that kind of a woman."

"Possibly not," I remarked, and added: "There was a man living in America who was using profane language one day and some one tried to quiet him by telling him the clergyman was coming. He said: 'If I'm not ashamed to swear in the presence of the Almighty, I'm not in the presence of the clergyman.'" He took the application, but quickly rallied and said:

"I don't take any stock in clergymen. My wife is a member of the High Church, and one of the rectors came one day and requested her to come to confession. If I had been at home I should have kicked him out of the house."

"Because you think he did not properly represent the Gospel, do you think you are wise in condemning the whole system?"

"Well, no; I don't suppose I am."

"A Gospel that lifts up men and makes them better, should be at least commended by every good thinking man," I remarked, and added: "Surely you could have no objection to it?"

"Well, no; I can't say that I have."

Our conversation seemed to interest as well as amuse those in the compartment. On our arrival in

London, a gentleman who had listened to our conversation said to me:

"I quite enjoyed your argument with that very wise man. I think you about convinced him of the error of his way."

"We thought he was going to get the best of you at first," said the young man who had been to America.

"Oh, I had no fear of that, lad. I always have a bundle of facts to pass out to men of his stripe," I replied. "You have heard or seen the catfish that are found in American waters?" I further remarked, "and if you do not handle them properly you will get badly finned. I saw at a glance the old lad had his fins out and took hold of him carefully."

#### CANTERBURY.

We left London from Charing Cross station for the historic old city of Canterbury. We passed through a very pretty section of the country and through several villages and towns, Ashford, in Kent, being the largest. Sometimes our view was hidden as the train dashed through the many tunnels on this line. One of them was of great length and I wondered when we would again see daylight.

"My word, I dread going through these tunnels," said an old lady sitting in front of me.

"Well, I don't feel so comfortable with all those rocks and so much mother earth above me."

"Well, thank godness, this is the last one we pass through."

"How many stations before reaching Canterbury?" I inquired of her.



"Oh, sir, we have several yet," she replied.

"One has to be on the alert when traveling in a compartment train or he will find himself beyond his destination," I remarked.

"You are from America, I see."

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, that must be a wonderful country. My daughter married a short time ago and has gone there to reside. When she writes she usually gives me some description of it. She is anxious to have me come over, but it is too much of an undertaking for one so old," she remarked. "I understand," she added, "that your railway trains are much more convenient than ours."

"Yes," I replied, "we have an aisle through the centre of our cars, with seats on either side, holding two persons. The conductor comes through the cars and collects the tickets. The stations are called from each end of the car by the conductor and brakeman."

"That is far better than our system."

On coming out of the station, a boy standing beside an omnibus said to me:

"Ride up, sir? Take you to any part of the town."

"Do you think you can pack me away in that small vehicle?" I inquired.

"I'll try, sir." I folded myself up and entered this little band box on wheels and had to sit with bowed head to avoid a collision between my derby hat and the top of the 'bus. In order not to infringe on the space allotted to my fellow passenger sitting opposite, I had to sit on the bias.

"What is your schedule time?" I inquired of the boy, after awaiting some time.



"Oh, we leave as soon as the other train arrives, sir." On its arrival, a woman with several bundles crowded into the small space beside me. I soon found I should have to put myself into a smaller compass in order that this old sister might square herself away comfortably. It was a short ride to the home of my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, whom I first met on the voyage back to America on my former trip. Then they were a bride and groom of a week and were enroute for one of the states in the far West to make a home for themselves. Through my invitation they remained in our city for a few days previous to starting on their long journey and, during their brief stay with us, by their pleasant and genial manner, made several warm friends. Fortune failed to smile on them in their western home and they finally returned to our city, and in a few months afterward sailed for their old home in Canterbury. I accepted of their kind invitation to spend a few days with them in their cosy home. They introduced me to many of their friends, whom I found to be excellent people.

One afternoon we attended a strawberry tea given by the ladies connected with the Wesleyan Church. It was held in the apple orchard of an old farm on a hill overlooking Canterbury. We had a splendid view of the surrounding country, and also of the city nestled down in a beautiful valley. The old cathedral towering above the other buildings, added to the beauty of the picture of the old town, which was about a mile distant. There were quite a nice little company gathered around the tables, on which were an abundance of berries and other tempting articles of food that make up a strawberry tea. After a good social time

at the tables, the company adjourned to the Wesleyan College grounds which were near by. Many of the people engaged in games of various kinds. Some of us became very much interested in the young students with whom we engaged in conversation. One of them informed us he was the son of a missionary and was born in India, and two others said they were born in Japan. Another very bright, intelligent boy said he was also the son of a missionary and was born in New Zealand.

"After mother died," he said, "my aunt brought me to England by way of America. My word, but I thought America was a large country after traveling from San Francisco to New York, where we took the steamer for Liverpool."

"There is a boy who was born in Spain," said a boy, as he saw the lad approaching our little group. "I was telling the folks that you were born in Spain."

"Yes, but father and mother were natives of England," he said in broken English.

"Did you live in Spain during her trouble with America?"

"Yes, I lived in Cadiz, and there was great excitement when they heard the Yankee hogs were coming over, and they were getting ready for them."

"Yes, son, they were getting ready to run," I remarked.

"My uncle was in the war," he said. I soon found the lad's sympathy was with Spain.

The pleasant afternoon and evening will not soon be forgotten that I spent with those English friends at the strawberry tea on the old farm.

There is a little village over the hills about two

miles from Canterbury where I frequently went with my friends to visit the home of a fine, old couple. My friends styled them "father and mother," and I soon found myself addressing them in the same familiar way. They always swung their door open wide and gave us a cordial welcome.

Canterbury is a very interesting city. The foundation is said to be before that of Rome and, from the remains which have been found, it was of considerable importance in the early time of the Romans. It has at various times suffered by fire and sword. In 754 the city was greatly damaged by fire. It was again partly destroyed in 776. It was captured by the Danes, and in 918 Aelfleda beseiged and burned the city, killing and expelling the piratical hordes who then held it. In 1011 the Danes again beseiged and captured it, and of the 8,000 inhabitants only four monks and 800 citizens escaped with their lives. This old city has a population of 20,000 and is situated on the High Road between London and Dover, fifty-six miles from the former place and sixteen miles from the latter. The River Stour, a very narrow, shallow stream, divides the city and then winds its way through the valley, on out to the sea, which is only a comparatively short distance away. Canterbury was once a walled city and until about the latter part of the eighteenth century remained as it did centuries ago. There were originally six gates. The West gate is the only one remaining. It stands in the centre of one of the main streets. On either side of the gate are two round towers, with a stone passage-way leading from one tower to the other. These towers were once used for prisons, but now the lower part is only

used as a police station. The streets are very narrow and many of the buildings and houses are small and very ancient looking, quite as much so as many I saw in the old walled cities of York and Chester. In the evenings these thoroughfares are so crowded with pedestrians that many are compelled to take the centre of the streets. The Queen's lads were quite conspicuous with their gay uniforms, which seemed to attract the eye of the lassies, judging from the great number I saw holding on to the arms of these soldier lads.

In conversation with one of the Lancers on the street one evening, he informed me he had served his country for thirteen years. "My time is out now, but on the account of the war in South Africa, the government can hold me another twelve months, but when I once get out of it, you will never again catch me donning the Queen's uniform."

Our attention was attracted by a man and woman going along the street with a heavy cargo of strong drink. "That is a sad picture," I remarked.

"Yes, that is goin' a bit too far. I take a drink sometimes, and usually celebrate my birthday by having a good spree," he replied.

"You are a young man yet," I said, "and if you continue to celebrate your birthday in that way, possibly you will not pass very many more before you will be wishing you never had one. I have known lots of lads to have had that bitter experience."

"Oh, you are a teetotaller, I see," and agreed with me it was the only safe way, but during our conversation seemed to forget what my principles were and invited me to take a drink, and apologized when he recalled our previous talk on that line. My little tem-

perance lecture, I thought, had not taken very deep root.

"I have been waiting here some time for my sweetheart. She generally meets me here about this time," he said, and added: "As soon as I am through with army life I think I will tie up."

"A very wise thing for a young man to do, if he is fixed for it financially and gets the proper mate," I remarked.

"Here she comes, now," he said, as a neat, trim, little lass came jostling through the crowd, casting her eyes about, looking, I presume, for this lad. He excused himself and said as he was leaving: "I am glad to have had the talk with you. I will try and profit by it," and then joined the lass and the two were soon lost to sight in the crowd.

Many of the soldiers seemed to patronize the public houses, which are numerous. Canterbury is noted for its many churches and public houses. The latter seemed to have the largest following. There is a very large military barracks on the outskirts of the city in which were quartered several hundred soldiers. A gentleman in Belfast requested me to call at the barracks and make inquiry about a young lad formerly quartered there. On my way out I overtook one of the sergeants who, after giving me the desired information, engaged in conversation about his army life, in which I became very much interested.

"I joined the army as a teetotaller," he said, "and found it rather difficult to hold on to my principles amid the persecution I received, but I managed to stand firm."

"How do you find it now?" I inquired.



"Oh, there is a decided change for the better. While you may see many of the boys in the public houses, yet there are a great many of them who are teetotallers, and the number is steadily increasing," and then he added: "A few years ago we were sent to a very malarial district in India and my comrades said I would be certain to get the fever and die if I did not use spirits; but I did not take any and was the only one that escaped the fever, as I took good care of myself. After they recovered I asked them what their opinion was of total abstinence. 'Comrade,' they said, 'it is a good thing.'"

On going to the drill grounds I found the Lancers in the midst of their drill, which I watched with great interest. Their horses dashed across the drill grounds with great speed and the boys used their lances in a way that gave proof they were well drilled. One fellow, in teaching his horse to jump the artificial hedge fence, was thrown violently to the ground and I concluded his soldier life was ended; but to my surprise he sprang to his feet and mounted his animal and bounded away across the field and, on returning, the horse with the rider leaped over the fence with great ease. The raw recruits taxed me for sympathy. Some of them evidently were taking their first horseback ride. They would slide from the animal's neck to his tail with their eyes protruding, looking as though they either expected a trip to the hospital or the cemetery. Some of the officers drilling the lads did not possess an abundance of patience, for many times they tied expressions to their commands that were decidedly emphatic, but far from being elegant.

"What do you think of army life as far as you have

gone?" I asked a young fellow who had just gone through the ordeal.

"My word, if I was out of it they would have a great deal of trouble to again get me back."

In looking through their quarters, I found them very neat and comfortable; their rations were sufficient to keep their bones well covered. There were a number of the lads drilling whom, I was informed, were going to the front in a few days. In conversation with some of them after the drill I found them quite anxious to get to the scene of action. One fellow in a Kahki suit, who had been wounded and had recently returned, said: "Boys, it means lots of hardships to go to the front. Nevertheless, I should like to go back."

Several of the lads came out of the office, where they had just received their sentence for some misdemeanor. "What did you get?" one fellow inquired of a lad who was passing.

"Oh, six days," he replied, in a way that indicated he had not taken it to heart.

"Eh, Bill, what did they give you?" inquired another fellow.

"Bill" said, "I only got three days," which meant being confined in the barracks and doing extra duty.

In passing through the stables I stopped and had a chat with some of the lads who were burnishing up their harness. One of them was an exceptionally bright, intelligent fellow.

"My home is in New Zealand," he remarked, "but I had a desire to see the world and, not having the money to do it, took a position as stoker on a steamship and came over to England, and finally drifted to



Sheffield and there fell into bad company and got to drinking; but I soon found that would not do for me. I did not do that at home and concluded I ought to behave myself just as well when away, and made a change in my way of living," and added: "I enlisted a short time ago and so far am delighted with the life." This lad had a face that indicated that back of it was a strong character.

The boys presented quite a fine sight on the drill grounds with their different flashy uniforms, especially those wearing red coats and black trousers, and the "cherry pickers," as they are styled.

The hop gardens of Kent are worth a visit. There are a number of them in the vicinity of Canterbury, from which are gathered tons of this product. One day I walked out to one of these extensive gardens and watched the busy pickers for some time. One would think it was a family picnic. The old and young were there, and a great number of small carriages containing the new arrivals which were being cared for by the young members of the family who were not large enough to assist in picking. It is quite a sight to see the immense crowds coming from the gardens.

"Can I get some articles laundered?" I inquired of my friend, and after a fruitless effort, she said:

"It would be impossible, for every one is 'open.'"

One of the first places to which visitors find their way is the old Cathedral. It is a magnificent old edifice and gives proof that architects of centuries ago had excellent practical ideas. The principal entrance to the church-yard is through the arched gateway, erected in 1517. This cathedral contains several

chapels. In one of them once stood the magnificent shrine of St. Thomas a Beckett. It is said to have been built of stone to the height of about six feet and upwards. From this stone base it was made of timber, in which was a chest containing many relics belonging to St. Thomas a Beckett. The timber on the outside was plated with gold and damasked with gold wire, which gold ground was again covered with gold and jewels. There is no trace of this shrine remaining, but the spot where it stood is worn down by the press of the knees of pilgrims who for three centuries came to this place to offer oblations and prayers. For the past few years Catholic pilgrims have made annual pilgrimages to the cathedral. They were expecting the pilgrims a few days after my leaving the old town. I stood near the spot where St. Thomas a Beckett was cruelly murdered by four barons who came into the cathedral on the evening of December 29, 1170, armed with swords, and as the Archbishop and his attendants were ascending the stairway, one of the barons shouted, "Where is the traitor?"

There was no reply. "Where is the Archbishop?" he then inquired.

"Here I am?" said the Archbishop, "but here is no traitor. What do ye in the house of God with warlike weapons?" asked the Archbishop.

Then the barons called to him to absolve the bishops and, on his refusing to do so, they slew him with their swords. One of them, it is said, kicked his prostrated body, saying: "So perisheth a traitor."

One day in the cathedral I met a gentleman from Boston, Mass., and in company with him went to old St. Martin's Church, on the outskirts of the city.

It is said to be the first place of worship used by the British after their conversion from heathenism. It stands on a slight elevation, surrounded by an old graveyard. When Bertha, the daughter of Cherebert, king of Parasii, who was a Christian, married King Ethelbert, she requested him to allow her the free exercise of her religion, which he granted. When St. Augustine, accompanied by forty companions, came over on a mission to England in 596, they landed on the Isle of Thant. He sent a message to King Ethelbert, saying he had come from a distant country to open the gates of Heaven for the king and his subjects. On receiving it, the king sent back a favorable reply and appointed a place of meeting and when St. Augustine and his fellow-workers approached, bearing in front of them a silver cross and the portrait of Christ and chanting the litany, it made such a deep impression on the king that he listened with rapt attention to it and also the discourse given by St. Augustine. He was shortly after converted to Christianity and his example had such a powerful influence over the pagan priest and his subjects that 10,000 of them followed their priest to baptism and embraced Christianity. The sexton, showing us through this old church, called our attention to a finely sculptured stone baptismal fount, about three feet high, which traditionally was the one used at the baptism of King Ethelbert. Near the fount was the trace of a door which the sexton said was opened during the baptisms to allow the bad spirit to pass out of the candidate. If they were like many that live in the present age, there was a procession of them that filed through the little door. We were shown a sarcophagus that, it is

said, contains the dust of Queen Bertha. In the wall in front of the church, near the door, was a square aperture called the "peep hole" for lepers. Through it they were allowed to watch the service, but compelled to leave before it closed.

From this old historic church we walked out to the St. Nicholas Church and hospital at Harbledown, which is about a mile distant from the town. This hospital and church was founded by Archbishop Laurence in 1080 especially for lepers. The attendant, who was an old man, showed us a number of old relics. Some of them once belonged to St. Thomas a Beckett. There was an old oaken chest which the attendant said was 800 years old. There were pewter plates and cooking utensils once used by the lepers and many other old relics which dated back in the past. The old church, which stands on the opposite side, remains as it did centuries ago. One of the windows, which is 500 years old, is magnificent. It represents Ezekiel's vision. The rude, straight back seats were said to be 600 years old. As we wandered through the old edifice I fancied I could see those poor, afflicted ones sitting on those old benches listening to the story of Him who, in the days of His flesh, spake words of comfort and cheer and also healed many who were afflicted in like manner.

"How long since there were any cases of leprosy in the hospital?" we inquired.

"Not since the early part of the seventeenth century, which time it disappeared from England," he replied.

On returning from there we stopped at the Black

Prince's well, a place to which he resorted. His tomb is in the old Canterbury Cathedral.

FORDWICH.

One day we took the train and went to Sturry, a distance of two miles, and walked to Fordwich, a short distance from the former place, through which flows the River Stour. It is a very ancient town; some of the houses were several hundred years old. The most interesting place to me was the old town hall, which is 700 years old. The attendant, in taking us through the hall, pointed out to us some relics that were hundreds of years old.

"Here is an old oaken chest," she said, "that was supposed to have been made in the ninth century." It was in a fair state of preservation. "This is the old court room," she remarked, as we came into a large room containing many other relics, among them being a table 800 years old, and a curfew drum and a charter bearing the date of 1660. There was also a list of names of the mayors of this once prosperous little town dating from 1292 to 1884. "This room," she remarked, "is as it was centuries ago." As I stood with my hand resting on the rail of the prisoners' dock, imagined I could see the different characters who had received their sentences from judges that sat on the old bench long years ago. But the wheel of time had carried both judges and prisoners out to the great beyond. "This is the ducking chair," she said, pointing to an odd-looking wooden chair with a foot rest. The chair resembled a swing for a small child.

"What was that used for?" we asked.



"For scolding wives," she replied. The chair, she said, was attached to a crane standing on the wharf back of the hall. The unruly sister was strapped in the chair and swung out some distance and then dipped in the River Stour until they thought she had decided to control her tongue. Then she was taken out and placed in the "dripping loft" and left until her clothing dried.

When I climbed up the stairway and looked into the little room where had sat many disturbers of the peace of the domicile, I fancied I could see them sitting there fortifying themselves for another attack on the head of the house. If there was a penalty now of that kind for scolding wives, those who gave the unruly sisters their bath would be kept busy. Many of them, though, have just cause for scolding. If the lads who use their tongues freely in abusing their wives and also who frequently treat them to a thrashing were treated to a dip in the ducking chair, they might possibly be cured of their pugilistic tendencies. The ducking chair was also used for those charged with witchcraft. The same kind of superstition once existed in America. Many innocent people were charged with it and received a more severe penalty than the ducking chair. Any one reading the poem by Whittier, entitled "The Witch's Daughter," can form some idea of how far people carried their superstitious notions.

A few years ago in visiting the Court House at Salem, Mass., I saw a bottle containing pins with which, it was said, supposed witches perforated their victims. There was also a death warrant for a woman charged with witchcraft, giving her name. It read as follows: "Shall be hanged by the neck until dead and

buried," and, seeing the mistake, they had crossed off the word buried. America, as well as England, has arisen above superstition of that kind.

On coming out to the wharf we were interested in looking at the crane to which the chair, until recently, was attached. It was removed and placed in the hall after some mischievous lads had placed one of their companions in it and, not knowing just how to manipulate it, would have drowned the lad but for the timely assistance of some men who chanced to be passing.



## CHAPTER XXXIV.

## DOVER AND MARGATE, SEASIDE RESORTS.

DOVER is a seaside resort about sixteen miles from Canterbury. It is beautifully situated in a valley, on either side of which are two immense hills that extend out to the sea front, forming great bluffs. On one of these great hills, near the brow of the white cliffs, is an old castle, now used as a military post, and is garrisoned by several hundred soldiers. Near the castle is a church called St. Mary's-in-the-Castle. It was once a Roman building and was converted into a church during the Roman's possession of Britian. From this point one gets a splendid view of the town and surrounding country. In looking across the valley to the hill on the opposite side, I saw a detachment of soldiers making their way around the hill. As they climbed the winding, white, chalk road, dressed in their flashy red coats and black pants, and their guns glistening in the sunlight, they presented quite a fine picture. From this great hill of a clear day can be seen the faint outline of France on the opposite side of the English channel. This is the nearest point to France. There is a line of steamers plying between Dover and Calois. I was out on the long stone pier when one of the steamers landed. The old channel is like the Irish sea, easily disturbed, and she had treated the people badly. Some of them seemed to be about used up and were glad to again step on "terra firma."

Before leaving the old castle, I looked in on the soldiers. They were partaking of a good, substantial meal. I said to one of the lads who was from the "Old Sod:" "You seem to be enjoying yourself."

He said, as he sat in front of a huge plate of proven-der: "Sure, sir, this is how we stay in this old world, by keeping well filled."

One of the lads, who was not yet out of his teens, informed me that his father and brother were serving in the Queen's army. "Mother is a bit worried," he said, "to have us all away, but some one must defend the rights of our good, old Queen."

There is a beautiful park on the slope of the hill, at the entrance of which is an archway made of the jaw bones of a huge whale. The town has a fine sea front, along which are a number of large hotels. It is quite a busy little place. Its merchants seemed quite up to date and understood quite well how to gather in the shillings. A gentleman whom I asked for some information, after giving it, spent some time in showing me the points of interest in the old town. He proved to be a very fine fellow. He gave his name as Trotall. I remarked to him it would be a very appropriate name for myself, as I kept my feet moving about quite briskly over various parts of the country. They were improving the harbor which, when finished, they said would be one of the finest in the world. The entire day was spent in looking about this fine old town. The ride back to Canterbury was a very enjoyable one.

#### MARGATE.

One fine morning we took the train from Canterbury for this very old seaside resort, which was a com-

paratively short ride. The train ran down to Ramsgate, which is smaller but a more fashionable resort. The view of it from the station gave us some little idea of the beauty of the town. A few minutes' ride brought us to Margate. Upon coming out of the station to the sea front we saw a group of people on the beach being entertained by an amateur troupe who were playing the death of Cock Robin. They were being assisted by a number of children which they had gathered from the crowd. They were marching around the circle, carrying dilapidated looking stuffed birds and chanting the funeral dirge. The audience seemed to be delighted with the performance. We only tarried a short time at this point. It failed to interest us. I was of the same opinion as was the old colored woman who came into a business house one day where I was engaged. One of the clerks began guying her. She gave him a very significant look and said: "Didn't you know I was too old to play with rag babies?" I, too, had swept far beyond the age to be amused with an entertainment of that kind.

On the strand were a few bathing cars. They were not doing a very thriving business. Bathing did not seem to be quite as popular as in America. There was an absence of young people parading the beach, wearing very brief, flashy bathing suits, such as are seen at the American seaside resorts. We continued our walk along the sea front until we came to the pier which is 900 feet long. It was well filled with people, many of whom were listening to a brass band in the little pavilion playing some very fine airs. Most of the people were excursionists from London who

had come down in the steamers which were lying at the pier.

We noticed a man coming down toward the entrance of the pier, looking around in a very excited manner. Presently he espied three boys coming leisurely along. He hurried to them and said to one of the boys:

"Where have you been? We have searched everywhere for you," and finished his sentence by giving the boy a severe blow on the head. The other boys shyed off as if they expected to be treated in like manner. An old sailor who had witnessed the man administer the blow, said:

"Yo h'ought to be ashamed to hit a boy in that way."

"What's that your business? The boy belongs to me," the man replied.

"It matters not whether he's yours or not; you hit him again, and I'll give you the same kind of a dose," said the sailor, getting himself in a fighting attitude.

"Go on about your business. I'll do as I please with the lad." Just as they were getting up to the fighting point the steamer's whistle blew and the man and boys hurried away, the man getting the full benefit of the sailor's tongue. He dropped some sentences that were badly frayed out. The boy looked as though he would have enjoyed seeing the sailor neatly trim his father.

The ride from London on one of these steamers is an enjoyable one of a pleasant day, but when caught in a storm, which they frequently are, it's a most distressing one, as the sea tosses those boats about like a cork. While we were on the pier there was a large steamer

touched at the pier, making her daily excursion trip to Bologne, France.

Margate has a population of 20,000. The hotels and private houses are built of stone and the asphalt pavements give the town a very neat appearance. This is the principal seaside resort on the south coast. It is called London-by-the-Sea. There were crowds of the up-to-date lads and lassies promenading the fine walk along the sea front, evidently not listening to what the "sad sea waves were saying." In our walk through the town we came to a beautiful park, which was quite an ornament to the place. Some of the houses in one part of the town were very old. We left Margate well pleased with the day spent at another one of Old England's seaside resorts.

The following are brief sketches of some towns visited in England:

#### NEW-CASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

This is a manufacturing town with a population of 175,000. It is a noted ship-building place. The town is built on three hills on the River Tyne, nine and one-half miles from its mouth. Some of the residential portions of the city contain a number of splendid homes. It is a dingy city, made so by the great clouds of smoke that come from its many industries. I only spent a few hours in Newcastle, then hurried off to another point.

#### DURHAM.

This beautiful town, which stands on a hill almost surrounded by the River Wear, contains a large and

magnificent cathedral and castle. The latter was built by William the Conqueror. The cathedral stands on this high hill overlooking a beautiful valley through which winds the river. I climbed the winding stairway of the large dome and from the balcony had a view of the country for miles around. Tourists will find Durham an interesting point.

#### YORK.

This very ancient city has a population of 55,000, and is 191 miles from London. York is said to have been founded 983 B. C. In 150 A. D. it was a great Roman station. Here Emperor Severus died and Constantine the Great, it is said, was born here. Constantine's father died here in 307. In the Saxon era, York was noted for the baptism of Edwin of Northumbria by Panlunus. It afterward became the favorite capitol of the Danes, whose chief was defeated by Harold in 1066.

This is a walled city. They were built chiefly during the reign of Edward III. They have been restored quite often since. I walked around on top of the walls and came down a stone stairway leading to one of the old gates. In going through the quaint streets of the city I stopped and gazed about like a boy paying his first visit to the city. Especially so on coming to what is called the shambles. The houses on this very narrow, winding street are three stories and project from the first floor. One could almost touch the house on the opposite side from the third floor. King William's old palace, now used by the parish poor, and King James' old palace, used as a blind asylum,



and the merchants' Adventurer's Hall, which is 800 years old, and the York Minister, one of the finest cathedrals in England, are all places of great interest. The cathedral was completed in 1472. If the reader should visit Old England they will find the old city of York one of the most interesting points in that country.

#### CHESTER.

Chester is also a walled city and I greatly enjoyed a walk around the old walls. Many of the houses are quite as ancient looking as those I saw in York. There is also a magnificent cathedral here, which is well worth a visit.

#### NOTTINGHAM.

Is a busy city; stands on a rocky eminence near the River Trent. It is the principal place for the making of lace and hosiery in England. It has a population of nearly 300,000. My friend, Mr. Marwood, whom I met on the steamer on my trip across in 1894, sent me an invitation to spend a few days with him. The few days spent in that old city were thoroughly enjoyed.

#### WORCESTER.

Is another place in which I visited and in which I was greatly interested. The Royal Porcelain works and the old cathedral were the principal points of interest. I should like to have given the reader more elaborate description of these towns and cities, but space will not permit.



## LONDON.

While I greatly admired the many large and handsome buildings and splendid boulevards in Paris, and consider it one of the finest cities I have ever visited, yet historic old London has a charm about it for me that Paris or any other city has not. London is crowded with interest, and especially so for any lover of English history. One needs to spend considerable time in this wonderful city in order to see all the interesting points. When I came out of the St. Pancras station I found no difficulty in getting my bearings, for the old city seemed quite familiar to me, especially that part of it. I made my way to Bernard street, Russell Square, and was soon comfortably fixed away in the old home where I formerly lodged.

The children who had made the house ring with their merry shouts in previous years, had laid aside their toys and were packing their heads with useful knowledge. One of them had passed beyond her school days and, like many other hopeful lassies, was passing through the blissful stage of courtship, with a fair prospect of going on to the matrimonial stage in which, I understand, there is less of sentiment and far less poetry. This was a large apartment house in which there were people from different parts of the world, some of whom were in the great city on business and others "sight seeing."

One man and his wife were from my own native land and were full-fledged Yankees. A gentleman and two ladies were from Australia. There was also a very bright and interesting fellow from South Africa and he had also lived on the Island of St. Helena.



London Bridge.



Old St. Martin's Church, Canterbury, England.



Then there was a bright, genial young man from Wales, who was expecting in a short time to graduate at one of the colleges.

He said to me one day in speaking of his home: "My governor (referring to his father) died a few months ago and when he left us, nearly all the sunshine went out of my life. He was such a bright, sunny man. My life was bound up in his. I found it difficult to gather up the threads and go on with my studies." Then he added: "The 'governor' was one of the best lawyers (or barristers, as they are called) in our section of the country, and I am anxious to take his place if possible, but it will take hard plodding."

I thought there was good timber in that Welch lad. There was also a great, stalwart Englishman who had been living in one of the South Sea Islands for a number of years. He and his brother were engaged in business there.

"I am expecting to return soon," he said, "but I dread going back."

We soon learned that the principal reason was that his bachelor-heart had been pierced by cupid's dart, and, being somewhat advanced in life, it had handled him rather severely, which, I am told, is usually the case. He expressed himself as being very hopeful of soon coming again to London and joining hands with this fair daughter of Old England and returning with her to that far-off Island.

London was once a walled city and some parts of the old walls are still remaining. What is known as the city lies between Temple Bar on the west and Aldgate on the east, the Thames on the south and Smithfield and Finsbury Circus on the north. Boroughs

and villages have been added to it until now it covers an area of 700 square miles and has 6,600 miles of streets, and over 600,000 buildings and a population of nearly 6,000,000, made up of people from all parts of the world. In passing through the Italian quarters a few days after the assassination of the King of Italy, and seeing the great display of Italian flags tied with crepe, and hearing the people conversing in their own tongue, made me almost think I was in that sunny country.

In conversation with one of the policemen he informed me there were 700 city and 16,000 metropolitan policemen. This finely governed city can well boast of its splendid police service. They are men who thoroughly understand their business and are fine, obliging officers. I have never asked them for any information in their line but what they gave it to me cheerfully and in a very gentlemanly manner. They are not appointed because of any political opinion they may hold, but on their merits, and retain their position so long as they are faithful to duty, and when they are disabled are pensioned. Many of the public buildings are quite large and principally built of stone. In the residential portion of the city are long rows of houses, ranging from two to five stories high, usually built of dingy colored brick. They also have the tenement system, many of them being very large flats. There is an absence of the "Tower of Babel" style of buildings, such as are seen in most of our American cities.

A man in Dublin, one day, called my attention to a large building on Sackville street and said: "Do yeess have buildings the size of that in America?"



I smiled and said, "Oh, yes; we have them thirty stories high."

With a look of surprise he remarked: "Och, sure'n yees must shake hands with the clouds."

I found one of the best ways to see London was from the top of an omnibus. There are very many lines running to all parts of the city and suburbs, the fare being a penny a mile. Very many of the drivers are regular bureaus of information and take great pleasure in pointing out the places of interest to strangers sitting near them. I wondered how they managed to avoid a collision driving through the densely crowded streets, but they seem to thoroughly understand the art of driving through a small space.

The ride down the strand to Charing Cross and Trafalgar Square, Piccadilly Circus, to Hyde Park, is one that I always enjoyed, and also along Regent and Oxford streets, on either side of which are very many splendid shops.

One day I rode from Chelsea, which is some distance up the Thames, to the London Bridge, and from the top of the 'bus saw a good portion of the city. London Bridge is 918 feet long, built in 1825. It is a wonderful bridge from the fact of the great amount of traffic that passes over it. It is densely crowded all through the day. It is said there are 100,000 pedestrians and 20,000 vehicles that cross it daily.

"Where does this vast multitude come from?" I asked a gentleman one day.

"Oh, sir, from the different railway stations on the Surry side, and then, too, there is an immense population on that side of the river," he replied.

Frequently from this, and Black Friars, and Water-

loo Bridges men and women, with no light in the lantern of hope, throw themselves over into the swift flowing Thames and sink beneath its dark waters.

The Tower Bridge is comparatively new. It was opened to traffic with great pomp and show in the summer of 1894. The Prince of Wales took part in the programme. Not far from the London Bridge is the Old Tower of London, built on the banks of the Thames on the brow of Tower Hill. On this spot very many distinguished persons have met their death at the hands of the executor. Mr. Bailey says, in his history of the tower: "It was built about the time of Constantine the Great, and it is supposed to owe its origin to the Romans." It is also stated that it was the treasury of the mint of the Romans and the reason given by Doctor Mills for this assertion is that in laying the foundation for the new ordinance building the workmen discovered an ingot of silver with impressions of Roman characters and also several gold coins.

William the Conqueror built the famous white tower and during the time of William's two sons, William Rufus and Henry I, several important fortifications were added. This old tower has been used both as a royal residence and as a prison. Stephen is the first monarch that is mentioned as residing here. King John kept his court in the tower and made many additions to the fortifications. In 1215 the barons besieged it and King John was forced to make many concessions among others signing the Magna Charter, the photo of which I saw in the British Museum. During the reign of Mary, Lady Jane Grey was imprisoned here and finally was executed on Tower



Green. I stood on this spot where she and Ann Boelyn both met their death and afterward visited the old church in the tower where Lady Jane Grey was buried. I also visited the part called the Beauchamp tower where she and very many other prominent persons were confined as prisoners. As I passed through the different rooms where these men and women had languished, many of them innocent of any crime but simply the victims of the hatred of some crowned head or some one high in authority. I said to the gentleman with me: "We need to be glad we live in an age when such injustice and cruelty would not be tolerated."

On the walls were some very curious inscriptions and devices. Some I copied from my guide book, which read as follows:

"I. H. S. A passage perilous maketh the port pleasant.—Arthur Pool, A. D. 1568. As virtue maketh life, so sin causeth death.—Thomas Baudwin, July, 1585."

At the base of the windows is this inscription: "Learn to fear God," and below the inscription the monogram J. C. 1538.

It is supposed to have been some one connected with the Irish rebellion. There was an Italian inscription which had been translated: "Oh, unhappy man that I think myself to be." Another inscription: "I am waiting for liberty," dated 1587. "It is a reproach to be bound in the cause of sin, but to sustain the bonds of prison for the sake of Christ is the greatest glory."—Arundell, 26 of May, 1587.

Among the most noted prisoners confined in the tower have been King John of France, David Bruce

of Scotland, Archbishop Cranmer and Lord Russell. In the horse armory are ancient armors dating from 1272-1618. These were once worn by princes and nobles. In another department were trophies from Quebec, Malta, India and various other places. There were also very many very old relics, among them being the block on which Lord Lovatt was beheaded, and also the axe with which it was done. There were instruments of torture of different kinds, among them being the thumb screw. In the Jewel House are the crown jewels, valued at \$15,000,000. Among them was the late Queen Victoria's crown, containing 2,783 diamonds and a sapphire and ruby. The crown cost \$560,000. There were a number of other crowns, but none of them so costly and elaborate as Victoria's. The glass case containing the crown jewels was surrounded with an iron railing. William Penn, so honored in America, was born on Tower Hill.

A few minutes' walk brings one to old St. Paul's Cathedral, which shows the touch of time. As one looks at this edifice he concludes that Sir Christopher Wren, who built the cathedral in 1665-1700, had excellent ideas of architecture. It is a latin cross with a nave 500x118 feet, transept 250 feet. The height to the cross on the top of the dome is 404 feet. The cathedral is furnished with very plain seats, with a sprinkling of old fashioned rush-bottom chairs. The floors are of stone and, like all the cathedrals that I visited, had a cheerless appearance. In this cathedral are a number of monuments and tablets in memory of some of England's illustrious dead. In the crypt was Wellington's hearse, made of the cannons captured in the different battles in which he was engaged.

From the dome I had a splendid view of the city and the surrounding country.

I attended service at the cathedral several times and quite enjoyed it. Most of the service was rendered by the fine choir. The last service I attended there I listened to a most excellent sermon by one of the celebrated divines whose name I cannot recall. If each one of us who listened to that sermon would spin the threads of practical truth through our lives, that the clergyman passed out, our influence for good would be far-reaching.

The great Bank of England is in the vicinity of St. Paul's. I had occasion to go there one day, and saw gold in abundance. "But only with my eyes could I behold it."

The mansion house, which is a fine, old building, is also in this locality.

From here one soon finds his way to Cheap Side, a busy street with many handsome shops. It is generally so crowded that one finds it difficult to make his way along, especially so when the ladies are out in full force spending their shillings.

The old Bow Church stands on this street with its tower 235 feet high. Every one born within the sound of the Bow church bells are called "Cokneys." From this thoroughfare runs Bread street, where Milton, the great poet, was born; and Milk street, where Sir Thomas Moore first saw the light of day. Fleet street runs from near St. Paul's Cathedral to the Strand, passing Congregational Hall, on the site of the Fleet Prison, made famous by Dickens. One can scarcely put his feet down in London without stepping on historic ground. The Strand, which is also

a crowded street, leads to Charing Cross. At the Charing Cross railway station one can take a train to the south coast of England. Several times I patronized this road in going to Canterbury.

One day on coming into this station I inquired of one of the platform guards where I would find drinking water.

"In yon corner," he replied. But in going to "yon" corner I failed to find the desired article. Not wanting to begin the journey of sixty miles to Canterbury before slaking my thirst, I began to search diligently for the spring.

"The guard told me there was drinking water in this part of the station, but I can't find it," I said to a man standing near by.

"Oh, we don't drink much water over here," he remarked.

"So I have observed," I replied, and added: "I think it would be a fine thing if you drank more of it and less of something strong."

He said nothing, but gazed at me as if he regarded me as a curiosity.

I finally found some water in one of the private offices. I said to the man in charge: "I think your railroad companies have considerable to learn, and one of the most important is the comfort and convenience of their patrons," and further remarked: "Our railway stations are furnished with excellent drinking water, as well as our trains."

He said, with considerable meaning in his remark: "I think we can all learn something."

I presume he thought I might learn to hold my tongue a "bit more" steady, which possibly would be

a wise thing to do even in a place where water was scarce.

A few minutes' walk brings one to Trafalgar Square, which is one of the prettiest parts of that section of the city. A column, 177 feet high, in memory of Nelson, stands in the centre of the circle and near it is a beautiful fountain. On one side of the street opposite the square stands the old National Art Gallery, containing over 1,000 fine paintings, many being masterpieces of the artists of the long ago. This is one of the places that I found it difficult to leave.

Whitehall leads south to Whitehall Palace. It is a massive stone building which has quite an interesting history connected with it. Here is where Henry VIII spent most of his time and where he first met Anne Boelyn, and where he finally laid aside his royal robes and made his way out into the unseen world.. Milton and Cromwell are said to have resided here and the latter closed up his eventful life in this old palace. Near by is the famous Scotland yards, the police headquarters. I had occasion to go there one day to see one of the officers who was a relative of a friend of mine in America. It is an immense place. The headquarters of the Army Horse Guards is nearly opposite to Whitehall palace. The mounted guards at the entrance seemed like a piece of statuary, as neither the horse nor the rider seemed to move a muscle.

Only a short distance away stands the House of Parliament. It is a large structure, standing on the banks of the Thames, covering eight acres. It has eleven courts and 1,100 rooms. It was erected in 1840-1850 at a cost of \$15,000,000. Among the three large towers on the building is the clock tower, which

is 318 feet high. It has a huge clock dial, twenty-three feet across, and a bell called "Big Ben," weighing thirteen tons, which can be heard for a great distance. I have a very vivid recollection of hearing "Big Ben" ring out the hour of twelve the first night I spent in this great city. I was to meet some gentlemen at the Y. M. C. A. at Exeter Hall on the Strand, and stop at the same hotel with them. But through some misunderstanding they failed to materialize and I found myself at a very late hour without hotel accommodation. It being the night of the Derby races, when the hotels are usually crowded, I failed to find a place. The assistant secretary of the Y. M. C. A. directed me to the Newington Causeway Association and said he thought I might find shelter there as they had sleeping apartments. But on crossing the Waterloo bridge and after going that long distance on the Surry side, I failed to secure a bed.

It was a wild, stormy night and as the huge clock struck the midnight hour, I found myself in a rough part of this immense city not knowing where to go, with not only my clothing dampened, but also my spirits. I wandered along Newington Causeway, meeting many rough looking characters, but did not venture to ask of them any information. Finally I met a policeman who, when I inquired about hotel accommodation, took all the wind out of my dampened sails by informing me I was on the wrong side of the river for hotels. "There is not one short of London Bridge," he said, "which is a twenty minutes' walk."

On nearing that locality, I saw a young man with a traveling bag, conversing with a policeman and concluded at once that he, too, was seeking shelter.



As I drew near I overheard the officer say: "I can't tell you where to go. I have sent several men to both of those hotels (pointing to them across the way) and they came away saying they were crowded."

I informed him I, too, was in need of a place and, after some conversation about an Italian lodging house in the vicinity, he piloted the stranger and myself there. I had strong suspicions of the place as we stopped in front of the door and expressed it to the officer, but he assured us we would be safe. But I had serious doubts about my safety as I walked through that long, dark hallway and climbed the stairway to the second floor, where I bade the stranger good night. These doubts increased as I followed the Italian with his flickering penny dip along another dark hallway and then climbed another flight of stairs. Upon reaching my room and paying the required amount and getting the Italian off of my hands, I began to look over my "bundle" to see if I had it properly packed for the journey to the "Great Beyond," for I was not sure that death in some form was not lurking in that old, dingy looking lodging house. But the next morning when the sun peeped in the little, old fashioned windows, I found myself all intact, and soon made my way out to the street with my spirits in their normal condition, but my clothing exceedingly damp. On my return to London I had some curiosity to again see "Hotel de Italia," and one day crossed the London Bridge and made an effort to locate it. Failing to do so, I called at a little restaurant near where I thought it should be, and inquired of the proprietress if she knew of an Italian restaurant and



lodging house in that locality. She came to the door with me and said:

"It was where those new offices are."

In making some inquiry about the Italian, she said: "He was a bad man and had to leave that neighborhood," and the last she heard of him he was in prison. I thought there was some grounds for my suspicions of that Italian lodging house that stormy night.

Returning to the House of Parliament. It is open to visitors on Saturdays from 10 to 4, and any one visiting London will find it well worth a visit, and if they are as fortunate as I was in getting a pass to the House of Commons, I think will find themselves deeply interested in listening to English statesmen discussing various questions. I was reminded of my visit to our capitol at Washington, where I heard some of our great statesmen giving their opinions at great length as to what would be of benefit to our wonderful country. I greatly admire the interior of the House of Parliament. The House of Lords is 97x45 feet and has twelve beautiful stained windows and statues of the Magna Charter Barons. The House of Commons is 62x45 feet and is panelled with oak, and has also twelve stained windows. The Princes' Chamber, Upper Waiting Hall, Peers' Robbing Room, Victoria's Gallery and the Queen's Robbing Room are very richly frescoed.

Near by is the Westminster Bridge, from which we took one of the little, dingy steamers and rode up to the Kew Royal Botanical Gardens, containing plants and flowers of all countries. After spending some time in looking through this beautiful garden we rode on the top of a tram car to the old historic town of

Richmond, which was only a short distance from the Kew Gardens. Edward I built a palace here, and here Queen Elizabeth died. White Lodge is finely located here, where the present King Edward formerly resided.

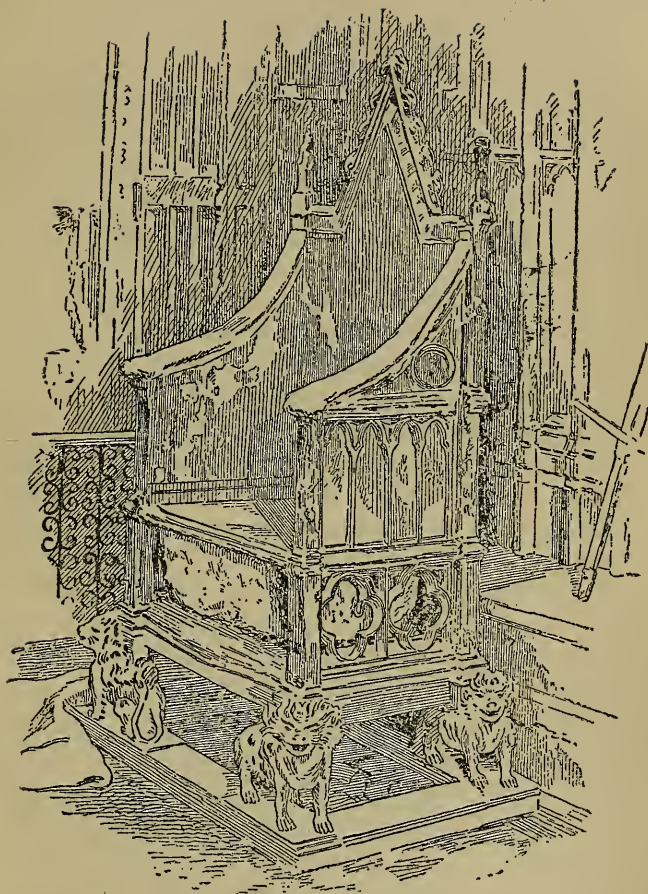
Just a few days previous to my visit to Richmond in 1894 the wee Prince made his appearance at White Lodge and gladdened the heart of the Duke of York and his good wife. I remembered how the daily papers heralded all abroad the advent of this little bundle of royalty who is in a direct line to the throne.

Westminster Abbey is one of the most interesting places that tourists have on their list. It was founded (on the site of a temple to Apollo) by the Saxon King, Sebert, in 616 for Benedictines. It was destroyed by the Danes and rebuilt by Edgar in 985 and Edward the Confessor in 1049. Henry VIII drove out the monks and Queen Mary restored them. Queen Elizabeth again scattered them. All the sovereigns since Harold have been crowned here.

The chair in which William and Mary were crowned is still in the old Abbey. Near it is the very ancient looking chair made for Edward I to enclose the famous stone of Scone. Tradition identifies this stone with the one that Jacob rested his head on at Bethel. Jacob's sons carried it to Egypt. From there it passed into Spain with King Gathelus, son of Cecrops, the builder of Athens. It was carried by Simon Brech, the Spanish king's son, to Ireland when he invaded that country. There it was placed on the sacred Hill of Tara and called the "Stone of Destiny." When the Irish kings sat on it at the coronations, it groaned aloud if the claimant was of royal race, and

remained quiet if he was a pretender. It was received into Scotland by Fergus, the founder of the Scottish monarchy, and one of the blood royal of Ireland. In 850 A. D., King Kenneth deposited it in the monastery at Scone. It was for centuries an object of veneration by the Scotch who fancied while it remained in their country their state would be unshaken. When Edward I invaded Scotland he seized the stone and carried it to England and placed it in Westminster Abbey in the year 1297. On this chair and stone all the sovereigns have since been crowned. This chair is covered with a cloth of gold during the coronation. I was inclined to be a wee bit skeptical about many things said of this old stone. Nevertheless, it has a wonderful history, even though there is considerable doubt about Jacob, the patriarch, resting his weary head on it at Bethel that eventful night that he was fleeing from his old home after deceiving his old father and robbing Esau of his blessing.

Westminster Abbey is 513x75 feet in area, and 102 feet high. The towers are 225 feet high. As one steps into this old edifice he finds it crowded with monuments of kings, heroes and scholars. The chapel of Henry VII, built in 1502, has nave, aisles and five chapels and 1,000 statues. Here are seen the tombs of Henry VII, James I, Mary Queen of Scots, Charles II, William and Mary, George of Denmark, Queen Ann, Dean Stanley and Queen Elizabeth. The chapel of St. Edward the Confessor has tombs of Henry V, Henry III, Queen Eleanor, Richard II, Edward the Confessor and Edward I. The latter died July 7, 1307. This account of him was on the tomb: "500 years after his burial, the tomb was opened and



CORONATION CHAIR.

his body found in a good state of preservation, having been embalmed. He was 6 feet, 2 inches. They styled him 'Long Shanks.' "

I thought as I looked at those old tombs containing the dust of royalty, that old death could chill royal blood as quickly as the so-called common kind. While I believe in honoring those in authority, yet I am inclined to think that the same blood that coursed through old Father Adam and Mother Eve is circulating through the veins of the whole human family, and that we are all made from the same piece of cloth, even though some may be cut more on the bias than others.

We attended service in this old edifice one Sunday evening. It was a very simple and impressive one. The sermon was interesting and packed with gospel truths. The large congregation joined heartily in the singing, especially so when they sang that beautiful hymn written by Cardinal Newman, "Lead Kindly Light."

Old St. Margret's Church stands under the shadow of the Westminster Abbey. It was built on the site of a church built by Edward the Confessor in 1064. The windows of this church are magnificent, especially the one representing the crucifixion. Milton's wife and Cromwell's mother are buried in this old church and the dust of Sir Walter Raleigh lies under the altar. This structure shows the mark of time.

Pall Mall is a splendid street, nearly a half mile in length, running west from Trafalgar Square, on either side of which are many magnificent club houses. The Marlborough House is on Pall Mall. It was built by Christopher Wren, the great builder of nearly three

centuries ago. It was one of the residences of the present king, Edward.

Near by is St. James' Palace, a brick building built by Henry VIII. It was the home of England's kings from 1691 to 1809. Queen Victoria was married in the chapel. I was very much interested in witnessing the guard mounting and listened with rapt attention at the music rendered by the excellent military band.

The Buckingham Palace is at the west end of the St. James' Park. This was the city residence of the late Queen Victoria. In the rear of this palace are large gardens, handsomely laid out. I sent one of my books written on my former trip through the British Isles to Her Majesty and received an acknowledgment of it from her through her private secretary, dated from Buckingham Palace.

Regent Park, with its 420 acres, is a densely populated district. In the grounds are the Zoological Gardens. I visited the Gardens one day with some friends who seemed bent on trying to see London in one day. They kept me on the move so that I did not see the Gardens as thoroughly as I desired. They did, however, give me a little more time at the monkey cage than elsewhere, the reason being they were more interested in those animals than the others. I scarcely think they believed sufficiently in the Darwinian theory to have been looking up their ancestry.

Hyde Park is another beautiful plot covering about 300 acres. It was laid out by Henry VIII. At the north entrance is a beautiful marble arch and at the southeast entrance Hyde Park corner, is another. At this entrance one can see many splendid teams and vehicles of various kinds coming in with people from





The Private Secretary is  
Commanded by The Queen to  
acknowledge the receipt of  
Mr. Charles J Butler's letter  
of the 2<sup>nd</sup> inst with the  
accompanying copy of his book,  
which he has sent for Her  
Majesty's acceptance.

15 December 1897

Privy Purse Office.  
Buckingham Palace. S.W.



the many large and magnificent homes in London. Rotten Row is near by and, although the name would suggest to one a row of dilapidated buildings, yet this is one of the most fashionable parts of the city. Many of the residents of this section represent high life in London. In passing one of the large Opera Houses one night, just as it was closing, I saw the elite coming out in great numbers, many of them attired in gorgeous style. Some of them had the appearance of having been the belles of society a score of years ago. They had managed, by considerable artificial fixing, to present a fairly youthful appearance in the glare of the electric lights. I noticed a man and woman whose faces indicated they had been in the old world long enough to be getting ready to celebrate their golden wedding, but who were attired in garments suitable for a couple just beginning life. However, I presume it is considered out of the line of a member of the order of Bachelors to be so observing.

The Victoria Embankment runs along the north bank of the Thames from the Black Friars to the Westminster Bridge, a distance of a mile. There are several beautiful little gardens along this walk and driveway. Cleopatra's Needle, the great Egyptian obelisk, stands along the embankment. In company with a friend, I took a stroll along the embankment one evening and stopped at one of the gardens and listened to some English airs by the band employed by the city.

"Were you ever in a London fog?" I have frequently been asked.

"Well, yes, and will not soon forget it," is my an-

swer. One day while looking through old Bunhill Field's Cemetery, on City Road, a dense fog suddenly settled down on the city, making it necessary, I thought, for one to have a chart and compass in order to get his bearings. It was of a yellowish cast and so dense that it almost seemed to shut out the light of day. I made my way over to the opposite side of the street to the City Road Wesleyan Chapel to spend the time until the fog lifted. In looking through this, the first Methodist Church ever built, the fog seemed to fill every nook and corner of the chapel. I soon found my breathing apparatus rather the worse for having to tussle with such an atmosphere.

"This is a fearful fog," I said to an old Londoner in the chapel.

"Eh, my word," he replied, "but this is light to some we 'ave," and added: "Sometimes it is so thick that all traffic has to stop, and I 'ave known people who 'ave not been able to find their way 'ome."

I was quite content to have simply a light fog after his description of a heavy one.

I spent some time in looking about this chapel, a place that is full of interest to every Methodist. It has been greatly improved the past few years. The magnificent marble columns were presented by the Methodist bodies of different countries. There were tables in memory of John and Charles Wesley and Dr. Adam Clark, Fletcher, Dr. Coke and many other prominent men of Methodism. The service is very ritualistic and I was informed it always had been so. I climbed the winding stairway of the pulpit and stood where John Wesley so often expounded the Word, and also saw the communion rail where he officiated.

This old edifice stands some distance back from the street, in the front and rear of which are the tombs of many of the early Methodists. John Wesley's and Dr. Adam Clark's tombs are in the rear. On either side of the chapel on the line of the street are two large dwellings. One is the manse and the other is John Wesley's old home. The latter is open to visitors. I rang the bell and was admitted by the lady attendant, who showed me through this house, which from my boyhood I desired to see. On the second floor were a number of relics that belonged to the Wesley's, among them being his mother's needle case and his last hymn book, candlesticks and his study chair. There was also an old pewter candlestick which has quite a history. One time he was attacked by brigands and had this candlestick with him and pointed it at the highwaymen. They, thinking it was a pistol, fled and his valuables were saved and in all probability his life. There was a large white china tea pot bearing this inscription:

"Be present at our table, Lord,  
Be here and everywhere adored;  
These creatures bless and grant that we  
May feast in Paradise with Thee."

This old relic was used at his tea meetings at the chapel. In many of the chapels the different denominations have tea and light refreshments for the Christian workers who do not wish to go home until after the evening service, and especially those living some distance. Several times when assisting the workers, I have remained and taken tea with them and quite enjoyed the company of those warm-hearted, earnest

Christians. When I entered the room where this good man closed his useful life, the picture of his death bed scene which hangs on the walls of so many homes and on which I looked with so much interest when a boy, came vividly before me. I fancied I could see the group of weeping friends standing around his bed and he, with clasped hands looking into their faces, and could hear him say: "The best of all is, God is with us." In the little room in the rear is where he resorted for prayer. In the corner of the room where he died was his bookcase containing a portion of his library, and an eight-day clock which was still telling the time.

Upon coming out of the house I found the fog had lifted, so I returned to the Bunhill Field. As I was entering the gate I met a colored man and woman who seemed to be attracting the attention of many of the passers-by.

"Excuse me, sir," I said to him; "are you from America?"

"We are," he replied; "and so are you. Your name is Butler, is it not?"

"That is the name I am proud to own, sir," I said.

"I told my wife when I saw you coming that I knew you."

"I have no recollection of ever meeting you before."

"Why, sir, you sang a piece, entitled 'Old Jordan's Waves,' at our church at Asbury Park, N. J., when I was stationed there."

I finally remembered the man and the circumstance.

"How long have you been on this side of the Atlantic?" I inquired.

"Several months," he answered, and added: "We

are on our way to South Africa to engage in mission work, but the war broke out and we have been detained here in London, but I think we will soon leave for that far-off land."

I presume now they are there, pointing out the homeward path to those benighted people.

In my wanderings through the cemetery I came to the tomb of the illustrious John Bunyan. The monument erected to his memory was a large granite block, on the top of which was a recumbent figure of this good man. The grave of Daniel De Foe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," is not far away. Susanna Wesley, the mother of John and Charles Wesley, and Dr. Isaac Watts are buried here. I copied some very quaint epitaphs in this cemetery, some of which will be found on the page of epitaphs. An Englishman sitting beside me in an omnibus said to me, as some Americans were leaving the 'bus: "London is full of Yakees."

"Yes," I replied, "there are hundreds of them here."

"I can always tell a Yankee, especially the women," he said, "for they usually have a bundle of guide books and carry a little leather bag at their side," and added: "They are great women. They seem so independent. They don't mind going about without an escort."

"Well, this is characteristic of them," I replied. "One reason," I said, "why there are so many Americans here this summer is on account of the world's convention of the society of Christian Endeavor."

"Oh, that is something I know little about," he replied in a way that led me to think he was not interested in their line of work. I think the Englishman left the 'bus without the least suspicion I was an Amer-

ican. The year or more spent on the British Isles I presume I lost some of the Yankee twang and the "guessing and calculating," as they style it.

The world's convention of the Society of Christian Endeavor was to have been held at the Crystal Palace, but through some misunderstanding the committee failed to get it, and at a very late date secured the Alexander Palace. It is situated in a beautiful park of 300 acres, overlooking the city. There is also an artificial lake covering about five acres, which adds greatly to the beauty of the park. The buildings are quite large, especially the Central Hall. Meeting one of the Irish delegates from Belfast, he requested me to meet him and a number of other delegates that evening at the Irish headquarters at the palace. In company with a friend, I took one of the many crowded suburban trains and rode out to the park. On entering the main hall we found it finely decorated with flags and mottoes of various kinds. There was a small audience gathered near the stage, listening to a young lady render a solo. We thought, of course, it was a Christian Endeavorer and that it was a preparatory meeting. At the base of the stage was this motto in very large letters: "Thy Kingdom Come." On returning from the Irish headquarters to this hall, we were led to quickly change our minds in reference to the character of the meeting. The young woman did not prove to be a Christian Endeavorer, but was endeavoring to demonstrate to the little audience how near the ceiling she could send one of her feet and at the same time steady herself with the other. They said she was giving the skirt dance, but I've concluded that whatever the performance might be, it was



not very conducive to helping on the kingdom referred to on the motto at the base of the stage. We soon discovered the waiters were passing out an article to the thirsty customers that would not be approved of by the White Ribbon sisters.

"You should have known what kind of a place you were taking me to," said my friend to me.

I took his reproof meekly and hurried away with him to the city. The convention did not commence until Saturday morning, July 14th, and the company holding forth at the palace were not supposed to vacate until after their performance on the previous evening.

The convention commenced in the Central Hall with an organ recital by A. J. Hawkins, of the City Temple, of which Dr. Parker is pastor, after which the welcome meeting was held, presided over by Rev. J. D. Lamont, chairman of the National British Council, Rev. W. McNight giving the address of welcome. The responses were by Mrs. Dr. Clark and J. Willis Baer, of America; Canon Richardson, of Canada, and Catherine Barbour, of Spain, and a number of others from different countries.

In the Royal Albert Hall a musical service was given, conducted by the Rev. Carey Bonnar. The chairman of the welcome meeting in this hall was Rev. F. B. Meyer, president of the British National Union. He is one of the choice spirits of this age. I heard him at the Belfast Y. M. C. A. give a most excellent discourse on "The grain of mustard seed." He has recently been in America on a brief evangelistic tour. The address was by J. Brown Morgan. The responses by Rev. F. E. Clark, D.D., Rev. W.



Patterson, of Canada, Rev. Bleeker, of Germany, and Rev. Carlos Arango, of Spain.

On Sunday morning we helped swell the immense crowd that filled the City Temple and listened to a very able sermon by the Rev. Dr. Parker. One of the many things he said that impressed me was this: "If we take our little cross and place it beside the great tree of Calvary, it is as nothing compared to it." This eminent divine held the attention of that large congregation for over an hour. He has a preaching service in the Temple every Thursday morning, and the congregation is usually very large. Among those who took part in the meetings the following week at the Palace were: Rev. John Edgar, of Glasgow; Rev. Charles Jordan, of Calcutta; Rev. Charles Bright, of Australia; Rev. W. H. Stapleton, of Yakusa, Upper Congo; J. J. White, of China; Rev. Silas Mead, L.L. B., of Harley College, and the Rev. Henry Montgomery, of Belfast, a man whose influence for good is far-reaching; Rev. Alex. Walters, of Jersey, N. Y.; Rev. W. L. Watkinson, President of the Wesleyan Conference, and the Rev. John McNeill, the Scotch evangelist, who conducted the evangelistic service.

"My mother and father," he said, "were Christian Endeavorers back in their day. When they were first married they established the family altar and as they gathered about it joined in singing and each took their turns praying. Neither of them could scarcely sing a note, but endeavored to sing the best they could until God sent them along six little singers. I am one of them and if you should want to clear this hall you would only have to call on me to sing a solo."

I also heard him at a meeting at Belfast the winter

previous and was amused as well as greatly helped by his quaint remarks. Lady Somerset was on the program for an address, but could not be present, which was a great disappointment to the people, especially to the American delegates, many of whom were anxious to hear this excellent woman. I had the pleasure of listening to Rev. Canon Barker, chaplain to the late Queen Victoria. I also listened to Rev. Frances E. Clark, D.D., of Portland, Maine, founder of the Society of Christian Endeavor. In the summer of 1898 I visited his church in Portland, Me., and was in the little room where he organized this society, little thinking, I presume, that it would widen and spread until it would belt the entire globe and in a few years after that little meeting that men and women would gather from all parts of the world to mingle their voices in songs of praise and prayer to Him whose grace is free to all mankind. The Rev. Dr. Parker also took part in some of the meetings and Rev. Robt. Veitch, of Liverpool; Rev. O. Davies, of Rochdale, Eng.; Rev. Hanley Moule, D.D., of Cambridge; Rev. S. M. Campbell, of Chicago, and the Rev. Floyd Tompkins, one of Philadelphia's able and earnest Episcopal clergymen, who, by his plain, practical gospel sermons and simple methods, is doing a vast amount of good.

At one of the workers' meetings I listened to a very helpful talk by the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, author of "In His Steps." The cantata, entitled "Comrades," given in the Great Central Hall, conducted by the Rev. Carey Bonnar, was listened to by a large and appreciative audience. It was rendered by a large adult choir, assisted by 1,000 Junior Endeavorers,

and 100 choristers from Dr. Spurgeon's Stockwell Orphanage and 100 boys from Dr. Barnado's Home. The remarks by the Bishop of London at one of the meetings were excellent and to the point. Rev. Hugh Price Hughes was also on the program. He is engaged with Rev. Mark Guy Pearce in a mission held in St. James' Hall at Piccadilly. I attended their services on my previous visit to London and also was at the service the last Sunday evening I spent in the great city.

In the Palace Park grounds were a number of small tents in which many of the male delegates were quartered. There were also several large tents in which services were held. I attended one of the closing services held in one of these tents. At the roll call, when the different countries were called, the delegates representing them arose and sang a hymn. The Irish delegates sang "Ireland for Christ." The Germans responded heartily with a hymn that few understood, but we enjoyed the melody. The English sang that beautiful old hymn written by Dr. Isaac Watts:

"When I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of Glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride."

The American delegates joined in singing, "There is a fountain filled with blood." I met a very interesting young man who was a delegate from Cairo, Egypt. He had been in that far-off country as a missionary. His home was in the town of F, New York state. He was enroute for America for a short visit and then expected to return again to his field of labor.

"What are you doing here?" said a man to me as he touched me on the shoulder. To my surprise it was Rev. R. R. P—, whom I had known from my boyhood. In reply to his question I said:

"I have been on this side of old ocean so long that I feel as though I have almost become part and parcel of the Queen's subjects." However, I was greatly pleased to hail him and many others from my native land, and especially one of my friends from Lewiston, Me., who, with a number of others from the old Pine Tree State, were delegates to this great convention.

#### THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

This interesting place was only a few minutes' walk from my lodgings and I went so often that many times on leaving the house some one would ask: "Going to the British Museum to-day?"

Sometimes my answer would be: "Well, not to-day; I have another place on my program," but before the day closed I would find my way there and wander about looking at the many old relics of centuries ago. It contains one of the grandest collections in the world. There are Elgin marbles from Athenia and Parthenon and hundreds of Greek and Roman sculptures and statuary and Reliefs from Babylon, Ninevah and Nimrod. There are six rooms full of Egyptian antiquities of the Flint, Celtic, Roman and Saxon and Mediaeval ages in England, and also vast collection in zoology. The library contains over 10,000 volumes. In the Roman and Greek departments there were many things in which I became intensely interested, among them being some stones from the great

theatre of Ephesus inscribed with "Bequest C Vibius Salutarus, A. D. 104." Also wall stones from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, inscribed with grants of citizenship and other honors to benefactors of Ephesus. There was a Greek inscription from Thessalonica containing names of certain Politarchs, an uncommon title accurately quoted by St. Luke, Acts 17: 6-8. I was unable to read the various inscriptions, yet was interested in them because of their wonderful history.

Among the busts was one of Homer, Julius Caesar and Nero; also a statue of Apollo as a player on the lyre from Cyrene. There were many sarcophagii, on the lids of which were painted many curious designs. There were slabs from Athens with various designs, some of them representing deities. There were a large number of Egyptian relics, covering a period from B. C. 3,600 to A. D. 350, among them being a cast of Rameses II, who was king of Egypt B. C. 1333. There was also a cast of the statue of Kephren, who was king of Egypt B. C. 3666. There were mummies of many of the prominent men and women of Egypt who lived hundreds of years before the birth of Christ. In the Assyrian and Babylonian department were stamped bricks with different inscriptions found in the palaces and other buildings of Babylonia and Assyrian kings, beginning with Dungi, king of Babylon, B. C. 2500; old gate sockets and boundary stones were among the relics, B. C. 4500. There were hard stone cylinders with inscriptions. One of them was marked with the translation which read as follows: "I am Darius, the great king." I thought as I read it that men far back in the days of Darius had

imaginary large heads. A cylinder of Nebuchadnezzar II, king of Babylon with an account of building walls and temple, B. C. 604. Also five cylinders inscribed with a summary of the wars of the early years of the reign of Sennacherib, B. C. 681-705. One also with the account of the siege and capture of Jerusalem and defeat of Hezekiah, king of Judea. One inscribed with the annals of Esarhaddon, B. C. 668-681, and recording the submission of Manasseh, king of Judea. There were a number of glass bowls and vases and various articles from Nimrod; the most important was a small glass vase inscribed with the name of Sargon, 705-722 B. C. There was a cylinder of Cyrus giving an account of the capture of Babylon, B. C. 539.

Among the very interesting relics I saw was a Roman slave badge. These were hung around the neck of the slave with a brass ring with an inscription as warrant for the arrest of the slave if he ran away. This read as follows:

"Keep me and do not let me run away, and bring me back to my master, Vivintus, on the estate of Cal-litus."

Among the clay tables was one said to have been an inscription of Tiglath-Pilsur III, king of Assyria, 727-745 B. C., recording his conquest and building operations among the different kings, among them being Ahaz, king of Judah. Tiglath-Pilsur was known among the Hebrews by his Babylonian name, "Pul," mentioned in 2d Kings 15:19. The cast of the inscription of the pool of Siloam, B. C. 700, I regarded with great interest. The inscription was cut out of the conduit which filled the pool. It states that



when the excavations began to work at the ends and met in the centre that the miners when separated by a distance of three cubits heard each other's voices and hewed away with their picks until the water flowed from the spring to the pool.

There was a cast of the Phenician inscription of the Moabite stone. The stone was about three feet by ten. The monument about B. C. 900. It gives an account of the war of Mesha, king of Moab, against Omri, Ahab, and other kings of Israel, reference 2 Kings, 4:4; 2 Kings, 4:25. There were also fragments of clay tablets inscribed with a part of the Assyrian account of the creation. This was from the library of Assur-Ban-Pal, king of Assyria, B. C. 668-626 at Nineveh.

I spent considerable time in the manuscript room, in which were specimens of ancient and illuminated manuscripts and autographs, letters and literary works and charters and seals. There was a complete set of seventy-two impressions of the seals from Edward the Confessor to Queen Victoria. Also the photo of the Magna Charter by King John, dated at Runnymede, June 15, 1215, A. D., also an original Bull of Pope Leo X, conferring on Henry VIII the title of Defender of the Faith, dated at Rome October 11, 1521, and signed by the Pope and many of the cardinals. It was damaged by fire in 1731. A double roll containing the Pentateuch in Hebrew, written on goat skin. In one of the glass cases there was a great number of autographs of the kings and queens and prominent men of the past ages. There was a notice for the education of Henry VI in 1432, also a letter from Edward VI and his Council confirming the use of the



common prayer book in 1549. Letters from Lady Jane Gray, 1553, proclamation of Queen Elizabeth, papers relating to the trial and execution of Mary, Queen of Scots. Also the manuscript of George Fox, the Quaker, on Old Testament texts; the autobiography of Richard Baxter, the non-conformist; the manuscript of Whitfield on the separation of the Methodist Church from the Church of England; an original copy of Thomas Grey's Elegy (1750) of "The Country Church-yard." There was also an autograph letter of Martin Luther on Cromwell's zeal for the cause of Christ, in 1536; Thomas Cranmer on the royal permission for buying and reading the English Bible in England, 1537; autographs of many of the English sovereigns—Richard II, 1397; Henry IV, 1406; Henry V, 1419; Henry VI, 1437; Edward IV, 1472; Edward V, 1483; Henry VII, 1500; Henry VIII, thanking Cardinal Woolsey for his public labors; a letter from Queen Anne Boleyn, 1530, thanking Cardinal Woolsey for bringing about her marriage to Henry VIII. She did not feel so grateful to the Cardinal after she had lived with Henry a short time, especially so when she stood on Tower Green about to be beheaded; Queen Mary, 1554; Queen Elizabeth, 1576; James I, 1623; Charles I, 1644; Charles II, 1672; James II, 1685; Queen Mary II, 1690; Queen Anne, 1705; George I, 1717; George II, 1759; George III, 1760; George IV, 1820. Also the autograph of Queen Victoria, penciled when she was four years old, in 1823. There were also many letters from statesmen and military men from 1530 to 1884, among them being John Bright and Gladstone. The latter was born 1804; died 1898. There

was a letter from Lord Nelson, written two days before the great battle of Trafalgar. One from Queen Victoria to Miss Gordon, thanking her for a Bible she presented to the Queen which belonged to her brother, General Gordon. The following is a letter written by Oliver Cromwell to his wife, Elizabeth:

"I praise the Lord I am increased in strength in my outward man, but that will not satisfy me, except I get a heart to love and serve my Heavenly Father better and get more of this light of His countenance which is better than life, and more power over my corruptions. Mind poor Betty of the Lord's great mercy. Oh, I desire her not only to seek the Lord in her necessity but in deed and in truth to turn to the Lord and keep close to Him."

(Signed) Oliver Cromwell.

Edinburgh, April 12, 1651.

There were many cases containing a great number of very old and finely bound books, among them in the Greek manuscript being the Gospel lessons of the tenth century, with miniature of the four evangelists in colors on gold ground. There were also some of the earliest specimens of music, printed in different countries, one of them being a singing book, entitled "Pleasant Companion," published in 1688 by John Playford.

In the gold room were a number of very costly relics, among them being a papal ring belonging to Pope Pius II, 1458, A. D.; a magnificent snuff box presented by one of the Popes to Napoleon in 1797. There was a watch belonging to Oliver Cromwell, and a snuff box presented by Napoleon to a friend. It was set with twenty-eight stones, and Queen Eliza-

beth's prayer book in gold case. There was a collection of gold pins and napkin-rings and various other beautiful articles that dated back to 700 B. C. There was also a gold signet ring that once belonged to Mary, Queen of Scots.

I found it difficult to tear myself away from the British Museum as well as from the South Kensington, which also contains many interesting relics.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

## A VISIT TO THE SLUMS OF LONDON.

ON My former visit to London, I only paid a very hurried visit to its slum districts, of which I have heard and read so much; but this time I visited the very worst parts where could be seen hundreds of human wrecks. It differs, however, very little from the slums of any other city, only that in this immense city it covers a wider scope. One Sabbath, after attending service at a little Baptist Church near where I lodged, I walked to the Whitechapel district. In passing along Old street, from which run a number of small thoroughfares, I saw a motly crowd gathered around a house in one of the streets. The young people seemed to be having a gala time. They were showering confetti over each other very profusely.

"What is the cause of all this merriment?" I inquired of a hard looking man, holding up one corner of a public house.

"Oh, there's to be a weddin' in yon 'ouse," he said.

Presently a marine came along and turned down this street. "That's the lad that's goin' to be married," said the man.

As soon as the crowd saw the marine, they shouted, "Give it to him!" and they completely covered him with this fancy, fine cut paper which they were using as a substitute for rice. He beat a hasty retreat into the little house, after which the crowd amused themselves with sprinkling each other with the confetti.

The public house on the corner did a thriving business, the women apparently being the best customers. They entered the same door with the men. They have no "ladies' entrance" at the public houses. The vast majority of these places have bar maids, many of them being very fine looking girls.

In the little while I stood there I not only saw the aged cross the threshold of that door, but young men and women and children. All through the British Isles the public houses are open at certain hours on Sundays and in the evening from about 7 o'clock until 11. They are densely crowded with both sexes and of all ages. Men take their wives and children into these places and stand at the bar and pass the little tots strong drink. While standing in front of a public house I saw a mother giving her little ones drink. One can quite understand the secret of the drink habit being so prevalent in the British Isles. The temperance element framed a bill to prohibit the sale of strong drink to children, but I understood before leaving England, it had been frozen out by those who care more for the filthy lucre than for the salvation of the little ones.

A little farther along Old street, I came to the Old Street Parrish Church, the entrance being on a side street. In front of the church was another crowd. My curiosity led me to turn down this small street and learn the cause of the gathering. I was informed by a lad of whom I inquired that they were "waitin' for a weddin' party." I found myself in the midst of rather a rough looking class of people. One old woman had her Sunday marketing in her soiled apron. She

gazed intently up the street and seemed to be anxious for the appearance of the "weddin' party."

"My word, it must be near time they were comin'," she said to another old sister near by.

"Eh, 'ere it comes now," she remarked, as this same sailor boy turned into this small street, followed by a number of young people who were decorating him with the confetti. He passed into the church and remained until he heard the rumbling of the carriage wheels which was bringing the bride and the best man. He was in readiness to escort her into the church as soon as she alighted from the vehicle. They passed in, followed by many of the crowd.

"Are you goin' to stay until the weddin' party comes hout?" said a tall, gaunt woman, accompanied by a young man and woman, to this old sister with the marketing.

"Yes," she replied, "I'm goin' to see it 'hover.'"

"She's a fool to be marryin' that lad and be goin' away on a long cruise to-morrow," said the tall woman.

"Eh, well she'll be gettin' his money and that's all she be wantin'."

"Say, we're goin' over to the 'pub' for a drink," said the tall woman; "wait till we come back." By the look the old woman gave the trio, it would not have taken a very pressing invitation for her to have joined them. After slaking their thirst they joined this "old body" again and carried on a very amusing conversation.

On my way along Old street I came to another old church, surrounded by a graveyard, which they had utilized for a square. On the seats among the old

tombs there were some of the most wretched looking people that one could find. There were old men and women, badly wrecked and just ready to sink, and also the middle aged, being battered about on the rocks and fast going to pieces and the young who had recently stranded. As I looked at that sad picture I wondered what could be done to save the oncoming tide of humanity from meeting the same fate. One woman had taken advantage of a hydrant near by and had her washing hanging on the churchyard fence. One hard looking character seemed to regard me as an intruder and struck a fighting attitude as I was passing her. A sharp look from me caused her to drop back a few feet. It occurred to me I had better seek more congenial company and passed out of the yard, followed by this old, modern Jezebel, who breathed out threatenings against me.

A short distance from the church I met a number of women who had utilized their aprons and tattered dresses for market baskets. I was curious to know where they were coming from with their marketing, but a few minutes' walk brought me to what is known as "Petticoat Lane," and one would think it properly named as he saw the great number of those articles lying on the sidewalk for sale. It is a narrow street and on either side were barrows with fruit and vegetables, while on the pavements were spread out a miscellaneous line of goods. There was second-handed clothing in abundance. Some of it had the appearance of being fourth-handed, or even beyond that. The centre of the street was densely packed with men and women, most of whom were badly frayed out.



"Is this Petticoat Lane?" I inquired of a policeman who stood at the entrance of this street.

"This is what is called Petticoat Lane, but that is not the proper name," he replied.

"Well," I said, "I have often heard of it, but the half was never told. I never witnessed anything like this on the Sabbath."

"It is a disgrace to our city and something should be done to make these people observe the Sabbath," he remarked.

"Do you think it would be safe to go through to the farther end of the street?" I inquired.

"You will run the risk of losing your valuables. Very often people are robbed going through," he said. I concluded not to take the risk, and was content to see the sights from a distance.

A young man from one of the rural districts in England was telling me that he, in company with a friend, was going through Petticoat Lane one day and seeing a pair of trousers hanging at one of the shop doors, marked with the price which he considered cheap, he said to the proprietor: "I'll take those."

"Will you try them on?" said this descendant of Jacob.

"No; they are the size I require," he replied.

The man took them inside and in a few minutes came out with a bundle and received his seven shillings, and the lad walked away with his supposed bargain. On his arrival home, he said to his folks:

"I have saved a few shillings to-day on a purchase I made." On opening the bundle to his great surprise and the amusement of the family, he found a pair of

boys' knee breeches very badly worn. This verdant lad had been "salted" down in fine style by "Solomon."

In further conversation with the policeman he informed me there was another section a short distance away equally as bad.

"It may be a little late to see very much now, as their business is usually over by this time," he said.

"How will I reach there?" I inquired.

"Go straight down yon street and take the third turning on the left," he replied.

In following his direction "the third turning on the left" brought me into one of the worst parts of White-chapel. On either side of this narrow street were men and women that his Satanic Majesty had battered and bruised until there did not seem to be a particle of good timber left. When I was about half-way through this street I began to be very much concerned about the safety of Butler. There were several fellows who looked as though they were of the same stripe as some of whom I have read of in this district. They cast some very threatening glances in my direction, which caused me to think they had some idea of coming across the street to divest me of my Sunday raiment. My eyes were steadily fixed on these lads, and at the same time I kept my feet moving rapidly in the direction of two policemen standing at the corner of the street.

"This is a very rough locality," I remarked to one of the officers.

"Eh, but you are in the worst part of London," he said. "All about here are low lodging houses and the occupants are the very lowest type." Then he

added: "We never think of going through here alone."

"I felt rather uncomfortable as I came through that street," I said.

"Well you might, for if you had not been a big fellow and have kept your eye on them, they would have given you trouble," he replied. There were two men and a woman on the opposite side of the street that I thought would soon need the attention of these officers.

In calling their attention to them, I said: "You would have some trouble in handling that trio."

"My word, we would, especially with the woman. They give more trouble than the men," he replied.

"That has been characteristic of the sex since Mother Eve behaved so badly," I said. The opinion of a bachelor is, after years of observation, that women can rise higher and sink lower than men.

A few minutes' walk from where I left the policeman brought me into another small street where the people, like those in Petticoat Lane, had either lost their calendar or had forgotten the commandment in reference to the Sabbath. The little shops, as well as the lads with their barrows with fruit and vegetables, were doing a thriving business. In passing down the centre of the street I overtook a very rustic looking man and boy taking in the sights of the city.

"This is a bad section of the city," I remarked to the man in passing.

"Eh, my word, but it's a knocker," he replied in broad English. "But say," he added, "it's a cheap place to get a dinner. We just got hall we could heat for a sixpence. I'll show you the place if you like."

"Thank you," I replied, "I will not take the time to stop now." I should have had to wait a long time to have had edge enough on my appetite to have hidden anything away in one of those little, dingy restaurants. We passed a barrow on which were sliced watermelon. It was the first I had seen since leaving America as they are not grown in the British Isles. They have a melon which they get from Spain and the South of France which they consider very fine, but it was rather insipid to my taste, being accustomed to the luscious red melon grown in many of the states.

"What's that stuff?" said the man.

"It's watermelon," I replied.

"My word, but I never saw it before. It's a queer lot," he said.

I left my rustic acquaintance and his boy still looking at the sights and made my way back to Russel Square, not soon to forget my visit to the slums.

One Sunday afternoon in company with Mr. Hall, of Waterville, Maine, I visited a large mission school in Spitalfields, which joins the Whitechapel district. This mission is under the direction of the Society of Friends and was organized by them many years ago. They have accomplished a vast amount of good in that district. There was a very large attendance, and most of the scholars were neatly clad and gave strict attention to the speaker. At the close of the session the superintendent took us through some of the small streets in the vicinity. When the children saw him coming they ran up to him, some taking him by the hand and others laid hold on his coat tail and expressed themselves as being glad to see him.

"There will be a very odd little fellow come out of

one of these houses when he hears the tumult," said the superintendent. "You will smile when you see how he is dressed."

We did more than smile when we saw this odd little bundle of humanity come bounding out of the house wearing a queer looking cap with a faded union jack tied about his neck and a huge pair of trousers, held up on one side by a string which he had utilized for a suspender and which was shortened so that the trousers also answered for a shirt. He began jumping backwards and shouted the name of the superintendent.

"That is the way that little fellow always greets me," said the superintendent. "He is a bright boy and with proper training would make a fine man."

The parents of the children showed profound respect for this gentleman and his fellow-worker. One of the mission workers was a friend of mine and a nephew of Rev. Chas. Bowden, who also was interested in that mission when a young man. His mother, who was an influential member of the Society of Friends, could go into any part of that district without fear of being molested.

#### SOME OF THE LONDON MARKETS.

The Smithfield meat market is the largest in the world. It is on the grounds once used for the revels, miracle plays and tournaments of Bartholomew fair, and later for the martyrdom of "Bloody Mary" and Elizabeth. As one walks through this immense market, which covers three and a half acres under roof, and sees the great quantity of meat, he wonders how

they manage to dispose of it. But the six millions of Londoners and heavy sprinkling of Yankees with keen edges on their appetites, soon clear the old market. The vast majority of the cattle is shipped from our own great stock raising country. The Covent Garden, flower and vegetable market, is well worth a visit. Several times I have gone through this market on my way to Maiden Lane to call at the business house of a friend formerly of America. One day I stopped in this market and watched a number of women hulling walnuts. They used their fingers dexterously. Standing near me was a rough looking fellow in company with a woman that matched him nicely. He was trying to guy the women but they could use their tongues as rapidly as their fingers and passed him out the ready change. One of the women called to the woman with this fellow and said:

"Say, Liz, con't you come down here and do a bit of work?"

"Eh, but Liz con't work," the man replied.

"She can pick 'ops in Kent," called out another woman.

"She con't even do that," he said, "but she can drink what is made of the 'ops," and added: "Con't you Liz?" She assented with a nod and joined in the laugh with the hullers. He turned to me and said:

"Con't you give me a threpenc or so to get coffee for these old gals? They have been workin' since early this mornin'." I did not contribute anything, for I thought that he and his companion and many of the "old gals" had the appearance of taking something stronger than coffee. I remained watching the "old gals" until some of them began passing out re-



marks to me that were badly frayed out and I thought it wise to beat a hasty retreat.

The Billingsgate fish market is also considered the largest fish market in the world. One would think so, as he passes through this place and sees the great quantities of fish of various kinds that are unloaded daily from the steamers near by. I watched with interest the men wearing odd looking leather hats on which they carried the large trays of fish. I saw immense quantities of shrimp. Baked shrimp seemed to be a favorite dish with many of the Londoners. I did not acquire an appetite for them or the cockles that I have sometimes had set before me. The crabs are of extraordinary size. One of the fish mongers gave me the shell of one of them which I brought home with me.

"Does Mr. S— live here?" I inquired of a woman at the door of a house in East London.

"No, sir," was her reply, "and it must be sometime since he did, for we have lived here for several years."

"Well, I have a message for him from friends in America and this is the address they gave me," I said.

"They may be able to give some account of him at yon grocery shop, for they have lived in this locality many years," she replied. It occurred to me if the proprietor was as old as the shop appeared to be, he could tell me of those that lived in that neighborhood a century ago. There was a woman attending the shop who proved to be a regular bureau of information. She not only gave me the gentleman's address, but also of other relatives of my friends in America. In directing me she said in broad English: "Go to the



bottom of yon street and take the first turning on the left."

I found my way to the number given and knocked at the door of this home. It was answered by a very refined little woman who, on learning my errand, invited me in to await the coming of her husband. On entering the parlor I was introduced to her daughter and son-in-law who were persons with whom one could at once feel at home. When her husband arrived and he learned there was a Yankee in the parlor with a message from America, he was not long in making his appearance and listened with rapt attention as I talked of the friends far away.

"Uncle left London many years ago, when I was a little boy, but I have heard father and mother speak of him so often, I have always kept up my interest in him and his family," he remarked.

"Were you ever through the Thames Subway?" he inquired as I was about leaving.

"No," I replied, "but should be pleased to go through."

"My son-in-law and I will accompany you if you wish to go home that way," he said. We walked down along the great East India docks and to several other places of interest and finally took seats on top of a 'bus and rode through the subway. It was walled up for some distance from the entrance. It was very brilliantly lighted by electricity which had a very fine effect on the light colored glazed brick arch. One could scarcely realize he was down beneath the river Thames on whose bosom were sailing crafts of various kinds. I concluded if anything gave way above we would receive our final shower bath.

On coming out of the subway we rode down through Greenwich which is also a very old and historic place. There is a very large hospital here for aged and disabled seamen of the royal navy. It is built on the site of the old palace where Henry VIII was born and where he and Anne Boelyn joined hands in matrimony. Edward VI died in this old palace. We saw a number of old weather-beaten marines who, from their appearance, had given the good old Queen excellent service. When we reached the point where I was to take a 'bus for Westminster, the gentleman said: "Before you go I would like to take you through this old church."

I readily consented for I was always interested in visiting these old edifices. After spending some time with them in looking through this church and graveyard with its many ancient tombs, I bade them adieu and seated myself on the top of another 'bus and was soon making my way to Westminster. We were delayed some time in waiting for a parade to pass, of which I had a good view from my lofty seat. A man sitting beside me began a conversation with me, through which he wove many threads of complaint.

"The tide of misfortune," he said, "has swept me over on the hard side of life and but for my good wife and children I would soon end the whole thing." I did my best to induce him to relight the "Lantern of Hope" by telling him of the better life.

"Oh, sir, that subject is as dark to me as midnight," he said in a sad tone of voice.

"It was to me at one time," I replied.

"I wish I could think as you do," he remarked, as he was leaving the 'bus.

From the Westminster Bridge I walked to my lodgings at Russel Square. It was a long walk, but it gave me an opportunity of seeing something of London life by gas light. What a variety of characters swept along the crowded thoroughfares. Some attired in clothing of the latest style, bedecked with flashy diamonds, and others whose taste or purse did not call for anything quite so loud, and others who, if they had seen better days, had been carried by some strong current to a stage where even common clothing was a scarcity. One day as I wended my way through the different sections of the city I made a note of some of the odd names of the streets. St. Mary's Axe, Bull's Head Passage, Hounds' Ditch, Stoney Lane, Black Gravel Lane, Harrow Alley, Brushfield Street, Acorn Street, Skinner Street, Spital Square, White Lion Street, Plough Yard, Curtain Street, Puddin Lane, Pie Corner, Milk Street, Bread Street, Love Lane, Threadneedle Street. It amused me one day as we came to what is called the Elephant and Castle on the Surry side to hear the conductor shout in the door with his broad English accent, "Elephant and Costle." Many of the districts have peculiar names. One of them was "Mother Shipton." The streets of London are not laid out with any regularity and strangers have some difficulty in finding their way about.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

## MY TRIP TO PARIS.

IT was on the eve of the August bank holiday when I returned from Dublin to London. While many of the Londoners had arranged for a day's plesure in and around the city, I had planned a trip to Paris. But, alas, when the day dawned the sun was hidden by dark, lowering clouds and the wind was blowing fiercely. In a short time the clouds shook great sheets of water down over the city which was swept by the wind in all directions until one found an umbrella a useless article. My trip to Paris had been postponed from time to time and now I found myself with only a few remaining days previous to sailing for home and, in order to return in time for the steamer, was obliged to go that evening. The English channel, I was quite sure, was greatly disturbed, for it, like the Irish sea, is easily excited, which I had just crossed. But rather than leave for America without seeing Paris, which I had always heard spoken of as the finest city in the world, I concluded to undergo the severe pummeling that I was sure I would receive from this old body of water. When the storm abated "a wee bit" I turned my steps toward Cook's office at Ludgate Circus to purchase my ticket.

On my way I passed a lady and gentleman whom, at a glance, I knew were Americans, and I wondered from what part of Uncle Sam's great country they hailed. Shortly after my arrival at the office, they



A TYPICAL FRENCH TOWN.

Sketched by Chas. K. Wood, of I land Heights, N. J., in 1897.

entered. She came up to me and said: "This is Mr. Butler, is it not?"

"It is," I replied, "but you have the advantage of me."

Just then the gentleman stepped up and said: "This is Mr. and Mrs. D—, and reside in the same city in which you do and I have frequently seen you."

Although I had no recollection of ever seeing their faces before, yet I was wonderfully pleased to meet this excellent man and his wife whom I have since come to know. They were the only ones I had met from my city during my absence of fourteen months. In making some inquiry about the accommodation on the steamer of the clerk in the office, he said:

"Take my advice and buy a first class ticket, for you will need the very best this evening for comfort."

"Do you think it will be very bad, crossing?" I inquired.

"I should not care to be crossing," he replied. His remark rather unsettled me, but I soon dismissed the thought of abandoning the trip. On going to the reading room connected with the office, which seemed to be one of the headquarters for Americans, I said to a young man who had several American papers gathered about him: "Is there a Philadelphia paper among those?"

"No, sir," he replied, "but here is a London paper. I should think that was low enough for you."

"Oh," I said, "I presume you are from New York."

"No, I am from California," he replied.

"I was not aware that Philadelphia's reputation for slowness was so far reaching," and added: "She may not keep pace with her tall sisters, New York and Chi-



cago, along some lines, but for beauty and comfortable homes cannot be excelled."

The storm was raging with renewed force and the small streets in the section I passed through to shorten my distance to Russell Square were filled with men and women who were celebrating bank holiday in fine style. While the elements had dampened the exterior, many of them had moistened the interior with "'alf and 'alf." The publicans were well satisfied with the state of the weather, for the shillings that would have otherwise gone into the coffers of the railroad and seamboat companies were dropped into their tills. Among the drenched pieces of humanity on one of these streets were three women who had imbibed an article that made them rather hilarious. Two of them were elderly women and the other was middle-aged. The latter would break out and sing a song, then vary it with a song and dance. The other two old dames would gather up their mud-besprinkled dresses and join in the hop.

A young woman of respectable appearance came up to one of the elderly women and said: "Mother, come home."

"Eh, child, leave your mother alone. We are h'out for a good time," said the younger woman. The daughter seemed to be quite ashamed of her mother's conduct and finally left the trio. They started down the street with locked arms. One of them held an old umbrella over them. It was so full of rents that it rendered them but little service. As I stood on the corner of one of those streets and saw the crowds pouring into the public houses and then later on, in going to the station and meeting very many of the pa-



trons of these places, I concluded the publicans were the principal ones that were benefitted by bank holiday, especially so if it proved to be a stormy day. If England does not soon use some measure to stay the tide of intemperance, she will become a nation of drunkards.

Sitting in front of me in the omnibus on my way to London Bridge station, where I was to take the train for New Haven, was a little, hen-pecked looking man and a woman of considerable size. He wagged his tongue at a very rapid rate and she tried to quiet him, but failed. She gave him a sharp look and said: "Hauld yer tongue."

He replied in broad English, "Eh, h'old woman; it's bank 'oliday and I'm h'out for a good time."

She scowled at him and again bade him be quiet. That look, I presume, would have been sufficient to have quieted the old lad but for the heavy cargo of "alf and 'alf" he had imbibed.

"Hold woman," he said, in a way that amused the passengers and caused a faint smile to play over the face of his old woman, "ye may quiet a man's tongue but ye con't never get a woman's still." But the opinion of the passengers was that she was having as much trouble with her loquacious old lad as she would with one of her own sex.

At the station I engaged in conversation with two young men who informed me they were from Waterbury, Connecticut, and were en route for Paris, and the following Saturday were to embark for New York from Cherbourg on the St. Louis.

"You will have me for a fellow passenger, if the old channel does not treat me too roughly," I remarked,

"This is a wild storm in which to cross," said one of them, "but there is nothing to do but to face it."

Near us were two women and a boy. We soon learned the boy was a Yankee. In conversation with him he informed us he was from New York and was in company with his mother and aunt. The latter lived in Cork, and they were all on their way to Paris.

"Do yees think it will be bad goin' over to-night?" she inquired, and when I informed her I thought it would, there was a look took possession of her face that I read as wishing she was in Cork. We were soon hurrying away to New Haven and on our arrival found the storm even more severe than when we left London. The wind was sighing through the rigging, making a very hideous sound, and as a louder blast swept over the craft a desire took hold of me to step ashore. The table was in readiness for the hungry passengers, but most of them were in the same frame of mind we were and did not lay in an extra stock for Neptune. Three Irish fellows secured berths near us. One of them was full of wit and fun and kept his companions in a roar of laughter.

"Och, sure, we'll get a batterin' to-night," he remarked, and added: "I'll give the captain a pound note if he'll make me unconscious until I get to France."

"You will be very conscious before reaching there," I replied. Just previous to leaving the wharf, one of the waiters removed everything that was breakable and fastened the dead lights securely. Then evidently believing we would be liberal to Neptune, he presented us with what I styled "individual contribution boxes."

"You need not leave one with me," I remarked.

"I shall not contribute anything this evening to the cause."

"Just keep it, sir; you'll be needin' it before the voyage is h'over," he replied.

When he gave the witty Irish fellow his contribution box he said, in a way that made us all laugh heartily: "Take that away and bring me a barrel."

His berth was just above mine and I remarked to him: "Don't be too free with your decorations; remember the tall Yankee below."

He leaned over the side of his berth and said: "I pity ye."

Only a short time after our steamer left the wharf I joined my fellow passengers in an acrobatic exhibition. Our craft rolled over on her side and went down until my tall form was perpendicular. As I saw my feet far above my head and we still descending, I thought I would much rather be using my feet walking the streets of London than to be gazing at them in the top of the berth, and I regretted very much that they had carried me to Cook's office. In spite of my serious thoughts and very sober feelings, I laughed as our ship righted herself and I caught sight of the countenance of a man sitting on a sofa near my berth. He evidently found no poetry in that song, entitled "A life on the Ocean Wave." In a short time he led off in a solo which was followed by a chorus, in which all the passengers joined. There were many discordant notes, but there were no critics present. One of the Yankees, whose berth was beside mine, said very faintly: "Neighbor, how are you making out?"

"Oh, I am busy extracting the juice of a lemon and still holding my own," I replied.

"Oh, my, this is dreadful; I wish I was ashore."

"I think I shall have to pay my respects to Neptune," said his brother, and he did it with groanings that were uttered loudly. The Irish lads had ceased to pass out their Irish wit and were engaged in looking over their accounts. When my "partner in distress" beside me again asked the question as to my condition, my answer was not so favorable as at first. The lemon had slipped from my grasp and in my attempt to secure it, lost my balance and laid violent hands on my little "contribution box" and "lifted up my voice and cried aloud and spared not." It amused me very much as I saw the Yankee near me making a great effort to be generous.

"Oh, my, I wish I had a glass of water," he said.

"Call the steward. He will get it for you," I replied.

"Oh, I can't," he replied faintly.

"Well, I have a second-handed lemon rolling about in my berth; will you have it?"

"Oh, I'll take anything," was his answer.

In my attempt to do the good Samaritan act, another fit of generosity took possession of me and this time I gave until I felt it keenly.

The Yankee called out and said, "I shall have to be carried out on a stretcher to-morrow morning. If I ever get back to America I shall remain there." But when the morning dawned and we found ourselves in the quiet harbor of Dieppe, he sprang from his berth and without any assistance hurried ashore. Someone

remarked to one of the ladies that the ship had struck something.

"Oh, I hope she has and goes down," was her reply. Upon coming on deck I met the two Irish women and the boy.

"How did you make out last night?" I inquired.

The woman from Cork said: "Make out? Why, I niver put in such a night in me life. I wouldn't come agin for twinty pounds."

If I was caught again in such a storm I thought I would loose "twinty pounds" in avoirdupois. The sailors said they never experienced such a severe storm. The English papers stated "That Britain's sons usually ruled the waves, but in the fearful storm of last night the waves ruled them." I remarked to the lads that some of Uncle Sam's boys were badly treated. We learned on landing that our steamer was the only one that left England for France and only one left there for England, and that our voyage was attended with great danger.

#### EN ROUTE TO PARIS.

At the restaurant at Dieppe we had some difficulty in making the waiters understand our wants, but after getting a light breakfast they had no trouble in fixing the price for our scant meal. Dieppe is a summer resort and is a town of considerable size. The houses were built principally of light colored stone. There is an old castle, built in 1433, and a very ancient church called St. Jacques, who was patron saint of fishermen.

We had very little time to see much of the old town,

The train was in readiness near the landing to convey us to Paris. In further conversation with the Irish fellows, I learned that two of them were the nephews of a Belfast friend and that I had met one of the members of their family at their uncle's home. They invited me to accompany them to Paris, as did the Yankees. We passed through a very pretty section of the country where my attention was attracted by the many little vegetable farms. There were long narrow strips of various kinds of vegetables growing, which we all considered a very odd way of farming. There was also an absence of fences. The train stopped at several towns and villages, the names of which the guard called, but we made no attempt to repeat the name. There were none of us who had made a study of French, and if we had, might have been like many others who, when they came to put it to a practical use in France, found their French quite different from what is spoken there. We passed through quite a portion of the city before reaching the station. It reminded me of Brussels, which is said to be Paris on a small scale. When I came out into the streets of Paris it was with a different feeling than when I visited Antwerp and Brussels. There I was entirely alone and had very little use for my tongue, for I could not be understood only by motions. When I attempted to talk with the people they would elevate their hands and shake their heads and pass on, leaving me wondering what I should do.

At the station we took a 'bus and rode out to Cook's hotel, near the Exhibition grounds. It was a long ride, but it afforded us an opportunity of seeing the city.

"Look at those Frenchmen scowling at us," said one of the Irish fellows. "They have no love for English speaking people and especially the English."

There was a strong feeling against England, and many of the French papers bitterly denounced the Queen and her government. The cartoon of the Queen in the papers were a very great insult to the English people.

There were a great many Americans at the hotel, and as I gathered with them in and around the reading room and heard their "Yankee twang," it seemed I had suddenly dropped down in America. They were from the various parts of the United States, but I felt akin to all of them. There is a kindred feeling seems to take possession of one as he meets one of Uncle Sam's subjects in a distant land, and when he sees the Stars and Stripes flung to the breeze, he feels inclined to stand under Old Glory and sing the "Star Spangled Banner."

When we came out of the hotel grounds on our way to the Exposition, we were besieged by women and men selling souvenirs and exhibition tickets. These tickets we purchased at a very low figure. As we only expected to remain a short time in Paris, we passed through the Exposition very hurriedly. The grounds were beautifully laid out and there were many fine large buildings. The Exhibition was quite similar to others I had attended, but I was quite interested in looking at the products of the different countries, artistically arranged, and the latest improved machinery and various kinds of exhibits that were placed beside those of the long ago. In passing some Americans, I overheard them say "Our World's Fair at



Chicago far surpassed this." As I did not attend that Fair at Chicago, I was not able to make any comparisons. When I discovered the Stars and Stripes I said to the Irish lads: "That department will interest me." They were also greatly interested in the products of our wonderful country and especially so in the agricultural department, where there was a fine display. They regarded the Indian corn on the cob a curiosity, having never seen it in that form.

"There are two Yankees," I remarked as a gentleman and lady approached us.

"Do you think so?" one of the lads replied.

"Yes, and I will soon demonstrate it to you." When they came over where we were standing, I said to them:

"Excuse me, but I think I can hail you as my fellow countryman, as I am a native of America."

"Indeed you can, sir, and we are proud of our dear old country," he replied.

"I told these young men when I saw you coming into the department you were Americans." The little woman looked up into my face and said in a very emphatic manner:

"Yes, we are Americans from the crown of our heads to the soles of our feet, and from the soles of our feet to the crown of our heads, and we will be glad to again see home."

"In what part of the country do you live?" I inquired.

"Kingston, N. Y.," he replied. "We sail for New York on Saturday on the St. Louis."

To my surprise, when I went to my stateroom on the St. Louis, I found this same little man I met at the

Exposition was to be one of my room-mates. He proved to be a very excellent man and before we landed in New York I had added to my list of friends he and his good wife.

"My, but you Yankees do rave over your country and flag," said one of the Irish lads.

"Well, I can't describe to you the feeling that takes possession of every true American when he catches sight of Old Glory or speaks of his country. Your love for Old Ireland and the Union Jack will give you some idea," I replied.

We spent the greater part of the day in the Exposition and in the evening visited the Kaffir village and the Transvaal building. As we walked through the miniature streets of the village and peeped into the little huts and saw the Kaffars living as they do in their far-off country, one could almost imagine himself there. In passing one of these little huts we saw one of the women reclining on a rude looking bed, puffing on a pipe, and near her was a little bundle of unbleached humanity, having the appearance of being a new arrival. One of the young Kaffirs, wearing a white robe, spoke to me in broken English. I stopped and had a brief conversation with him. Just before leaving him, he said:

"Me a Christian. A missionary came to Africa; he tell me about Christ."

Before leaving the building we concluded the begging qualities of the women and children had reached perfection. The childrens' clothing was made of very scant patterns. We climbed the stairway leading to the Transvaal building. There were a company of men and women giving an exhibition of Boer life.

As we came near the stand on which were seated the band, composed principally of men from the Transvaal, they scowled at us and made remarks to each other.

"They think we are English," I remarked.

"Sure, if they find out we are Irish, they will scowl more than ever," said one of the lads, "for the Irish soldiers have done them lots of damage in South Africa."

We seemed to be about the only English speaking people in the building. The lads became interested in another part of the building and I remained near the stand. During the intermission some of the members of the band came over near me and as I turned around quickly, caught one of them making war-like gestures.

"Do you speak English?" I inquired of one of them.

"Some little," he replied in broken English. "What country are you from?" he asked.

"I am from America," I replied. His countenance quickly changed and he said with a smile:

"That is the country. The Americans are our friends. Our band is expecting to go over there some time soon," and added: "When we saw you fellows, we thought you were English and had no use for you."

"We saw by your countenance you were not pleased with our company," I replied.

"No, we want nothing to do with the English," he said. I did not tell them the three fellows with me were fresh from the Old Sod. A young man engaged in conversation with me who informed me that he was engaged with this company during the Exhibition and said his home was in New York, but he had left there

several years ago with a theatrical troupe and had been "knocking" about ever since. He was a very intelligent fellow.

"You are not filling the niche for which you were intended," I said to him.

"I am aware of that, sir," he replied. "Many times I think I will return home and try to get a good situation and make something of myself." I left him hoping his resolutions were made of lasting material.

The following day the Irish chaps went to a point near Paris and I sallied forth to the city, as I was to leave that evening for London. In riding through the city on top of one of the trams, I met a gentleman from America who had been living in Paris for some time. He gave me some points of interest about the city and on coming to one of the magnificent boulevards, he said:

"If you get off here you will find several interesting places in this section."

A few minutes' walk along this beautiful thoroughfare brought me to one of the public buildings. It was a massive structure, having the appearance of being built for a century.

"What building is this?" I inquired of several persons, but the only answer I received was the shrug of their shoulders and the lifting of their hands. I soon found my tongue was a useless member in the midst of my French brothers and sisters. After a hurried visit to this building I came out on to one of the business centres where there were many elegant stores. Upon entering one of the stores to make a purchase I prepared myself to make my wants known by signs,

but to my great surprise the young lady asked me in English, "What do you wish?"

My wanderings brought me to an immense church called St. Magdalene. It is said to be one of the finest edifices in Paris. There was a funeral service being held in the church, which I witnessed. It was some prominent person, judging from the great concourse of people and service. There was a procession of priests marching around the remains, chanting the funeral ceremony. There were floral designs in abundance, so much so that when the coffin was placed in the hearse, they hung some of the designs on the outside. After the service I was interested in looking about this massive structure. On the grand altar is the assumption in white marble and also a painting of Magdalene at the feet of Christ. In the colonnade are niches containing figures of saints. This church is 330 feet by 130 feet. On the bronzed doors are subjects from the Old Testament. In a part of the city which seemed to be very old there was a very quaint market. In passing the stores, I seemed to attract the attention of the odd-looking market people and their customers. They evidently took me for an Englishman, for their looks were not of a very friendly kind. Their love for their neighbors across the channel has never been very warm and recently it seems to have been greatly chilled for reasons best known to themselves. In going down one of the large boulevards I came to a seat arranged in front of one of the large stores. A lady and little boy took a seat beside me and began a conversation in English.

"Excuse me," I said, "but I am glad to hear some one speaking English."

"Yes, I am from Old England," she replied, "and I am proud of it. I am very indignant at two Frenchmen in yonder store. They thought I did not understand French and made some very insulting remarks about me being English. I gave them a piece of my mind."

If she was as fluent in French as she was in her own language, there was a small chance of the Frenchmen defending themselves.

"They have insulted our dear old Queen and behaved very badly to us as a nation," she further remarked. "If they keep on we will have to thrash them."

It occurred to me if the people were all in the same frame of mind as was this woman, it would not be long before there would be the smoke of battle seen on the English channel. A short walk from this point brought me to the English and American quarters, in which were many large and handsome stores. The familiar names on the signs gave me rather a home-like feeling.

On my way to the Exposition I called at a restaurant to look after the wants of the inner man. Not one of the waiters could understand English and my knowledge of French consisted of just two words, and they were not such as would give them any light as to what I wished. Not until I had used my index finger several times in pointing to some articles of food did I succeed in getting the edge taken off of my appetite. On coming into the Exposition grounds at another point I had a better idea of them and greatly admired their beauty. While in the Art Gallery I met a young German who proved to be a very interesting fellow.

In the course of our conversation he informed me he had been living in London for some time, but was on his way back to Germany to serve in the army the required time to retain his citizenship. He talked very enthusiastically of his country and said he wondered why England and America were not more closely allied to Germany.

"Well," I replied, "England and America speak the same language and are practically our own people, and you know you can get closer in feelings to one of whom you can express yourself."

"Well, I suppose that is the reason," he said.

"You seem to be alone. I would be glad to have you accompany me through the Exhibition."

"I should enjoy it all the more having company," he replied.

On coming to one of the refreshment stands we saw a large glass vessel in which was a tempting looking drink. Seeing the lemons floating on the surface I thought it was something in my line and invited him to take a glass with me.

"No thank you," he said; "I don't care for it."

Neither did I when I took one sip, which I quickly got rid of.

"What sort of a drink is that," I asked.

He laughed and said, "It is a concoction of licorice and lemon."

My taste was not French enough to again call for that beverage. We came to another refreshment stand and called for milk. He understood French and inquired the price. When the girl informed him he turned to me and giving the amount, said:

"You surely will not pay that much for it?"



"Well, we must have it," I replied; "but tell her we could almost buy the cow in America for that."

There was a look of contempt on her face as she said: "And in England, too."

After he had interpreted her remark, he said: "They charge you Americans and English people a great deal more than the people of the continent."

The afternoon was spent very pleasantly with this bright, intelligent German.

I met the Irish fellows again and we took tea together at a restaurant near Cook's hotel. "This is strange kind of meat," I remarked to the lads.

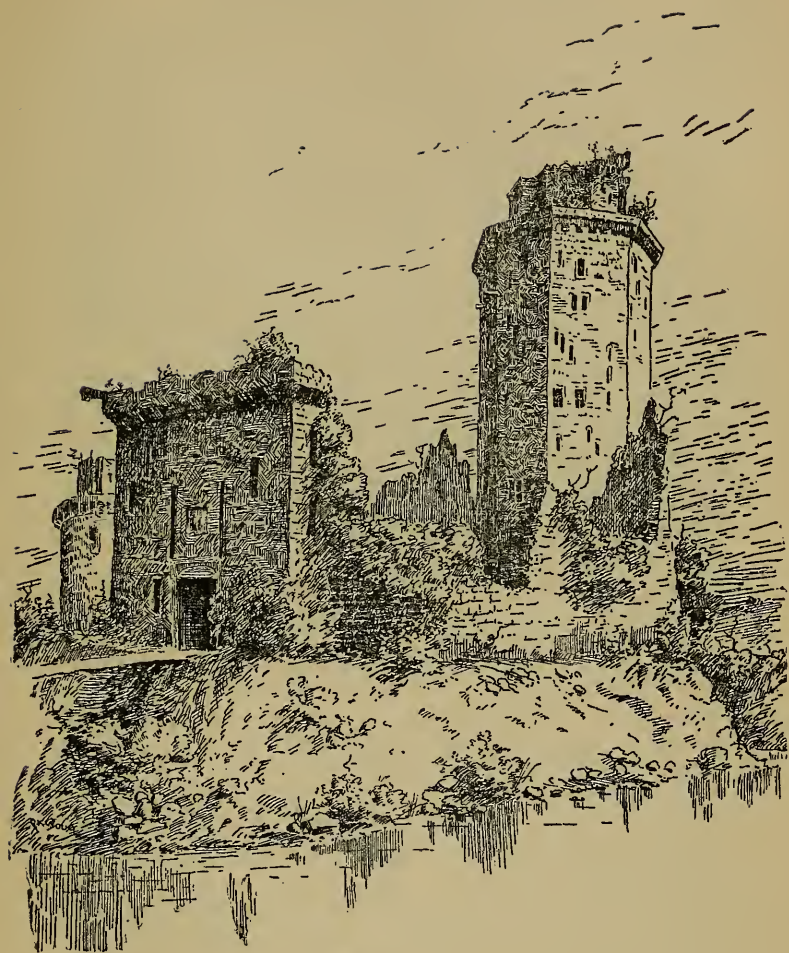
One of them said: "Sure, they tell me they eat horse meat in Paris and I think this is a piece of animal that's done a bit of hard work."

My suspicion was strong enough for me to leave most of the piece of the old "nag" for the proprietor to utilize for hash.

When I bade the Irish lads good-bye they said: "You may see us in America some time."

"Come along, boys; there is lots of room for such as you," I replied.

I have so often heard of the gaiety of Paris by gas light, but one can never know until he walks its streets and sees the great multitude of people whose sole object seems to be to find the gay side of life. In front of the cafes are little gardens in which can be seen men and women sitting around the tables sipping wine and other strong drinks. I saw very little drunkenness though, in the parts of the city I passed through on my way to the station. There were many places of interest in Paris I desired to visit but was obliged to hasten back to London. Among the most interest-



RUINS OF A FRENCH CASTLE.

Sketched by Chas. K. Wood, of Island Heights, N. J., in 1897,

ing was Notre Dame, the cathedral of the Archbishop of Paris, built in 1163. It is 417 feet long, 156 feet wide, 110 feet high. In the revolution in 1793 the church was converted into a "Temple of Reason." Another place was Palisade Justice and the prison of the Conciergerie where Marie Antoinette and so many other victims of the revolution were imprisoned. The Palais du Luxembourg, built 1615, and Palais Royal and also Bois de Boulogne, which is the chief park in Paris. It comprises a tract of 2250 acres. I also regretted not to be able to take one of the many steamers that run to points along the River Seine. On my return from Dieppe to New Haven, I found the channel had calmed down and treated me very kindly. The daylight ride from New Haven to London gave me an opportunity to see that beautiful section of Old England.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

## LEAVING OLD ENGLAND.

ON my arrival in London from Canterbury the day previous to sailing for home I was kept busy making my final arrangements for my homeward trip and bidding adieu to my London friends. One of them living at South Croyden, a suburb of London, expressed himself as being desirous of going back to America. He had spent several months in the United States and had a very warm feeling for the country. I think he would have been content to have spent the rest of his life under the shadow of "Old Glory." My luggage had been transferred to the Waterloo station, so that when the day dawned there was nothing to be done but to hie away to the station.

Before the busy feet of the multitudes were pressing the streets of this wonderful city I wended my way from Russell Square along Southampton Row and down through Great Queen street and out to the Strand to Waterloo bridge. A short walk from the bridge brought me to the station in which I found a great number of people from various parts of the world with their odd belongings awaiting to be transferred to the steamer. Some of them had very sad faces and seemed to regard very seriously leaving the old home. Others were well advanced in life and it occurred to me it was doubly hard for them to bid adieu

to old friends and take the voyage of 3,000 miles to make a new home in a strange land.

One of my friends had presented me with a tin trunk, in which I had placed my belongings. Those who saw it, securely fastened with an abundance of rope, evidently thought it was the property of some one from a rural district, en route for Yankee Land.

"Porter, come take my luggage to the van," could be heard on every hand. These men with their trucks were kept busy, but not too busy to tarry a few minutes for the fee that one is expected to give them. They seemed to be reaping a harvest of coppers.

One is supposed to look after his own luggage when traveling in the British Isles, as they have not as yet adopted the checking system such as we have in America. Any one disposed to, can claim your luggage if you are not at the van to look after it.

One morning on coming into Liverpool from Belfast in company with a friend, I had the vexing experience of losing my luggage. My friend, who was a resident of Belfast, made frequent business trips to London and other points in England. I was en route for Northampton and he was going to Stafford to join me later at the former place. He was confident that he needed no information as to stations or trains. As we seated ourselves in the 'bus that met the steamer, I said to him:

"You had better inquire whether this takes us to the right station."

"You just make yourself easy," he replied; "we Irish always know where we are going."

"We Yankees generally know, and if we have any doubt we have sense enough to inquire," I said.

He smiled complacently and said: "There's no need of any questions about it." On reaching the station we seated ourselves in the compartment, he with a great deal of assurance and I a "wee bit" uncertain.

"Show your tickets," said the conductor, as he boarded the train a few minutes before leaving. When he saw my friend's ticket, he said in a very excited manner:

"Get off at once; you are on the wrong road," and as he did so, grasped my portmanteau along with my friend's and hurriedly left the compartment, followed by my crest-fallen friend.

"I am going to Northampton," I said to the conductor as he alighted from the moving train.

"You're all right," he replied.

Immediately I missed my traveling bag and shouted to my friend to take it in charge. When I gathered myself together it occurred to me if my friend was on the wrong road, I was too, for our tickets were for the same line. When the train slowed up at Edge Hill, one of the stations in Liverpool, I hurried from the train and made my way back to the station, only to learn that my friend had gone to Stafford and that my portmanteau had been hurriedly thrown into the luggage van of the train I had just left. One man consoled me by saying that I would have considerable difficulty in getting it and the chances were that I had seen the last of it. Fortunately my name and address were on the tag and after several telegrams had been sent to some of the stations along the line and to London, it came to me all intact at Northampton. I concluded if a "wee man" laid hands on my belongings he



would have to take several reefs in them before he would be presentable.

The crowd at the Waterloo station kept increasing, until I began to think our craft would be taxed to her utmost if she was to carry them all to the United States. As the time arrived for the train to depart for Southampton, there were some very affecting scenes as the friends on the platform bade adieu to some of those bound for the new world.

"Write as soon as you land and don't forget us in your new home," was the charge given by those in tears as the train moved off and left them waving a good-bye.

There was a celebrated Baptist clergyman from Boston, Mass., in the compartment with me and also two gentlemen from Washington, D. C. We all soon engaged in conversation with each other, the drift of it being in reference to our trip through the old country and about our coming voyage. Each of us was curious to know how old ocean would treat us. The clergyman had a fine, open face, which proved to be the true index of the warm, genial nature he possessed and which was thoroughly appreciated by those who came to know him.

On reaching Southampton, we found the landing a very busy place. The sailors were engaged in lifting the great number of huge trunks into the hold of the immense steamer and the passengers were carefully seeing after their luggage that was marked "wanted," to make sure it reached their state room. When I saw the bachelor's tin trunk safely stowed away, I stepped aboard of the magnificent steamer, St. Louis, of the American line, with a great deal of faith in her



ability to convey me safe to the shores of America. While standing on the deck, the Baptist clergyman came up to me and, calling my attention to a lady with three little girls, said:

"There is a sad sight. That lady is one of our foreign missionaries and is sending her little girls over to our home for the children of our foreign missionaries. She does not expect to see them for at least seven years," and added: "Her husband, who is at present in America, will soon join her and then return to their field of labor."

"Why don't they take the children with them?" I inquired.

"Well, there are no educational advantages where they are laboring," he replied, "and while it is a severe trial for them to be separated from their children, yet they are willing to have it so in order to give them an education."

When the huge whistle blew as the signal for the steamer to leave, the mother warmly embraced the girls and in turn the girls clung to the mother. Those that witnessed that parting scene will not soon forget it. Some of the passengers remarked that the little girls needed the attention of the mother more than any one in the foreign mission field. They were very bright, intelligent girls and soon became great favorites with many of the passengers. They each expressed themselves as being anxious to prepare themselves for mission work. Some one said to the younger one:

"We will make a Yankee of you."

"Oh, you can't do that; I shall never be anything else but English," she replied. What a joy came to

their young hearts when they caught sight of their father when our steamer came into the wharf at New York. This clergyman, who was interested in this home for foreign missionaries' children, had these little girls under his charge during the voyage. Quite often the children of the missionaries are separated from them for the sake of their health or educational advantages. While in Belfast I met two little boys who were sons of a missionary in Japan. They came entirely alone from that distant land to Belfast to finish their education in the Campbell College.

I was curious to know what sort of lads were to share with me the comforts of my room. The first to put in an appearance was a young man just a trifle beyond his majority. He wore a very scant hat under which was a well rounded face, partially covered with what evidently was his first crop of whiskers. They reminded me of corn silk peeping from the husk. When he discovered the post projecting from the centre of his berth, he turned to me and said:

"How do they think I am going to sleep in that berth?"

"Well," I replied, "you will have to do so on the bias." He fretted and fumed until he ran the thermometer well up toward a hundred. When he left the room, I concluded if he was a sample of the coming room-mates, I would have to handle them carefully.

As I was squaring my luggage away, the little man I met at the Paris Exposition entered the room, and to whom I have already referred. On our arrival at Cherbourg, France, a typical descendant of Abraham came into the room and placed his luggage in the

berth below mine. He was one of those men that needed no introduction. He had an abundance of tongue as well as a full-fledged proboscis. He, however, proved to be a very pleasant and obliging young fellow, as did my other room-mates. We had considerable fun with the fellow who complained of the inconvenience of sleeping around a post. He was one of those men who enjoyed taking a joke, as well as giving one. One morning as we were leaning over our berths having a friendly chat, the Jew discovered that our young friend had disposed of his crop of whiskers.

"My goodness gracious," he said. "I wondered what made our steamer roll so last night. Why, we have lost some of our ballast. Our friend has cut off his whiskers." We made the little state-room ring with laughter at the Jew's funny remark.

We had a great number of very excellent people on board. Among some with whom I became acquainted was an Episcopal clergyman and three Baptist and two Methodist clergymen, and also a Catholic priest. One of the Methodist ministers bore my full name. He was inclined to regard life very seriously and usually sat alone on deck in a very pensive mood, but it was owing to the rough treatment he received from Neptune. Dr. W—, one of the Baptist ministers, who resided in Chicago, was a huge bundle of fun and by his bright, genial manner won his way into the hearts of the passengers. One of the other ministers of the Baptist persuasion was a young man in company with his wife. They were from New Liberty, Ky. We found them exceptionally fine people. All the divines did their best to make the voyage a

pleasant one for their fellow passengers. We also had several professional and business men who seemed to be at home on the bright side of life. Most of the passengers were American tourists who had been absent from home for a few months. They expressed themselves as being very desirous of seeing Old Columbia's shore. Among some of the very interesting characters was a widow, her daughter and son. They had been touring through the British Isles and quite extensively on the continent. She was the owner of a large sheep ranch in Wyoming, and we were all convinced that she was well able to properly manage it. While they were not polished up as neatly as were many of the passengers, yet they soon made their real worth known. The daughter said, in conversation, with some of us, that her mother at one time did not see a woman for about two years, as they lived a long distance from any family. The daughter had a fondness for poetry and entertained with her choice selections those of us whose taste ran along that line. Her recitations, given at our concert, called forth heavy encores.

One fellow from Dakota who, like myself, had been in the world quite awhile and had traveled along the road of life without a partner, went about among the passengers scattering sunshine. I styled him the "jolly old bachelor." When we were inclined to regard "a life on the ocean wave" too seriously he, by his witty and cheerful remarks, usually caused a smile to play on our faces. We had several young couples who spun threads of romance through their homeward trip. They evidently did not mean to follow

the example of the several bachelors and as many neglected sisters that graced the ship's company.

On Sabbath morning Dr. W— conducted service and in the afternoon the Episcopal clergyman held forth, but the attendance was very small, owing to the fact that very many were having dealings with Neptune. The writer was expecting to be raided by the old lad and trembled at times, being near the danger line, but managed to escape. One evening the passengers crowded into the large saloon to listen to the mock trial. It was a divorce case and the parts were well taken. The Episcopal clergyman acted as judge. The ladies secured some very ancient looking clothing for the lad who took the part of "Mary Brown," which greatly amused the audience. The whole thing was over on the funny side and all during the trial there were roars of laughter that nearly broke up the court. The next evening we held a concert. They arranged a very lengthy program, and some of the talent for length was in keeping with the program, especially so when a tall Yankee bachelor with an autoharp came out and sang an original piece, entitled "My Dear Old Home," with the chorus "Home, Sweet Home," in which that large audience joined and sang lustily.

This was the most enjoyable of all my ocean trips. The weather was very fine most of the time and our steamer, for comfort and convenience, was all that could be desired. We received excellent service and the officers and crew were fine, obliging men and seemed to study the comfort of the passengers. If the reader is anticipating an ocean voyage and has a heavy bank account, and wishes to go first cabin, he

will find this steamer fitted up in a magnificent manner, and if his account is somewhat limited and he prefers to take up his quarters in the second cabin, he will find splendid accommodation. My first trip by the American line from Philadelphia was also a very satisfactory one.

When the lights from the shores of America flashed out over the dark waves, a feeling of joy thrilled the heart of every Yankee on that noble craft. I felt quite sure as the pleased look played over the faces of the Yankee passengers as we steamed up the New York harbor, that they were all in full accord with the poet: "There's no place like home."

"All come to the saloon and make your declaration," shouted one of the ship's crew. We found it rather a trying ordeal that hot August day as we slowly wended our way to one of the custom house officials and made our statement as to whether we had anything dutiable in our "bundles." There was a general complaint of the slow system compared to that on the other side of the Atlantic. One man near me said:

"I believe in high tariff, but not in this unreasonable way of levying a duty on a few gifts I have for my friends."

But there was nothing to be done but to fall in line with Uncle Sam's way of doing business. After going through with the saloon ordeal, then we formed in line and in single file made our way to the desk of the officer in charge on the wharf. I concluded before reaching him that it was necessary to have the grace of patience. On presenting our compliments to the officer he turned us over to the inspector of the section of which our check indicated. The only fa-



miliar face I saw on coming on the wharf was Mr. A. Hewitt, of Belfast, who had landed the week previous, and at whose home in Belfast I had spent many pleasant evenings with his excellent father and mother and their three sons, of whom they could well be proud. When, by his assistance, my luggage was in readiness to be examined, I said to the good natured inspector: "Come and look over the belongings of a bachelor." He smiled as he saw my tin trunk, which had been badly battered during the voyage and which had been very hurriedly packed.

"Shall I lift the contents of the trunk?" I asked.

"Oh, no," he said, as he gathered up a few articles that I felt quite sure were not dutiable. He seemed to be satisfied with my willingness to turn my little all over for inspection, and gave my luggage the clearance mark.

After bidding adieu to several of my fellow passengers, I made my way to Courtland street and was soon speeding away from the great metropolis to the grand old city of Philadelphia. On the arrival of the writer to the "Bachelor's Sanctum," he found his purse a "wee bit" lighter than when he left, but he was rich in his experience of fourteen months in the British Isles, most of which was spent on the Old Sod.





## Epitaphs Copied from Some of the Old Church Yards in England.

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"This world's a city full of crooked streets;  
Death is a market place where all men meet.  
If life was merchandise that men could buy  
The rich would live and the poor would die."

"Oh, bring no price, God's grace is free,  
To Paul, to Magdalene, and me."

"Death comes in unexpected forms  
At unexpected hours;  
To-morrow we may never see,  
To-day alone is ours.  
'Tis well sometimes to recollect  
How fast our moments fly,  
And never while we live forget  
How soon we, too, may die."

"Oh, cruel death, how could you be so unkind  
To take him before and leave me behind;  
Why not take both of us if either,  
Which would have been more pleasing to the survivor."

"Farewell, vain world, I've had enough of thee,  
And now am careless what thou sayest of me.  
Thy smiles I count not, nor thy frowns I fear,  
Thy cares are past, my head lies quiet here.  
What faults you saw in me take care to shun  
And look at home, enough there to be done."

"He is not dead, the child of our affection,  
But gone to that school  
Where he no longer needs our poor protection,  
And Christ Himself doth rule.

"She was truly amiable and exemplary as a wife, mother and friend. Her virtues too rare for even her children to hope to inherit."

Here lies a woman, good without pretense,  
Blest with plain reason and sober sense,  
So unaffected, so composed a mind,  
So firm yet soft, so strong yet so resigned;  
Heaven has its purest gold by torture tried;  
The saint sustained it, but the woman died."

"The Christian navigates a sea  
Where various forms of death appear  
No skill, alas, or power has he  
Aright his dangerous course to steer.  
His distant land he sometimes sees,  
And thinks his toils will soon be o'er.  
Expects some favorable breez  
Will waft him to that shore."

"Life is short  
And death is sure  
Sin's the wound  
And Christ the cure."

"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

"While earth-born beauty fades and dies  
In darkness deep as midnight air,  
The white-winged spirit scales the skies  
And lives in golden rapture there."

"She was, but words are wanting to say what,  
Say what a woman ought to be and she was that."

"Bold infidelity turn pale and die,  
Under this stone an infant's ashes lie.  
Say, is it saved or lost?  
If death by sin, it sinned, for it lies here;  
If heaven by works in heaven it can't appear.  
Ah, Reason! how depraved.  
Review the Bible's sacred page. The knot's untied,  
It died through Adam; it lives, for Jesus died.

"This turf has drunk a widow's tears.  
Three of her husbands slumber."

H 364.85











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